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J. E. Howard

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

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WANDERLORWATS

PREFACE.

IN the same number in which my last preface, six months ago, was printed appeared the final scenes of *OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE*. Both during the progress of that story and at the close I received so many assurances, direct and indirect, of the satisfaction of my readers with the work, and the novel on its republication in a separate form was so marked a success, that I lost no time in negotiating with the author for the introduction of his next work to the public through the pages of the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*. A stout parcel of Mr. Francillon's new novel is before me. The title is *A DOG AND HIS SHADOW*. It is an original study of the life of a man of peculiar character developed under exceptional circumstances, and I anticipate that this hero—if I may call him the hero—will stand out a conspicuous figure in the realms of fiction. The first chapter of *A DOG AND HIS SHADOW* will appear in the July number, opening the next volume, and it will run through the successive numbers for twelve months. My first intention was to withhold this work until the conclusion of Mr. McCarthy's exquisite story *DEAR LADY DISDAIN*, but Mr. Francillon's novel is so much stronger than any novelette that I could secure available to fill the place during the next six months left vacant by the conclusion of *AL LYN SAHIB*, and the author of *A DOG AND HIS SHADOW* is already so far advanced with his story, and the readers of *OLYMPIA* have shown so much interest with regard to Mr. Francillon's next work that I believe I can do no better than begin at once. With two such novels as *DEAR LADY DISDAIN* and *A DOG AND HIS SHADOW* running side by side in the magazine until Mr. McCarthy's story is ended (when I hope to be prepared with a worthy successor), I anticipate an increase of that measure of public approbation of this periodical which

has afforded me so much encouragement since I have occupied the chair of Sylvanus Urban. It appears to be the general opinion that, as far as may be judged before half the work is in print, Mr. McCarthy has surpassed all his former novels in *DEAR LADY DISDAIN*, and my privileges as editor, in possession of the MS. several months in advance of publication, place me in a position to predict that the good opinion formed of the opening is not likely to undergo limitation as the work proceeds. *DEAR LADY DISDAIN* is being published simultaneously in a periodical of great circulation in the United States, as well as in a monthly magazine in Germany, and a separate edition in the German language is in preparation. Many of my readers will be interested to learn that *OLYMPIA* is now being reprinted in a serial form in South Australia and Victoria.

Apart from fiction several books have already been published or will presently appear in the field of permanent literature consisting mainly of contributions to the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* during these two years. The first was the *MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT*, by "The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds," which occupied a conspicuous place in these pages during the opening Session of the present Parliament. The work has been regarded both in its original and its reprinted form as a notable example of fresh and vigorous political sketching brought into relief by light touches of caricature. More recently Mr. Senior has been tempted by the exceedingly favourable reception of his *WATERSIDE SKETCHES*, which were contributed to the magazine under the signature of "Red Spinner," to republish them in a volume, and the book has been welcomed as heartily as were the articles in their individual shape. Touching "Red Spinner's" pleasant little bits of reproduction of the natural features of river scenery and the like in these islands, I venture to quote from private letters to myself from Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke a sentence which shows that my angling contributor has succeeded in bringing back visions of the aspects of nature in England to the *minds of lovers of this country* who have spent a great

many years away from home. "Our unfading affection for dear Old England and its lovely scenery," writes Mrs. Cowden Clarke, speaking for her husband as well as for herself, "makes us constant and much gratified readers of 'Red Spinner's' picturesquely written papers." I am glad to know that the authors of these two books continue among my frequent contributors, and their papers always seem welcome to my readers. "Red Spinner" is preparing a new study of angling and riverside observation of the early summer of the present year for the July number, and I have some hope that "The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds" latest Parliamentary sketch, in the present number, will help somewhat in the exposure of one of the strangest delusions of the time and one of the most unaccountable instances of mistaken hero-worship in our history. The fact that Mr. Robert Buchanan's series of poems, which have appeared in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE through the last fourteen months, will be reprinted, I must not attribute to the circumstance of their favourable reception in these pages, because Mr. Buchanan's work never wants for an audience; but I think I may venture to say that these fourteen poems have added much to the poet's reputation and have largely increased the number of his admirers in England, Ireland, and Scotland. One of the earliest of the series, THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN, was quoted full length in many of the journals of Scotland, and it has already become recognised as a characteristic national work, recited at public readings and repeated by the Scottish fireside. Since then several of the poems have occupied whole columns of Irish and Scotch papers in connection with notices of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. The last of this series is the one printed in the present number, but Mr. Buchanan is engaged upon a poem which he has had for some time in contemplation—a single work which will occupy probably about thirty pages of the magazine distributed over six months. The first instalment will appear in the number for January next.

I will not enter into detail with respect to the contributions of the next six months which will accompany the new novel, *A DOG AND HIS SHADOW*, and the

continuation of **DEAR LADY DISDAIN**, except to say that I have received a large batch of **MS.** from **Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke** at **Genoa**, forming a considerable portion of those **RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG**, which I announced in one of my former prefaces as in preparation. Among the subjects of these literary reminiscences are the late **Charles Dickens** and **Douglas Jerrold**, as well as **Leigh Hunt** and the men of the older generation, when **Wordsworth** was the poet of the time and **Hazlitt** was the critic. These papers will be commenced forthwith, and continued from month to month until they are completed.

For many compliments of the Press on the character of the magazine, and for continued and increasing tokens of approval on the part of the reading public, I can only repeat the acknowledgments that it was my duty and my pleasure to make at the conclusion of each of the last two volumes.

THE EDITOR.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE


JANUARY, 1875.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"L'INGÉNU."

 ROOM on the ground floor, octagonal in shape, with an old and picturesque fireplace filling up one of the narrower sides—stopping up the corner, if one may say so—and with windows in two of its sides, is filled with the morning sunshine. The room and its furniture make an odd contrast, for the furniture is new and the room is old. The chimney-piece is of tiles that tell in their pictorial ornamentation many a scriptural story. The ceiling is painted in colours once gorgeous, now faded. A broad-backed and large-limbed goddess floats there, half clad in volumes of bright blue drapery, upon clouds solid-looking as her own substantial frame, and amid bulbous Cupids and masses of hothouse flowers. The walls are of a dark and closely-grained wood, and are all in panels of various sizes—two panels to each side of the octagon—and pictures, no doubt, once filled each compartment. The windows look upon trees and foliage so thickly set that a stranger suddenly dropped down in the room might fancy himself in the apartment of a palace adorned by Verrio and planted in the midst of a courtly park. He might have been right enough as to the palace, but a glance from the window will quickly dispose of the park. The trees are *set in the gardens* of the Thames Embankment, and the octagonal room with the goddess floating on the

ceiling is on the ground-floor of a house in one of the streets running to the river from the western end of the Strand.

The present occupant of this room was immensely proud of it. He was almost in love with it. Hunting about for lodgings which should be conveniently central for the West End, the theatres, and the British Museum, he had seen the word "Chambers" in one of the windows of this house, and he was attracted by the trees in the gardens of the new Embankment. But when he went in and saw the chambers; when he looked at the chimney-piece of tiles and the painted ceiling; when he found that every room in the house had its history, that famous nobles and foreign princes had occupied that room, that celebrated beauties had swept up and down those broad staircases, he entered into possession without more words, and felt as proud as if he had come into some great inheritance. The suite of rooms consisted only of this one and a bedroom that opened out of it; but the present occupant wanted no more. There were not many residents in the house besides himself. Every chamber was occupied, but most of the occupants only used the place for office business of some kind, and went away in the evening.

Breakfast is laid upon a sadly modern and common-place table in the middle of the room, breakfast is the only meal the tenant has in his chambers, and it is supplied to him by special stipulation, and as an extra, or "hextra," by the elderly person in charge of the house. A newspaper lies on the table along with some letters. These latter are nearly all addressed to "C. J. Pembroke, Esq.," but one in a woman's hand is addressed fully and formally to "Christmas John Pembroke, Esq.," and Christmas as a man's first name is not seen every day.

Enters from the bedroom a tall, slight, and boyish-looking young man in an old velvet coat. He has brown hair and a dark complexion, and a moustache not yet very thickly grown on a face that otherwise is smooth as a girl's. He does not look like a Londoner—perhaps the wrist that shows itself from the sleeve of a coat which has shrunk, or which he has outgrown, is a little too brown and muscular for London rearing. Besides, he looks rather fresh and contented with himself and with life generally for a London youth. He gazes up at the ceiling and all about the room with irrepressible admiration. He has not nearly got over the proud sensation of ownership. He has to stop and think about it, in fact, to take it all in. Then he looks out at the trees and at the glancing river. It is June, and London is delicious. Since he arrived there have been hardly any wars, and since his coming into these chambers

Dear Lady Disdain.

3

absolutely none at all. As yet he is not merely London's lover, but London's devotee.

Then he looks at the letters on the table, and he is about to open one of them, which is evidently an invitation of some kind, when he sees the letter which is addressed in the handwriting of a woman. He is just at the age when the sight of his own name in a woman's hand sends a thrill through him. He ought first to have wondered who the woman could be, for he did not know of any lady in England who was at all likely to write to him or who knew his name so precisely. But the first idea which comes to him is an odd little feeling of wonder whether with the progress of the movement for woman's equal rights, women will insist on writing in the same sort of character as men, and quite an earnest hope that it may not be so—it is so interesting to see a letter addressed to one in what we know to be a woman's hand. Then he sets himself seriously to wondering what woman it can be who writes to him, and he wonders about this and turns the letter over and over, and tantalises himself, and is positively afraid that when he does open it it will resolve itself, as so many of his letters do since he has had his name painted on the side of the hall-door, into a circular inviting him to buy cheap sherry, coals, or shirts.

At last he opens the letter.

It was dated from a place which, as well as Christmas could make out the word, was called "Durewoods," in one of the southern counties on the sea.

"I have seen in the papers the name and address of Christmas John Pembroke, described as a young man. I never heard of any Christmas John Pembroke but my old and dear friend who left England when I was young, and of whose death I read a year ago. If you are his son, will you kindly write a line, and I will write to you again? You must have heard your father speak of me, if I am not addressing a stranger. If I am, pray excuse what must seem a very odd intrusion; and let me add that I am now an elderly woman, and am only seeking to hear of a very old acquaintance."

The letter was signed "Dione Lyle"; and if Christmas is not a very common name for a man, certainly, in our day, Dione is not a familiar name for a woman. Dione! The young man started when he saw it.

He read the letter over and over again, and, although he was alone, *with glowing cheeks.* It sounded like a mild and melancholy

reproach. His father had asked him to find out if he could a certain lady—an old friend in England. This was on that mournful journey towards home when his father was breaking down and began to be conscious that he was not destined ever to see the country of his youth any more. When the young man sat by his father's dying bed, the last words that came clearly from his lips were "Dione, Dione," and then the dying man murmured hastily—oh, so hastily and unintelligibly—some counsel, some instruction, something which poor Christmas could not make out, and then sank back and all was over. That was a year ago—already.

Never in the course of all the years during which Christmas had lived with his father—they two alone, so far as anything like home life was concerned—had he heard him say anything of this lady until it became clear enough that the elder man was destined not to reach England. Even then, in the first instance at least, he had only said that he hoped when Christmas got to London he would find out a lady who had been an old and dear friend, and whom he should like Christmas to know. Christmas remembered this, but was not prepared at once to connect that association with the name which was breathed from the dying lips—the one strange name. Now the name lay there before him; and he felt at once that some sad sweet story must have blended it with his father's latest memories. Christmas had almost no recollection of his mother, except that she never took any interest in him or seemed to care about anything; and she died long ago. She died at Nice, where the boy's earliest distinctness of recollection settled itself around her. Then his father, who was a scientific engineer, took the boy out to California, where he engaged himself in railway-making, while Christmas went to school in San Francisco. The opening up of Japan invited English skill and science, and the elder Pembroke resolved to go there; he took Christmas with him and educated him without help of other teachers. He was a very kind and even affectionate man, but he always seemed absorbed in his business when he was not occupied with the education of his son. One day he told Christmas calmly that he knew he could not live much longer, and that he should like to see England once more, and should like Christmas to live there always. It was on the voyage to San Francisco that he found himself dying, and then he told Christmas so, and quietly said that he had expected to be able to return to Japan after a short stay in England, and after having settled Christmas there, and had left his business affairs unarranged; that Christmas had therefore better return to San Francisco to Japan, and arrange matters as well as

he could before going to England. He gave him some names of persons he was to see in London and various counsels and recommendations, and at last the end came, and he cried out the name of "Dione, Dione!" Then his grave was made without hands in the Pacific, and Christmas was alone. He only remained in San Francisco for the next steamer to Japan. He arranged his father's affairs, closed his accounts with the East, crossed the Pacific again, and then the Atlantic, and was now preparing to think about beginning a career in London.

It was with a start of surprise that the lapse of time now suddenly impressed itself on him. His father was a year dead. A whole year since he heard that cry of "Dione!" So many weeks to return to Japan, so many months there, so many to get to London, with short delays in America, and a year was gone; and it must be owned that during all that time he had hardly once thought of his father's old friend. How indeed could he have possibly found her, or even gone about finding her? The chance that allowed her to see his name was the mere fact that he had intervened in a street quarrel and been summoned as a witness in a police-court, and had given his name and address, which accordingly got into the papers. Never before had he been a witness in any law court; never before to his knowledge had his name appeared in print. How many years might he have lived in London and never encountered such a chance? Why on the very night which brought his name into publicity if, as he hesitated in Pall Mall, he had turned up St. James's Street instead of walking on and then turning up the Haymarket, he never would have had to appear as a witness, and his father's friend might never have known of his existence! "I begin to believe in Destiny," Christmas said to himself, pleased as we all are to think that Destiny has a particular eye upon us.

He held the letter open in his hand, and thought of all these things, and felt, in the odd way of mortals, a small and trivial difficulty presenting itself most prominently to his mind amid so many serious reflections and saddening memories—a little difficulty which pushed itself out with absurd proportions as in a badly adjusted photograph a hand or a foot projects itself into grotesque dimensions. This was the question of the manner in which he was to address the lady; whether he was to assume that she was married or an old maid—Mrs. Lyle perhaps, or Miss Lyle; and he asked himself whether in the event of the conjecture which he would have to make turning out a mistake, it would be better to err on this side or that. *Would it be safer to run the risk of addressing an*

elderly and unmarried lady as Mrs., or an elderly and married lady as Miss?

He decided that it would be better to write to Miss Lyle. A married lady would not take great offence at being mistaken for a Miss, but an elderly spinster might well feel uncomfortable if she were addressed as a matron.

The whole thing put him out a little for the moment. It made him feel remorseful, as if he had neglected something. He thought, too, that he had no right to be there enjoying the novel delights of London when his father was so lately dead.

He forgot his breakfast, and was about to begin a reply at once to his unexpected correspondent, when he heard a quick heavy tread outside, and then a knock at his door. He called "Come in," and a head appeared at the door which was presently followed by a stalwart body. The visitor was a tall soldierly-looking man, with a fresh florid face, short thick yellow moustache, bright blue eyes, and very short yellow or sandy hair. He wore a frock coat buttoned across his broad and somewhat swelling chest and a crimson tie, and carried an umbrella tucked under his arm, as a man might carry a sword. His waist was tightly drawn, and as he entered the room and bowed he clicked his heels together. This was Captain Cameron, the hero of the quarrel with the police in which Christmas had interfered, and which brought his name into the papers.

"How do you do, sir? I'm afraid I have intruded at an awkward hour—too early a call?"

"Not at all," said Christmas, glad perhaps to be interrupted at the moment. "Won't you take a chair? Have some breakfast; I haven't begun."

"Breakfast, eh? Well, I don't know, I don't often eat breakfast—what you English fellows call breakfast."

"We English fellows? You are English surely?"

"Not I, sir. I'm a Highlandman—a Hielan'man, sir! I represent a great clan. But I've been out and about the world so much that—I am a good Highlandman in heart, mind—I hardly know what to call myself in habits. I'll tell you though what a Highlandman never could learn to be—and that is, ungrateful! I've not forgotten how you interfered to help me out of a scrape—and took some trouble too: and that's why I've called to offer you my cordial thanks."

"Don't talk about it 'twas nothing."

"Nothing to a gentleman—that's true enough—and of course you couldn't help yourself—you had to behave like a gentleman. I didn't think there were any gentlemen left in England. I thought the race

was extinct here, like the wolf, and the wolf-dog, and the ghost, and all the other grand old things that made the place worth living in. But I see your breakfast's getting cold. Now I insist on your going on with your breakfast, or I shall think myself in the way and go."

"All right—if you really won't join me."

"No, I thank you. But if you don't mind my smoking a cigar?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Won't interfere with you at all—sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I'll just puff a little and we'll talk. I say, what a charming place you have here! How did you get at this place? That ceiling—I tell you, sir, that ceiling looked down on some Court beauties once. It's Verrio no doubt. Merry Monarch, and Castlemaine, and, what's her name—Stewart—and that sort of thing. But I wouldn't have that furniture, you know, if I were you—not that modern sort of thing. Regular London lodging-house sticks. I'd clear that lot out."

"But I don't know any better."

"No? Just let me put things to rights for you. I know a man now up in Holborn—by the way, how they have ruined Holborn; I'd never have known it again! What was I saying?—Oh yes, about the furniture. I know a man in Holborn who would give you just the right things—genuine furniture of the very date, and very cheap. He wouldn't do it for you perhaps—I mean if he didn't know you; but he'd do it for me. This is really a charming place of yours; it must have a history. I should so like my sister to see it—my sister, Mrs. Seagraves. She'll be delighted to know you. I'll take you to her house."

"You are very kind, I'm sure," murmured Christmas.

"Oh, she'll be delighted, and you'll be charmed with her I know. Everybody is. We are very fond of each other, although we don't agree about anything."

"Indeed?"

"Not about anything, sir—anything! She's a Radical, and an advanced thinker, and God knows what other stuff. I don't mind—women must have their nonsense, and she's been a good sister to a confoundedly wild brother. Well, you told me you had been a long time out of London, like myself?"

"I have been out of London since I was a boy. I had almost forgotten its very streets."

"Well, how do you like it, now that you are here?"

"I am delighted with it—I love London! I walk miles along the

streets—every name brings such associations with it. I want to see every place that has any memory about it. I rush to the theatres, no matter what is going on. I 'tear round,' as the Americans say. I can't settle to anything yet. I—oh, I beg your pardon."

He thought Captain Cameron was going to say something, and he stopped, a little ashamed perhaps of his enthusiasm. The gallant Cameron was leaning his chin gravely on one hand, which he supported upon the handle of his umbrella, as if it were the hilt of a sword, and with the other hand he had removed the cigar from his mouth. It was this action which made Christmas think he wanted to say something.

"No, I beg *your* pardon," said Cameron, "I did not mean to interrupt you. I like to hear you talk in that way—it's so fresh. It's like—now what is it like? Like hearing some old air that one hasn't heard for ages; or the smell of something—lavender, perhaps—that used to be about the bedrooms long ago, when one was a boy! Jove!—what a difference twenty years can make!"

"Then you don't like London quite so well?"

"Like it? I am sick of it! I hate it! There hasn't been a gentleman born in London for the last twenty years. The age of gentlemen has gone, sir, and of gentlewomen! What does a London girl talk of to-day? Radicalism and blasphemy—nothing else. What is society in London? Free-thinking schoolmasters, and the literary puppies of Radicalism! Look here, now, I'll give you an instance. I went the other morning to have my hair cut, in a barber's place that I knew well twenty years ago. The name was changed, of course—I didn't mind that. Everything changes here nowadays! The fellow who cut my hair, sir a fine strapping young fellow, too, nearly six feet high, and with the air of a soldier about him—I found out that he was a Volunteer—what do you think he discoursed about while he was cutting my hair?"

"Radical politics, I suppose, taking London on your account of it."

"The doctrine of Evolution, sir—Darwin and Huxley, and the lot of them—hashed up somehow with the good time coming, and the universal brotherhood, and I don't know what else! Think of that! That's progress, I suppose! My sister says so. I told her, and she wants to go and have her hair dressed by my philosophic barber!"

"Then you are a Conservative?" said Christmas. "I don't know much about English politics yet."

"Good heavens, my dear sir, neither do I! What could I know

or care about their confounded pettifogging parochial affairs? I serve the cause of gentlemen all over the world. I fought for the Turk against the Russian, and for the Pole against the Russian, and for the Southern gentlemen against the Yankee pedlars and wooden nutmeg sellers. Now I am engaged in my own particular cause again. I am going to serve the King!"

"The King!—what king?"

"There are only two kings in Europe," said Cameron, rising solemnly from his chair, as if to do reverence to the sacred names. "His Majesty King Henry the Fifth of France, and his Majesty King Charles the Seventh of Spain!" Here he raised his umbrella with the action of one who gives a military salute with a sword. "I would serve Henry the Fifth in France if he would only make a trial of his rights in the field, sir; but failing that I give my services, such as they are, to the King of Spain."

"You are fighting for the Carlists, then?" Christmas asked, with some curiosity. He had a vague notion somehow that the Carlists only existed in newspapers and telegrams; and to meet one face to face in London seemed almost as interesting as meeting with a Crusader.

"Well, yes. I am going to fight for them. I have been over, and his Majesty was very kind; but these Spaniards are so jealous of foreigners. I want to do something here which would give me a claim—raise money, get arms—so that they must give me a position equal to my rank. I was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. I resigned my commission because they wouldn't take my advice, and I saw that things were going to the dogs. I knew it. I told poor Lee. He wouldn't see it. I resigned. No matter; I can't take a lower rank than that now anywhere. The King can't refuse me that. He ought to know how to treat a gentleman; don't you think so? I ought to get that rank."

"Certainly, certainly," Christmas answered, hurriedly, perceiving that something was expected of him.

"You think so—you really think so? You think I am not wrong in insisting on my proper rank?"

Christmas again muttered something which might be taken for assent, although he could hardly understand how such great devotion to the cause of Legitimacy could be reconciled with the gallant champion's anxiety about his own personal dignity.

"I am glad to hear you say so," Captain Cameron said, extending his hand and exchanging a solemn and formal grasp with Christmas. "I am very glad to hear you say so. The dignity of the military

profession shall never be degraded in my person, whatever England may do. I *was* in the British army, as you are probably aware. I was once proud—proud, sir—to hold a captain's commission in the British army. I need not tell *you* that I am no longer proud of it. I have left that service, sir. You will not regard me now, if you please, as a British officer. No; I beg of you not."

"Certainly not, if you don't wish it. But I really don't know why."

"Good heavens! Don't know why? A gentleman, as you are, not know why another gentleman could not choose to be considered a British officer now? Of course you've been living out of civilisation; that explains. Why, sir, the British army now is to be officered by shoeblacks and potboys."

"Oh, come, that won't do even for my ignorance," said Christmas.

"It's the same thing. What is there to hinder it? I tell you, my dear fellow, your tailor's apprentice might have a commission now if he could only get up a little patter of knowledge and pass a ridiculous examination. And don't you see, these are the very fellows to have the impudence to try for commissions; and they'll get them too, by Jove. Wait till England gets into a war, though, and see if she doesn't miss her gentlemen. Well, let who will stand it, I'll not; and so, my dear young friend, I serve his Majesty the King of Spain."

Again he raised his stalwart form and saluted the absent monarch with his umbrella.

"Well, sir," he said, about to take his leave, "we must see something of each other. I know the town, and can be useful to you. I'll get you the furniture we talked of whenever you like; and you must dine with me and come and see my sister. I shall be in London for a few weeks yet. I think I shall have to take an office—a room, you know; quiet, and all that—recruiting. Don't you see? Somewhere in this quarter. I wonder now couldn't they give me a room in this place; it would suit my book capitally. I'll ask the housekeeper as I go out. But you haven't fixed the day to dine with me and be introduced to my sister. I know you'll like her; she's a remarkably clever woman—just in your line."

Captain Cameron must have been peculiarly quick of discernment if he had already discovered what Pembroke's line was. Certainly our young friend himself had not yet found it out, although he had been trying hard for some time. But he was in the delicious Cherubin age which sees in every petticoat a possible divinity—that charming poetic season just following, by so strange and sudden a

revolution, the schoolboy time which detests and despises all girls. To Christmas the very name or thought of a woman was interesting, and he therefore listened with far greater attention to Captain Cameron now that he had heard of a clever sister.

Captain Cameron stood meanwhile holding the handle of the door; and while still speaking to Christmas he heard footsteps in the passage outside, and with his habitual quick-glancing curiosity he looked over his shoulder through the half-open door. Suddenly he flung the door wide open, plunged into the passage, and called "Sir John! Sir John!" and Christmas saw him shaking both the hands of a tall and portly personage.

"Come in, Sir John! Come in!" and the gallant Captain with gentle force drew his friend into Christmas's room. "Now, my dear fellow," he said, "I do ask you to observe this extraordinary coincidence. Here is the very man of all others that I want. I hadn't the remotest idea where to find him, and when I come to make a call on you—whom I saw for the first time the other day—I rush into the arms of my old friend. Let me make my friends acquainted. Sir John, this is my young friend Mr. Pembroke. Pembroke, I am sure you cannot but know the name of Sir John Challoner; it has a European—no, by Jove, a world-wide celebrity."

"Although you didn't know where to find me," said Sir John, with a soft smile.

Sir John Challoner was one of those men whose presence seems to fill a room. Captain Cameron was tall and sinewy; Sir John was tall and full. He had a splendid head of dark hair, and his beard and whiskers were glossy in their darkness. His forehead, his teeth, the one hand which was ungloved were very white. He looked a little too large for a ladies' doctor, and a little too well dressed for a banker. He might have been a president of the Royal Academy, or the chairman of a School Board perhaps. There was something at once grave and gracious about him which diffused an atmosphere of dignity through Christmas's little room.

"We are very intrusive, Mr. Pembroke," Sir John said, in a full, sweet voice. "I have had the pleasure of seeing you before now, when your door happened to be open, and I could not help glancing in at your painted ceiling. I attend the board meetings of a company which has chambers on the first floor. We have a painted ceiling too; but not, I think, so fine as yours."

"Won't you come in and look at it?"

"Thank you, not now, certainly, while you are still at breakfast. We have disturbed you too much already."

"And how are you all at Durewoods isn't it Durewoods?" Captain Cameron asked. "And how's my Lady Disdain?"

Sir John smiled quietly.

"She has grown a tall woman now," he said. "But we must not intrude on Mr. Pembroke any more just at present. Will you come upstairs with me, and I'll then accompany you with pleasure?"

So they took their leaves at last; Sir John with a gracious urbanity which left in the innocent mind of our English lad from Japan a vague impression that the great man—for Christmas was sure he must be a great man—had taken a special liking to him.

When they had gone, Christmas read over again the letter of Dione Lyle. He did not know that he quite liked the prospect it opened up to him. It was almost painful, in one sense, to think of meeting this unknown old friend—perhaps old love, of his father's. It was like the lighting on a record of some weakness which marred the sacredness of his father's memory. Then the unknown Mrs. or Miss Lyle—she must be elderly, and perhaps would be withered and dull. Perhaps, too, he did not quite relish the prospect of having to leave London so soon, when he found it so very delightful. Besides, he shrank from the chance of being questioned about his family affairs—he knew so little of his mother. On the whole he felt uncomfortable—filled with a vague presentiment of something chilling and discordant.

Yet he sat down at once and wrote a genial answer to the letter, and expressed his desire to be allowed to visit his father's old friend. He said but little in the letter about his father. He thought he would wait for all that until he saw the lady, and could form some opinion as to the probability of his father having really cared about her. As he addressed the letter it struck him for the first time that the place which Cameron had mentioned to Sir John, and where he assumed the latter to be living, had a name which sounded very like that of the place from which Dione Lyle dated. That surely, he thought, would be the very oddest of odd coincidences, and who, I wonder, is my Lady Disdain? For his quick Cherubin ears had caught that name.

He threw himself upon his sofa, looked at his painted ceiling, and thought.

CHAPTER II.

"IN A BALCONY."

Two or three days after the visit of Captain Cameron, Christmas found himself comfortably alone in a first-class carriage of one of *the railway* lines that connect London with the south-west

coast. He had received a letter from "Miss" Lyle, as he now assumed her to be, asking him to pay her a visit of a few days, and he had plunged into the expedition at once. He had prepared for the visit mentally as for something melancholy and almost funereal, but just at present the sun and the scenery were too bright for anything gloomy to keep in the mind, and the run southward on the railway was a revel of delight to our youth. He had to change from his train to one upon a branch line less known to travel, and it was near to evening when he found himself deposited on a little pier in a nook of a broad blue bay, all glittering in the sun, and there seemed no way of getting any farther. When he asked a railway porter what he was to do next, he was told that the *Saucy Lass* would be up presently, and he waited for the coming of that ill-mannered demoiselle to help him to his journey's end. Very few passengers had come with him in the train, and of these only one apparently, a tall rather good-looking young man, who carried a rifle-case, and had a sort of soldierly air about him, seemed to be going farther. This young man had come all the way from London, for Christmas remembered seeing him on the platform in the morning. Several persons were waiting for the boat who had not come in the train, for it need hardly be said that the *Saucy Lass* proved to be the little steamer that presently came puffing up to the pier, and having put ashore her passengers landward bound, turned round, took on board Christmas and his companions, and promptly plashed and spluttered out into the bay again.

The *Saucy Lass* churned her way pleasantly through the waves, and Christmas stood in her bow smoking a cigar, and very much enjoying the scene, the air, the water, the sun beginning to sink upon the tremulous sea, and the half-romantic novelty of the whole expedition. It was a huge bay that the steamer was crossing, a bay with islets rising here and there, one covered with trees and soft verdure, one rocky and bare; another with some buildings on it like a fort or barrack of some kind. The *Saucy Lass* stopped at one or two little fishing villages and landed a passenger on a small stone pier, or where there was no pier screamed with her steam whistle for a boat to come off and relieve her of the traveller who desired to go ashore just there. The land ran up in considerable acclivity from the sea. It was well covered with wood in some parts, from amid which could be seen some pretty turrets or imposing roof; and a yacht lay at anchor here and there, an appanage doubtless of these pleasant residences. Where the bare soil appeared through wood or grass, it was of a deep soft red.

Everything was beautiful, and yet Christmas Pembroke hoped, as the steamer stopped at each place, that that would not prove to be his destination. For he saw no spot that seemed to him likely to be the retreat of his father's old friend. He could not associate her in his mind with turrets and a stately mansion and a yacht, and he could as yet see nothing between these and cottages of the poorest kind. And now looking westward to the horizon he could see nothing but the broad open sea, over which the sun was hovering in preparation for a plunge. By this time the boat had given out nearly all her passengers. Two or three women with heavy baskets, and a respectable-looking personage in black, whom Christmas at once set down as a Methodist preacher, made up, with the tall young man already mentioned and Christmas himself, almost the whole of the company. Pembroke preferred to ask no questions about his destination. The mystery was far too pleasant to be voluntarily dispelled. If there were really some fairy islet just under that glowing sunset, and now hidden in its glow, all the better.

The steamer, however, suddenly turned from the sunset, and ploughed into a deep indentation of the shore, which was completely hidden by hills and trees until its opening actually presented itself. This proved to be a bay opening out of a bay—a small bay from a larger. The water darkened between the hills that now almost shut out the sun. The hills themselves seemed more sombre in their foliage. It was like a sudden passing from sunlight into evening shadow. The plashing of the steamer sounded noisy and intrusive in these quiet waters with their twilight shores. Christmas felt glad that there were other persons in the boat bound for the same place as he. He would not have liked to be solely responsible for the boisterous and bustling invasion of the puffing, vulgar *Saucy Lass*.

Christmas was yet of that age when one always feels a little nervous about arriving at any new place. He had not lived long enough or learned to think enough about himself in order to come to the conclusion that all people and places are very much alike when one comes to know them, and that it is not worth while troubling one's self beforehand with what he is certain to know all about in a few minutes or hours. He was now beginning to feel uncomfortable, and to wish that his destination were reached and the novelty of the thing over, anyhow. It was a relief to him when he saw at last a pier projecting itself into the water; and he could make out, in the gathering twilight, some white cottages a little way off, and roads rising high among the trees on the hill, and in the distance the roof of what seemed a large hall: and he knew that he

had arrived. In a moment a plank was run out, and there was a little bustle of men on the pier, and the women dragged their baskets on shore. Christmas seized his little portmanteau, and strode on to the pier, with a delicious sense of fragrant hedgerow smells and summer evening atmosphere, and the breathing of trees and the salt savour of the water all blended up with an odd feeling of perplexity—not quite knowing where he was or what he was to do next.

Nobody expected him, apparently, or paid the least attention to him. As he stood on the pier a little confused, and looking vaguely around him, a small open carriage, drawn by two ponies, rattled down the pier, and he saw that a lady was driving. For a moment he wondered whether this could be his father's old friend; but he soon saw that the lady was young, and that the other person who sat with her in her carriage was apparently her maid. The carriage stopped at the steamer, and then Christmas saw the respectable person he had taken for a Methodist preacher come out, dragging a hamper towards the carriage, and he was clearly only the young lady's servant.

"Not coming after all!" he heard her say when the man in black had answered some eager inquiry. "How very disappointing! What am I to do?"

Her servant apparently had no suggestion to make, for he only began fastening the hamper into the carriage, and he then turned the horses' heads round.

By this time it was clear to Christmas that nobody was waiting for him. He saw the captain of the steamer coming ashore, and he was just about to ask him whether he could direct him to the house of the lady who was to become his hostess. But the lady in the little carriage had seen him, and evidently remarked his forlorn and embarrassed condition. She whispered to her maid, and they both looked at Christmas, and then the lady spoke to the man in black, who presently approached, and, touching his hat, asked him gravely if he would mind speaking to the young lady.

Christmas did not mind speaking to the young lady—or, perhaps, we should rather say, he did mind speaking to her, for he was a good deal confused, and was concerned more than a travelled youth ought to have been by the thought that he was in an awkward position.

"Pray excuse me," the young lady said, leaning forward as he approached; "I think you must be the gentleman that Miss Lyle expects."

"Judging by appearances," Christmas replied, "I must rather be the gentleman whom Miss Lyle does not expect."

"Then you are he ; I thought so. She doesn't expect you to day, I know. Will you get in, and let me take you to her? We pass the gate."

"You are very kind," murmured Christmas, "but I ought not to give you any trouble."

"There isn't any—we shall pass her house, and I could not for her sake leave you drifting about here."

The maid and the man had by this time seated themselves behind. Christmas got in beside the young lady, feeling that his adventure was beginning very agreeably.

"Let me relieve you of the reins," he said.

"Thank you ; but hadn't I better keep them? You don't know the way, and it grows dark. Now then."

She shook the reins, and the ponies rattled off. They clattered along the stony little pier, and struck off to the right. The village, or rather cluster of houses, lay on the left of the pier, for eyes looking inland. The lights were already beginning to twinkle a sort of thick yellow colour, as village candles by the seaside usually show. The hills and trees behind the village threw an immature darkness over the evening, and left to our new-comer only a confused and delicious sense of foliage, and sweet scents, and soft sky, and twinkling lights, and smoke ascending straight from chimneys into the quiet air, and a throbbing sea. Along the verge of the sea they drove for a few minutes, and then turned up a steep road or lane nearly thatched over by the intertwining trees. The horses slackened their pace a little here.

Christmas could not manage to see his companion's face, for she had her veil down, but he was sure he saw eyes sparkling brightly through the veil, and the girl wore a very pretty straw hat with a drooping feather, and she had no chignon, and all her movements were free and graceful, and she seemed perfectly mistress of herself and of the situation, and her voice was sweet, fresh, and animated. He was quite sure, therefore, that she must be a lovely creature, and he felt excited and interested, and happy.

"You know Miss Lyle?" he asked, as the pace of the ponies allowed him a chance of being heard. "Perhaps you are a relative?"

"Oh no—only a friend."

"Do you live here?" Christmas was longing to ask, but he repressed himself.

"You have never seen Miss Lyle?" she asked.

"Never."

“How strange. But you are a relative of hers?”

“No, indeed. My father and she were old friends.”

“Yet you have never seen her?”

“I have been living out of England for a long time. I only returned a short time since.”

“She will be glad to see her old friends again,” the young lady said thoughtfully. “She is just the woman to have friends.”

“There are no old friends to be seen,” Christmas answered. “My father is dead.”

“I am very sorry,” she said, looking at him quite earnestly. “My father is all the world to me.”

“She has no mother,” Christmas thought.

They reached the top of the hill, turned again to the right, rattled a few yards on, and stopped at a gate.

“This is the place,” said the young lady. “Ring the bell, Martin, and loudly”; this was to the servant. Then to Christmas, who had descended, and was beginning to thank her: “Not a word of thanks, please. Good night. I shan’t wait to see Miss Lyle now—I should be only in the way. Good night.”

And so she gave her bridle reins a shake again, and the little carriage disappeared in the gathering dusk, and Christmas was left, portmanteau in hand, standing at the gate.

The bell had been rung so loudly that Christmas felt as if the responsibility of its shrill echoes was rather too heavy a burden for him to bear. But it was echoing for some time before any particular effect seemed to come of it. Christmas had no opportunity of forming any opinion as to the style of Miss Lyle’s residence, for only an ivy-grown wall and a small gate or door of solid wood presented themselves to the road on which he stood. At last he heard a strong heavy lumbering sort of tramp ascending apparently some steps on the inner side of the wall, and the door was opened by a tall, grey old man dressed somewhat like a boatman. Christmas asked for the lady of the house and gave his name. The man listened apparently with great attention, but said nothing. He simply took Christmas’s portmanteau and with a courteous gesture invited him to enter. A covered passage; a sort of arcade, with many steps and full of ferns and flower-pots, led downwards, and was lighted by the soft glow of an oil lamp. Christmas at first supposed that his guide was deaf or dumb, but as he began to descend the steps with careless foot, and eyes wandering over the flowers and ferns, the old man touched him on the arm, and said with grave deliberation—

“Mister! Slow—None-quick. All right!”

Christmas was less concerned about the kindly admonition to take care of himself in the descent than relieved to find that his escort's sententiousness apparently only came from a limited knowledge of English. So far there was not much of commonplace about the household. From the depth of the covered approach he was shown directly into the house, and passed through a circular hall, softly lighted, into a reception-room, where he was left alone for a moment or two, and began to glance at books and engravings without seeing them. Then a pretty fresh-cheeked and neatly-dressed country maiden came in, and told him her mistress had not expected him that day, but that she was very glad he had come, and please would he like to go to his room? So he went to his room, which was up one flight of stairs, the whole of the little house having apparently but two floors; and he found his room a very comfortable and rather luxurious little apartment, with a window that opened on a balcony; and his mind was distracted from the work of dressing by the books, engravings, bits of old china and Salviati glass with which tables, shelves, and chimney-piece were crowded.

He hurried, however, to get dressed, for he was growing more and more impatient to see his hostess. When he left his room he met the little maiden again, who asked him would he please to come into the balcony-room. He followed her into a room on the same floor, the whole front of which apparently was balcony. Here he was left alone for a few moments. Then he heard steps—some very heavy—and the door opened; and the old man he had seen before came into the room, bringing with him and supporting on his arm a living picture from Gainsborough.

The lady stood there in the faint light of the lamps—a lady with full fair hair, and complexion at once bright and delicate, and large deep eyes. She had a shawl of some soft light-blue material thrown around her, above a dress of grey silk. There was something old-English, pictorial, uncommon, about the effect. Where Christmas stood he could hardly perceive, what with the faint light and the softly rounded outlines of her face, and the fair complexion and the bright hair, that the lady was not young. It was only when he approached that he could see the cruel lines beneath the eyes which told that Age and Decay had opened their entrenchments. A strange feeling of admiration, compassion, and reverence came up in the young man's fresh and boyish heart.

She held out her hand and welcomed him—with gesture and look rather than words. Then she spoke a few words to the old man in a *dialect* Christmas did not understand, and the man led her to an

arm-chair and seated her there, and left the room. There was a moment of silence.

"Now," said Miss Lyle, "come near, and stand up, and let me look at you. Yes, you are like your father! You carry your name written on your face—but he was handsomer, I think, when he was your age. I have not seen him for many years. I never saw him since he was young—since we were both young. That seems so short a time—and now I am talking with his son! We were great friends, and I must be fond of you for his sake. Did he ever tell you anything about me?"

Christmas shook his head.

"Never talked of me?"

"Never—until—until he felt himself dying, and then he told me, that there was a lady in England, a friend whom he valued highly and he wished me to know her."

"And he told you my name, then?"

"Not even then."

"Then"—and her voice grew rather tremulous—"how do you know that I am the friend?"

"Because," said Christmas, looking down and speaking in a low tone, "he called out your name twice just before he died."

A flush passed over her face, and she remained silent for a moment or two.

"That is enough!" she said at length; "come nearer—stoop down."

Christmas approached and bent down. She drew him towards her, and kissed his forehead.

"That is for your father's memory, and for his sake," she said quietly. "I hope you will be like him, my dear. They tell me young men in London are very different now from what they were when he was young, and I. He was very poor when he was young, and so was I. He had great gifts—he might have made a name, perhaps: but he had too pure a heart for much ambition. We went our ways—things ought to have been different. I suppose," she said, almost sharply, "your father appeared to you quite a commonplace, unheroic sort of person—the elderly man who gave you money? That, I am told, is the way with London lads now."

"I'm not a London lad," said Christmas, with some resentment in his voice. "I'm very fond of London, but I know nothing about it, and my father was the only friend I ever had. He didn't talk sentiment, perhaps"——

"*As other people do?*" said the lady with a faint smile. "No

he did not—even then—I mean ever. But he was the truest gentleman and the noblest creature I ever knew. And if you think I oughtn't to talk about him I can only say that he was an elder friend of mine than of yours. Well, and so you have been all over the world? You must tell me all about your travels. I don't want to know anything about your family affairs or your private life in the past, though I hope you will make me a little of a confidant in the future. Now you must have some dinner. I hope you are not an epicure, like the young fellows in the clubs of whom they tell me."

Christmas murmured something about not giving trouble.

"But you must dine. There was nothing to be had on the way here, I know. I will keep you company, although I dined earlier, for I did not expect you so very quickly. I thought you would be too much engrossed with London to come away all at once and entomb yourself in the country with an elderly woman—an old woman I suppose you think me—just because she once knew your father."

"I hope I have not come too soon. I ought to have given you some longer notice perhaps," Christmas said, for there seemed a certain tone of perplexity and dissatisfaction in her voice.

"Oh, no." She touched a bell near her: "Janet, some dinner at once, and wine—you know: only don't keep Mr. Pembroke waiting too long. Oh, no (again turning to Christmas), not too soon for me, but I thought perhaps in a few days the place would be quieter."

It seemed quiet enough to Christmas now; he did not know what need or opening there was for greater quietness.

"I thought, perhaps, to have studied you all to myself a little—no matter. But that is the reason why you were not expected, and why no one went to the steamer to receive you. *A propos*, I hope you had no trouble in finding your way?"

"I was very fortunate, on the contrary. I met a young lady who showed me the way."

"Met a young lady? What young lady? Is that a chivalrous youth's fine way of talking of a fisher-girl?"

"Oh, no; a young lady who wore a hat and feather, and drove in a pony-carriage."

"*She* showed you the way?"

"She brought me to the gate very kindly in her carriage."

"Mr. Christmas, I begin to think you are not quite so modest a person in the presence of young women as you seem to be in the company of their elders. What on earth made you address that young

lady without any manner of introduction? Are these the manners of Japan?"

Christmas laughed and coloured a little. "In fact, I didn't address the young lady at all. She saw that I was a stranger and didn't know what to do, and she sent her servant to me, and then she said she knew you, and she offered me a seat in her carriage."

"And you took it, of course! Well, how do you like her?"

"I didn't see her face well," said Christmas; "it was growing dark, and she had her veil down."

"Indeed, and didn't once throw up her veil—just for a moment?"

"Not even for a moment."

"What a pity! But you'll see her face to-morrow, without a veil—*that* I can promise you! What an odd chance that she should have been there just at the time. Well, it can't be helped now."

"Will anything dreadful happen?" Christmas asked, with a smile.

"Nothing dreadful will happen to *her*, I am quite sure."

"She seems a very nice girl," said Christmas, plucking up courage.

"She is a very nice girl, Mr. Christmas—if you will use words in a wrong and slangy way. She is a very nice girl to *me*, and a very good girl. But I am a friend and a woman—a woman thirty years too old for rivalry. My old follower Merlin—the man who gives me his arm—I am a feeble walker—adores her, and so does Merlin's dog. They all spoil her—I don't; but she is fond of me all the same, I *think*. But Merlin and Merlin's dog and I may be very happy and safe where other creatures are in danger. Dinner, Janet? Thanks. Now, Mr. Christmas, if you will give me your arm, and let me lean rather heavily on your shoulder as we go down stairs, we can do without Merlin for once. I used to be a good walker long ago. When we have dined we will come back here and sit in the balcony."

The *tête-à-tête* dinner was at first a little trying for Christmas, who was rather a shy youth. His hostess did not eat, but sat and helped him and talked to him. Her manners were quite new and strange to him, and, indeed, he knew very little of the society of women. In Miss Lyle there was a curious mixture of the grace of youth and the easy, self-possessed confidence of age. When he listened without looking up, he might sometimes have thought that he was listening to a grandmother, and sometimes to a woman of five-and twenty. Even when he looked at her, and her head was turned half away, and he only saw the *fair hair*, the *softly-rounded* cheek, and the shoulder,

he might have believed her still in the very prime of her womanhood. Her manner, too, puzzled him, and her allusions to her early poverty. Now she seemed like one always accustomed to something like luxury, and always used, too, to admiration. The disappointment which sometimes expressed itself in her manner was rather that of one who has won and found success itself a barren thing, than of one who has tried and failed. Certainly nobody could have answered less to Christmas's preconceived ideas of an old maid.

When dinner was over—and it was a very nice little dinner—they returned to the balcony-room as it was called, and they sat in the balcony. It was a soft, mild evening, and the air was sweetened by the smell of flowers and grass, and savoured by the keener breath of the sea. The night was clear, although no moon had risen; and from the balcony the eye wandered over trees and a scattered village down to the sea. The silver-grey of the sea was blackened at one point by the long pier, at the end of which the light of the *Saucy Lass* now "stuck fiery off." The balcony was low; but one short flight of stairs above the ground floor.

Miss Lyle settled herself in a chair in the balcony, and then leaning over called to Janet, who heard her from beneath, and brought her a shawl, in which she wrapped herself. Whenever she wanted any attendance she thus leaned over the balcony and called for Janet.

"I pass all the fine evenings in this balcony," said Miss Lyle. "I sit and dream here, and I live in the past and the present at once. Now I want to hear a great deal about yourself—what you have been doing, and what you are going to do. I have talked in the same way with your father!"

And Christmas soon found himself talking, as if to some confidential and sympathetic old friend, of his past life, his education, his career as yet unbegun, until it seemed impossible to believe that he had only left London that morning, and that he still hardly knew who his companion and hostess was.

A little pause came at one time, when Christmas had been giving some reminiscences of his life in Japan, and had made a casual allusion to his father's death. He did not like to touch upon the subject, for it affected him even yet almost as much as if he had been a girl thinking of her lost mother—for all his delight in London, his painted chamber there, and his holiday.

His hostess looked silently over the water, leaning her arm on the balcony, and her chin in her hand.

"It grows late," she said, suddenly; "and cold, I think. Our early summer evenings are chill here, and you must be tired. You were asking me something, were you not? About Merlin, I think—was it?"

Christmas did not remember that he had been asking her about Merlin, but he did not say so; and he was glad to hear something about the odd old man.

"Merlin," said his hostess, "is a Breton; he was a boatman and a fisherman. When I had a home in Brittany, in one of the places on the coast, I was fond of boating, and he and his son were my boatmen. The son had a fine voice, and some musical taste, and I knew people then, and tried to help him to become a singer. He died, poor fellow!—he was drowned trying to save some people; and Merlin had no one left: he was a widower. I was coming here to settle, and he liked to come with me. I couldn't do without him now—you will find him very useful. He must take you out in a boat to-morrow. I hardly ever go now. But you must humour his one weakness, mind, Mr. Christmas."

"Only tell me what it is."

"He thinks he speaks English, and if he doesn't understand what you say he will never admit it. Speak to him as if he did, and he will generally catch up some idea of what you mean. I can't help you to understand him—you must do the best you can—for you don't understand his own language, I suppose. His French is still worse than his English."

"I shall manage to get on with him," said Christmas. "It shan't be my fault if we are not friends. I was afraid at first that he was dumb."

"Oh, he has plenty of talk when he likes, and he thinks he knows everything. He sometimes almost talks me to death, but I don't mind. It comes naturally to me to humour him now, and I suppose he finds it natural to humour me. He looks to me altogether, and he is really attached to me. When you come to my time of life, Mr. Christmas, you will perhaps understand the value of having some one—any one—attached to you. But I hope that you will not have had my experience, and that you will have closer ties. Still, Merlin is better than no one!"

Her voice seemed to have grown old in a strange sort of way as she spoke.

"How delicious the sound of that sea is," Christmas said—to say anything.

"It tells you of the future," said Miss Lyle, looking kindly at him, "and me of the past. That is why the sea is such good."

company; it has a tone for every one's mood. It is better than music, I think, for music jars terribly sometimes. Can you sing?"

"After a fashion," Christmas answered.

"You shall sing to me, but not now; some other time. It is late, and you want rest. Good night, Chris!"

He had never been called "Chris" in his life before, but only formal "Christmas." But there was something inexpressibly touching in her tone, and he knew that she was not thinking of him then.

CHAPTER III.

"CLAUDE MELNOTTE."

THERE was great joy on the night of Christmas's arrival, but not for that event, in the house of the widow Cramp, who lived in one of the best of the cottages near the sea. Mrs. Cramp's son had come all the way from London to spend a whole week of holiday with her. Mrs. Cramp had at one period of her life been a lady's maid, and then she married a ship carpenter, who settled her in Durewoods while he made his voyages, and he built the house for her in which she still lived. He was a careful, saving man, and when he died at sea he left her tolerably well to do—that is, above actual want—and with one growing son, who it had always been his wish should never go to sea. Mrs. Cramp had a step-brother in London, Professor Carpetts of Camden Town. Professor Carpetts had, in the strictest sense, taken his degree and his title. He had conferred his rank upon himself, and was a professor of hairdressing. Professor Carpetts offered to bring up young Natty Cramp to his own calling, than which nothing could be more genteel; and young Natty was sent to London accordingly. Every year since that time Natty had come to Durewoods to spend his week's holiday with his mother; and so he came this year. He is a tall young fellow, naturally inclined to stoop, and therefore occasionally pulling himself up and standing with preternatural erectness. He has thick fair hair, and a growing moustache, to the development of which every secret known to Professor Carpetts' branch of science had been applied with zeal and hope. Natty has a good-looking but rather sheepish face, with prominent blue eyes and colourless eyebrows. He strode along to his mother's cottage with a military-looking black portmanteau in one hand and a rifle-case in the other. He was, in fact, the tall young man who had been a fellow-passenger with Christmas in the *Saucy Lass*, but the moment the steamer reached the pier he leaped ashore like another Proteus, without the catastrophe. So he had not seen what became of Christmas.

Mrs. Cramp had been watching the approach of the steamer from the first moment when its smoke was seen above the headland that guarded the inner bay. She was waiting at the door for her son, and gazed with full delight and pride at his tall, swaying figure as he drew near.

“Why, Natty, how you have grown, I do declare. Never!”

“Five feet eleven and a half, mother. All but six feet. Think of that!”

“Your poor father was five feet ten in his stockings—and you’ve outgrown him! Well, well.” And a tear of maternal pride sparkled in her eyes as she wished his father could see him now.

They had entered the house now, and Natty was putting down his portmanteau.

“Now I know what’s in that,” said his mother, glancing proudly from the portmanteau to the son.

“Yes, mother,” Natty replied, with a sort of blush. “It’s the uniform. To-morrow I’ll put it on. You haven’t an idea how well it looks. And the sword-bayonet.”

“The gun isn’t loaded, Natty?”

“Loaded! Oh, no. Mustn’t carry one’s rifle loaded at ordinary drill or parade, mother,” Natty replied, with an air at once careless and soldierly.

Natty Cramp had, it is almost needless to say, become a Volunteer. He had marched in Hyde Park before royal personages. His mother was perfectly convinced that the Queen must have looked at him and singled him out from all the rest. Natty laughed at this nonsense of his mother’s, but he had a secret modest hope, which hardly dared to acknowledge its existence, that he was not quite wrong when he fancied one memorable day that the Princess of Wales did cast a glance at him. Natty was that day driven into a mood of passionate loyalty. He had read of the Swiss Guards—he had read many books—and he thought no success on earth could be more enviable than the pride and delight of giving up one’s life in defending the threshold of some (we do not say which) lovely princess.

“Now, Natty dear, you’ll have your supper,” his mother said, soothingly. “You must be tired and hungry. You’ll not mind having your supper in this little room to-night, will you, dear? But you don’t know where you’re going to be put to-morrow, I’ll be bound. Come now.”

She was a comely woman, verging on fatness, and had dressed herself for this occasion, so that she looked quite the lady, as all her neighbours would have willingly said of her. Indeed, they looked

up to her greatly as one who had seen in her day the interior of grand houses and could speak beautiful English. Natty surveyed her with eyes of no little pride; although, needless to say, *he* had seen ladies. In his occupation one sees ladies pretty often, and ought to know what they are like. He was studying his mother's *coiffure* with something of a professional air, and his attention was therefore a little distracted from her question.

"No, mother: I don't know."

"You are to have the drawing-room and bedroom all to yourself. I wouldn't let them, Natty, not to any one this week. No, says I to myself, my son is a man now, and a Volunteer, and when he comes for his holiday once in the year his mother isn't going to let him play second fiddle to any lodger. There, Nat!"

Nat's face glowed with good-natured pride. Since his earliest days that drawing-room, as it was called, had been a sacred apartment in his eyes. Mrs. Cramp had always helped out her means of living by letting that room and bedroom to such lodgers as might happen to come that way during the summer and autumn, and while it was not so occupied she still held it ready for any emergency. There were one or two families of wealthy people near who might sometimes find that they had a guest too many for their accommodation, and would send a young bachelor now and then to sleep for a night or two at Mrs. Cramp's. Therefore the front room and bedroom were always chambers of great distinction in the eyes of Nat, and his own installation there now was a tribute to his dignity of manhood and position such as a gracious Sovereign could hardly have surpassed. He made some weak and stammering protest about his mother putting herself out for him, but was immensely delighted.

Then supper was prepared, and Mrs. Cramp looked on happy to see her son eat. The supper was a little of a trial, too, to Nat's good-nature and filial devotion. His mother had taken unspeakable trouble to heap the table with all the dainties which Nat had loved from his childhood. There was the strawberry jam which she had for years and years regarded as identified with the rejoicing of his annual holiday. There was the cake which she always made with her own hands, and according to his particular fancy. She could not believe in a holiday of Nat's without that cake, and she had often been haunted with cruel musgivings that his wife, when he got one, would never know how to make that cake, and would not allow his mother to make it for him. Alas! Nathaniel Cramp, the Volunteer, the romantic student and reader of books, had outgrown that jam and *that cake*: *He smoked cigars now, and had coloured a meerschaum, and had succeeded to all the embarrassing and mournful dignity of*

manhood. But he knew how his mother had striven to please him, and he would have suffered any inconvenience rather than allow it to be seen that she had taken all her trouble for nothing. He did his best. He trampled down the pride of rising manhood, and he endeavoured to discipline his rebellious palate. But though he could eat the jam and the cake, he could not put on the old air of boyish relish. His mother saw it and felt a little pang. The pride of having a grown up son has its alloy too! The scent of the strawberry jam had for the moment something oppressive in it to her. It brought her heart, as she might have said, to her mouth. For the first time she realised to herself the truth that she must lose her boy.

The mother's pride, however, turned itself again to rejoice in the son who was a man, and she began to ask after his affairs and his prospects.

"And so you've gone into Wigmore Street! I remember Wigmore Street so well—when we were living in Harley Street—that's when I was with Lady Sarah. It must be changed now ever so much. Wigmore Street! That's a great step for the Professor, Nat."

"For Mr. Carpetts, mother." Nat moved about in his chair rather uneasily. "He don't call himself Professor now, you know."

"No, Nat? Why not?"

"Well, you see, Professor won't do in a place like Wigmore Street. Professor is all very well for Camden Town, or the Surrey side—they wouldn't know. But in the West End people know that a hairdresser ain't—I mean, isn't—a professor. People would only laugh at him. No respectable person would enter his cutting-room. It's vulgarity, mother—it's only fit for a Cheap Jack. I told the governor—I mean, I told Mr. Carpetts—so. It's absurd, you know," continued Nat, waxing angry. "When we talk of professor now in London, we mean a man like 'Uxley—like Huxley, mother—or that sort—not hairdressers."

"Yes," said his mother, "I suppose so, Nat." But she was sorry for the loss of the title. "Then you'll not call yourself Professor Cramp when you come into the business?"

"Mother," said Nat, gravely, "don't you deceive yourself. I'll never come into that business."

"No, Nat! Good gracious, dear, why not?"

"That's no business for a man—for one who feels that he is a man! I can bear it for the time, but not for ever. Is this an age when a man—a man!—ought to spend his life dressing the heads of a parcel of women?"

"Are they *very* vexing, Nat, dear—hard to please, and all that?"

"*Who, mother?*"

"The ladies, you know, who come to have their hair dressed. I know something of them, Nat; but you mustn't mind them, dear. They're all like that, you know."

Nat fidgeted much in his chair, and looked at his mother uneasily, and with a little impatience. He could hardly stand, even from her, any allusion to the dressing of ladies' hair—the particular branch of his calling in which he was most successful, and of which unluckily he was most ashamed.

"Oh, it ain't that, mother—I mean, it is not that." Nat had imposed upon himself the penalty of always deliberately correcting himself when he said anything which he considered ungrammatical or vulgar. "I don't care about that in particular. I hate the whole business. I'll cut the whole concern. I am not made for *that*. Is this an age, mother, when a man with feelings and a soul, and no end of aspirations, ought to be cutting people's hair?"

"But, Nat, my dear boy," his mother pleaded, alarmed at these tokens of a rebellious spirit, "somebody must do it, you know."

"Let 'em do it—anybody who likes! There are cads enough who are fit for nothing else! Let old Carpetts do it! Mother, your son is made for something better. We live in a great age, mother."

"Yes, dear."

"An age of progress and of science! The old world, mother, is gone up in fire!" Nat exclaimed fervently, adopting some words of Carlyle which had stamped themselves deeply on his memory.

"Good gracious," murmured Mrs. Cramp.

"A new order of things is coming; and the priesthood of greatness is to have its turn. What are ranks and classes when compared with Immensity? The creed of the new world is Evolution and the Brotherhood of Man!"

"Nat, my dear, I don't like to hear you talk that way."

"You don't understand, mother," and he now spoke in a lordly and protecting sort of way, "and it would only trouble you if I tried to explain. But this isn't a time for a man who feels that he has thoughts and a brain to spend the fruitful years of his life in a hair-cutting room. Don't be alarmed, I shan't do anything rash; but when your son comes next year you shall see before you, mother, a man—a man who has proved his title to manhood—and not a barber's boy!"

He rose with the fire of his eloquence and emotion. But in rising he knocked over a tea-cup and felt rather foolish, for he saw *his mother look alarmed at her fallen china*. "'Tisn't broken, mother," he said, and he put the cup uninjured in its saucer. But

the spell was broken, if the cup was not, and he could not resume his interrupted outpouring of soul. "After all she couldn't understand me," he thought. "I should only alarm her."

Indeed he had alarmed her. She kept glancing at him uneasily every now and then. She saw that he and she could understand each other no more, and that her boy was drifting out on some sea where she could no longer be his guide or even companion. It might perhaps lead to glory and greatness. Why should not her boy become a great man? But anyhow the days were gone when she could receive all her son's confidences in his holiday and be his provider of joy. Nat had relapsed into silence. Mrs. Cramp rose and took up the pot of strawberry jam, out of which so little had been eaten, and put it away with a sigh. The action was sadly symbolic. The little sweetmeat-pot became for the moment consecrated into a sort of funeral urn in which the ashes of a happy anxious time were enclosed.

Mrs. Cramp felt no wonder, hardly any new shock, when, after she had told him a good deal of the local gossip, Nat rose, stretched himself, and said he would smoke a cigar on the road or the pier.

"And don't you wait up, mother. I'll lock the door."

In that quiet place the hall-doors usually stood open until the latest inmate was going to bed. Even if that latest inmate should forget to lock the door it would not matter much.

Mrs. Cramp obeyed the orders of her son now as she used to obey those of his father. Perhaps she had never since her widowhood began felt so keenly how much she missed her husband. She felt so helpless and ignorant, so powerless to do anything but see her boy drift away from her. She had a vague idea that perhaps he was in love with some lady above his station. She could not sleep for perplexing and profitless conjecture.

Meanwhile Nathaniel soothed his lonely spirit by walking down to the sea and smoking a cigar. His mother's conjecture about a love affair was wrong. Nat was not in love as yet with anybody but himself, and not in love with himself in the strict sense, but only with the possibility of himself, a sort of glorified Eidolon of himself which he had constructed, and up to the standard of which he hoped to bring himself one day. He had never felt any pulsation of love for one of the ladies who came to have their hair dressed in Camden Town or even in Wigmore Street. They were not generally young in either place, and when they were young they were not always pretty; and even if they were pretty they did not look so with their hair down and their peignoirs around their necks. Moreover, those in Camden Town he usually looked upon as

ignorant and vulgar young women who probably went with excursion parties to Epping Forest, and those in Wigmore Street were coldly insolent and evidently looked on him as what Shelley calls (Nat read Shelley) a "mechanised automaton."

Nor was there any particular purpose indicated in Nat's eloquent outpourings. He was only a cleverish untaught young fellow who, by force of reading everything he could get at, had read himself into self-conceit and discontent, and who was therefore in imagination constantly striking the stars with his sublime head. For a long time poor Nat had been compelled to lead two lives quite distinct from each other. There was his real life when he worked and drudged faithfully in the calling which grew every day more distasteful to him. There was his ideal life when he sat up of nights in his bedroom reading "Locksley Hall" and "Clara Vere de Vere," and Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine," and Robert Browning's "Evelyn Hope"; studying Darwin, and Mill's "Liberty," and Carlyle's "French Revolution," and any of Huxley's lectures that he could get, and he mixed the whole up together in a *mélange* of half-comprehended poetry and quarter-comprehended philosophy and science. It was a delightful part of his ideal life, too, when he joined a Volunteer Corps and wore a dark green uniform and carried a rifle with a sword-bayonet, and marched at Wimbledon and was inspected in Hyde Park. These days of military masquerade were a sort of heroic heaven to him. Other young men whom he knew were but Tom, Dick, and Harry in their Volunteer uniforms. Nat in that garb was a hero of romance, a splendid soldier of fortune, a Quentin Durward, a D'Artagnan, a Claude Melnotte, a wild-Mahratta-battle-warrior. Of late he had indeed begun to feel some scruples. He attended scientific and quasi-religious lectures on the Sundays, and he had spoken in the discussions of broad-thinking philosophical societies; and he was not quite sure about the fitness of the hero's trade for the great service of humanity and the future. Still the uniform had its fascination, and the heroic dream was not all dreamed out yet. These were Nat Cramp's two lives. We have called the one real and the other ideal; but Nat was convinced, and so perhaps should we be, that the real Nathaniel Cramp was the hero of the ideal life and that the other was only his soulless, bloodless shadow.

(To be continued.)

MUNICIPAL REFORM FOR LONDON.

MR. GLADSTONE, in one of the most effective speeches he ever delivered, when resenting the action of the Corporation of the City of London in opposing the Emmanuel Hospital scheme, characterised the Corporation of the City as "a body which has enjoyed for over thirty years the proud distinction of being the only unreformed corporation in the country," and ominously hinted that the "consecrated existence" of that powerful body was not unassailable. Moreover, the late Prime Minister placed the reform of the government of London among the most prominent questions which a Liberal Administration would have to deal with. The City was evidently alarmed at this, and no time was lost in preparing for the defence of its ancient charters and exclusive privileges. To this may probably be traced the extraordinary fact that at the last general election three out of the four seats which the City possesses in the House of Commons were lost to the party of which Mr. Gladstone is the head, and the fourth was saved by a very narrow majority.

But the City, at all events, is governed by a Corporation, whatever defects there might be in the constitution of that body; while the greater part, in fact nearly the whole, of the metropolis does not enjoy the privilege of being governed even by an unreformed corporation. In truth, the municipal management of London is a most complicated and unintelligible medley of divided authority, the action of which very few understand. Westminster is not like the City. Lambeth is not like Southwark. This, doubtless, arose through the gradual growth of the metropolis, and the sad way in which local government was neglected until that growth had assumed unwieldable proportions.

When London was confined to the City the charters conferred upon it by our Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns were suited to its wants, as those wants were then understood and as charters were then granted. But when the walls of the City became surrounded by villages, and these in the course of time became part of that one huge metropolis which we now see, the charters of the City of London continued to be applicable to the intramural district only, and what was outlying was permitted to be subject to that haphazard legislation *which from time to time* was applied to the local govern-

ment of rural parishes and unchartered villages. It is evident that such a state of things was not contemplated when the early City charters were granted, and there seems to be reason to believe that those charters were really granted to London as the metropolis, and not merely to that district which, by accident as it were, was confined within the walls. As London grew it was intended to enlarge the limits of the City and to extend its privileges so as to bring within the same jurisdiction the growing metropolis. Even as it is, there are some districts outside the boundaries of the City proper which are under the government of the City Corporation; such as Farringdon Without, Bishopsgate Without, and Southwark, or, as it is called, the Ward of Bridge Without. These, it is true, were contiguous to the ancient walls, while Islington and Westminster, Lambeth and Kensington were remote villages divided from the City by field and moor, river and meadow, which have been united only within living memory, when the expanding character of the City jurisdiction had ceased. So that the surrounding districts, though teeming with an ever increasing population and extended areas, did not participate in the privileges of the City, but were managed under the old parochial system and under scores of local Acts. And though their condition is not now so bad as it was twenty years ago, it is far from what it ought to be, and from what, had it not been for the existence of the City Corporation, it would have been.

Forty years ago, when the spirit of Reform was dominant, one of the most important Commissions ever issued was appointed to inquire into the state of the municipal corporations of the country. The Commissioners first devoted themselves to the task of inquiring into the condition of provincial cities and towns. The inquiry was a searching one, and an extraordinary state of affairs was disclosed. Ancient cities and boroughs to which charters had been granted, or which were governed by prescription, had outgrown their limits. Vast and important suburbs, composing in some cases the real strength of the towns, were found to be precluded from municipal government, and could lay no claim to the charters. But the charters themselves had become unsuitable to modern requirements, and were antagonistic in spirit to the best interests of the community. The continuance of customs which long before should have ceased to exist; the maintenance of privileges which did more harm than good, and which paralysed everything; the utter want of responsibility or even mutuality of interest on the part of the old corporations to the governed, and the general corruption which was manifest, induced the Commissioners to report that they "found it their duty

to represent that the existing municipal corporations neither possessed nor deserved the public confidence or respect, and that a thorough reform must be effected before they could become useful and efficient instruments of local government." Acting upon the recommendations of the Commissioners, Parliament passed the Municipal Corporations Reform Act of 1835, which expanded the limits of cities and towns so as to include in all cases suburban districts, swept away customs and privileges which had brought them into decay and corruption, and substituted for obsolete and semi-barbarous corporations an enlightened system of local self-government, in which the rulers were to be directly responsible to their constituents. New life and vigour was thereby instilled into every municipality. Enterprise and local improvements at once began to displace the apathy and decay which up to that time had stultified all municipal prosperity. Under the provisions of that Act, and of some measures which have since been passed to amend it, our provincial towns are, as a rule, patterns of good and effective self-government.

But London was excluded from the operation of that Act. Nor could it have been well otherwise, for the Commissioners had omitted London from their first report. Their second report, published in 1837, was devoted entirely to the government of the metropolis. They declared themselves in favour of one municipality for the whole of London. But their report was never acted upon. The Corporation were opposed to any compulsory reform. They claimed to have power under an ancient charter to effect all necessary reforms from within, and with this power they impressed the Commissioners, who thought it as well to let them try it. Besides, the Corporation pledged themselves to introduce a Bill which would effect for the whole metropolis the reform which the Act of 1835 had done for provincial towns. The initiative being thus left to that body, it is no wonder that no attempt has ever been made to carry out the undertaking: and it is to be feared that the City will oppose any measure intended to bring its ruling authority more into consonance with the spirit of the time.

The labours of the Commissioners of 1834 were, therefore, so far as regards metropolitan reform, practically fruitless, and the metropolis was left in the same chaotic state, under the rule of scores of bodies of trustees, of commissioners, vestries, and other boards. In addition to the parish vestries, there were numerous governing bodies, whose interests often conflicted, and who never worked together, entailing much inconvenience upon the ratepayers. Wherever an estate was built upon a *private local Act* was obtained, and the

municipal government of such estates was generally vested in trustees or commissioners. In the election of such bodies the ratepayers frequently had no voice whatever, nor could they exercise any control over the expenditure. Altogether, it was computed in 1855 that London was ruled by nearly three hundred variously constituted authorities, deriving their powers through nearly as many private Acts, and numbering in the aggregate but a few short of eleven thousand members. In fact, the government of London had been reduced through such multifarious and conflicting authorities into a state of absolute anarchy. Any one curious as to the government of the metropolis previously to 1855 should consult "Hansard" for that year, and especially the speech of Sir Benjamin Hall on introducing his Bill for the local government of the metropolis. It is difficult to believe that such a state of things should have been tolerated; but looking upon the matter in the light of what exists now, enables one to believe even worse things. The paving and lighting of the Strand—a street which is a little under three-quarters of a mile—was in the hands of no less than seven distinct boards. In some places the whole width of the street was under the control of one board, but in other places one side of the street belonged to one parish, the other side to another parish. And as these different authorities never could be brought to agree on any one question, the state of things led to endless difficulties, to the great cost of the ratepayers, whose perplexities must have been considerable. In some districts streets were to be seen watered on one side in the morning and on the other side in the afternoon. The unfortunate ratepayers were utterly powerless to deal with bodies many of whom were self-elective and held their commissions for life.

In 1854 the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the municipal government of London, of which Sir George Cornwall Lewis was the most active member, made their report. To defend their position the Corporation had marshalled their strength before the Commissioners, and so effectually had they done so that, though the Commissioners reported that the municipal government of London was confined to the City, and that if municipal institutions were unsuitable to the metropolis the Corporation of the City had no better defence than its antiquity, the report suggested that the area of the City should not be extended, but that the metropolis should be divided into municipal districts co-extensive with the existing Parliamentary boroughs, and that each such district should be governed by a distinct municipal body. The City authorities, *with great coolness*, declared themselves in favour of the divisions

proposed, but they resolutely opposed very valuable recommendations which that report contained for the reform of the City Corporation, and to this day they have successfully resisted every attempt at reform. It was felt, however, that something should be done for that greater portion of the metropolis which was not within the City jurisdiction. In 1855, therefore, Sir Benjamin Hall, then President of the Board of Health, introduced the measure to which allusion has already been made, which was passed by Parliament, and under the title of "The Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855," is the statute upon which the government of the metropolis is based. By that Act it was intended to reduce chaos into something like order; but it has signally failed. Instead of grappling with the difficulty in a statesmanlike manner, a mere patching or makeshift was effected, and instead of sweeping away the old parochial system which had acted so mischievously, that system was perpetuated, although in a somewhat modified form. Sir Benjamin Hall would not even adopt the suggestion of the report of the preceding year and divide the metropolis into as many districts as there were Parliamentary boroughs. In his opinion such districts were too large for local self-government; and influenced by that misapprehension he concocted a scheme which, by the maintenance of vestries sole in large parishes, and the creation of composite districts for smaller parishes, threw the local government of the metropolitan area on some thirty-nine district boards. On the vestries and district boards thereby created devolved the management of the local sewage and drainage, paving, lighting, and improvements, and all other duties relating to the government of the district or parish, save those duties relating to the Church and the management of the relief of the poor. Other duties have since been thrust upon them. They are the local authorities for all sanitary purposes, and the proper execution of the various public health Acts and other sanitary measures rests entirely with the vestries or district boards. Over and above these the Act created a Metropolitan Board of Works which, for the purpose of the main drainage, has a jurisdiction over the entire area of the metropolis, including the City.

It was an unfortunate thing that the name of vestry was retained. Vestries had fallen into very bad odour, and probably to that fact is due in some measure the failure of Sir Benjamin Hall's Act. The qualification of a vestryman was placed at £40 a year rental rated to the relief of the poor. This was done in the hope of securing the services of a better class of men. But from the first the vestrymen have been principally drawn from a very inferior class, and the *great majority are only small shopkeepers and publicans—*

persons who are not qualified socially or intellectually to govern or to be entrusted with such responsibility as ought to attach to a body of men to whose care is delegated the health and comfort of the inhabitants of so great a metropolis. In one sense this is due to the apathy of the ratepayers themselves, who take no interest in the election of vestrymen, and who allow the whole matter to fall into the hands of cliques. Many instances have been recorded where, out of a constituency of several thousands, scarcely a score have taken part in the election. The system, however, is in itself faulty. It does not provide for a sufficient notice to be given to the ratepayers, it allows the election to be carried out by a mere show of hands at no really public place, and even where a poll is demanded the relative proportion of those who vote to the constituency is very small, because the open voting takes place too soon after the nomination. What with the apathy of the ratepayers and the faults of the statute the government of the metropolis is handed over to a set of very incompetent bodies, whose members are incapable of understanding their duties or of attaching due weight to their great responsibilities, and whose sole purpose seems to be centred in one desire—to keep the rates low. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that the best interests of the community are neglected, that the Sanitary Acts are scarcely more than dead letters, and that the penny wise and pound foolish practice which always characterises small and incompetent minds is carried out in our vestries to a degree which sacrifices efficiency to false economy, which is of all the most wasteful extravagance? As if, under such a system, true economy was possible! Divided authority, conflicting jurisdictions, the want of a community of interests, the maintenance of numerous staffs of officials, even though they be too much underpaid to do their work thoroughly, are incompatible with economy, and London has to bear ills from which provincial towns are free, though the ratepayers are taxed in a way unknown in the provinces. Such has been the result of the perpetuation of the parochial system, though in a limited and somewhat reformed state.

The Board of Works was created at the same time. It consists of forty-five members, whose election is vested in the vestries and district boards and in the City Corporation. Three members represent the City, some of the larger parishes have two representatives on the Board, others have one representative, while some of the smaller parishes are grouped in districts and are represented by one member. *The election being in the hands of the vestries or district boards it*

has come to pass that nearly all the members of the Board of Works are vestrymen. It is true the Board has done some important work, and has done it well; but it is shackled with grave defects. Originally intended to manage the main drainage and very little more, and vested with only limited functions, it has been permitted to grow in importance, to be entrusted with more extensive duties, and clothed with greater powers, until, to use the words of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, it had "gradually become a central municipality without due consideration whether it had been constituted in the way best calculated to perform the duties of such." Work has been thrust upon the Board such as it was never contemplated to perform simply because the Board was a body in existence and no other institution was in being which could be more legitimately clothed with these new functions. We willingly give credit to the Board for much that it has done; but it is impossible to be blind to the fact, which is patent to the most superficial observer, that it is looked upon with intense dislike and suspicion. The vestries are ever at loggerheads with it, and the City authorities view all its actions with distrust and jealousy. The Board, on the other hand, has put itself in direct rivalry with these authorities. The consequence is that this mutual antagonism paralyses its action for good and is most expensive to the ratepayers. The Board has failed, after an existence of nearly twenty years, to ingratiate itself with the public. It is tolerated as a mere temporary makeshift. The constitution of the Board is defective and unsatisfactory, the number of its members is not commensurate with the vast duties which have been cast upon it, there is no fair representation of the districts into which the metropolis is divided in respect of either population or property, and its power to spend the rates is practically unaccompanied by responsibility. The election of its members is most unpopular. Instead of being directly elected by the ratepayers the members of the Board are elected by the vestries and district boards by a system of filtration in itself very objectionable, and which removes the Board from close relation to the ratepayers, and renders its members to all intents and purposes irresponsible to those whose money they have the power to spend. One curious effect of this "filtration" system is the fact that in some districts it would be impossible for the ratepayers to remove from the Board of Works a representative who had become objectionable to them in a less time than twelve years—quite the lifetime of a ratepayer. It is wrong in principle and contrary to the character of our institutions to give power to any body of men to rate and tax the *community and to spend such money without the community havin*

a voice in the election of the body. There are other grave defects in the Board which we could point out, but which the space at our command will not permit.

It is clear, therefore, that the reform which Sir Benjamin Hall effected in 1855 has not secured for the metropolis a satisfactory system of local government. It was really a feeble attempt to grapple with a gigantic evil. Like all weak and undecided reforms it blocked the way of more statesmanlike measures, and has handed down to us an inheritance of bad management which it will be more difficult perhaps to cope with now than when the scandal and misrule were more glaring. Lord Llanover's Act has had a fair trial and is universally condemned. For many years there has been growing an agitation for reform. Parliament has over and over again been implored to interfere. Time after time has Parliament caused inquiry to be made. Commissions and Select Committees have investigated the question and have made valuable reports, but so far as any practical advantage is concerned all efforts hitherto to consolidate metropolitan management have been unproductive.

Three schemes have been brought forward within the last seven years. In 1867 a Select Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Mr. Ayrton, prepared two important reports on the local taxation and government of the metropolis and declared in favour of the elevation of the Metropolitan Board of Works altered, however, materially in its constitution—into a corporation for the entire metropolis under the designation of the "Municipal Council of London." That report utterly ignored the City Corporation, which would, therefore, only occupy a secondary position as a district authority. In 1868 Mr. John Stuart Mill introduced a series of Bills into Parliament creating the existing Parliamentary boroughs into municipal boroughs, with a general governing council to manage such matters as were common to the whole of London. This was an attempt to make use of the recommendations of the Commission of 1854, and of the reports of Mr. Ayrton's Committee in the preceding year, two schemes which to us appear quite inconsistent. That report, however, was never acted upon, nor were Mr. Mill's Bills ever passed. The idea of dividing London into municipal districts corresponding with the Parliamentary boroughs has long ago been abandoned. Its adoption would have been a very trifling improvement on vestries, and the want of uniformity of government and equitable assessment would be as much felt as under the existing system. No reform will be adequate which will not bring the whole metropolis *under the jurisdiction of one controlling authority.* This can only

be done by one of two ways. Either the Metropolitan Board of Works must be elevated into a Corporation for London, or the present City Corporation must be extended so as to include the whole metropolitan area. It would be unwise to adopt the former, and the destruction of the City Corporation is certainly not desirable. To us there seems to be no occasion whatever to displace an existing corporation bearing an honourable name, enjoying high prestige, and possessed of historical traditions which are worth keeping alive, by the construction of an entirely new institution possessed of none of these advantages and offering nothing in their stead. The proper policy seems to be that upon which the Municipal Corporations Reform Act of 1835 was based—the utilisation of existing corporations by extending their jurisdictions and making them more perfect as municipal institutions. The City Corporation should, therefore, so far as is consistent with the necessities of the metropolis, be preserved and should form the nucleus of the new municipality. This plan, instead of being derogatory to the ancient Corporation, would add to its dignity and power, and would remove many of the existing anomalies. Of course the constitution of the Corporation would have to undergo some changes, but these reforms, we think, must take place sooner or later, whatever be the ultimate form the government of the metropolis will assume. The defects of the City Corporation are manifold. They were pointedly referred to years ago, and the Commissioners of 1854 recommended some very important changes, most of which appear so reasonable that it is surprising to find the City so blind to its own interests as to have ignored them; thus giving to its enemies the very best arguments for a very radical reform. That reform cannot be long delayed. Is it not, therefore, advisable for the City authorities to seriously consider the part they will act in the impending struggle? If they offer a selfish resistance to a scheme which meets with the approval of the mass of the inhabitants of the metropolis, powerful as the Corporation is, and able as it is to bring its influence to bear upon the Legislature, though it may succeed in postponing for a time the realisation of an efficient local government for London, its policy will be a suicidal one, which, when the day of reckoning comes, will redound to the disadvantage of the Corporation. If, on the other hand, the City is guided by wisdom in its council it will see that the hour has come when it can enlarge its sphere of action, enhance its dignity and power, confer on the inhabitants of the metropolis the greatest possible boon, and at the same time secure for itself that popularity without which it is

impossible for it to exist. 'We are fain to entreat the City in this way because its opposition is the only one which can, though but for a time, retard the reform of the local government of London, and also because we should deplore a struggle which must ultimately result in its discomfiture and probably in its utter annihilation.

It now remains to add a few words with regard to the Bill which the Metropolitan Municipal Association has recently prepared, and which Lord Elcho is going to introduce in the next session of Parliament. Differing from all previous Bills prepared by that association, in that the division of the metropolis into several distinct municipalities is abandoned, the Bill in question proposes to create the metropolis into a county of itself, and to extend the municipal authority of the Corporation of the City of London throughout the metropolis, modified, however, so as to bring it more into harmony with modern ideas as to local self-government. The whole metropolis would then become the Municipality of London. The governing body is to be the Municipal Council of London, consisting of a Lord Mayor, aldermen, and councillors. For the purpose of electing to the Council the metropolis is to be divided into ten districts, viz., the City and the nine existing Parliamentary boroughs. The number of wards in the City is to be reduced to eight; the livery is to be created a ward, and every other district is to be divided into four wards. The City of London is to be represented by nine aldermen and forty-five councillors (inclusive of one alderman and five councillors for the livery ward); every other district will send to the Council three aldermen and twenty councillors. The aldermen are to be elected by the whole district, and the councillors are to be elected by the wards—each ward to have five councillors. Thus the Council will consist of thirty-six aldermen and 225 councillors, who, with the Lord Mayor, will make up a total strength of 262. The aldermen will hold office for three years, save those who are now aldermen for the City; these will retain office during their lives. The councillors will be annually elected, save those who as members of the Metropolitan Board of Works will continue on the Council for the unexpired term of their office. The constituency in the City will be that which under the private Act of 1867 now take part in the election of Common Councilmen. In the other districts they will be those who now take part in the election of the School Board. The cumulative vote is also to be used, as in the election of that body. The Lord Mayor will be chosen not necessarily from among the aldermen, as is now the case in the City, but may be elected from *the mass of those who form the members or constituents of the new*

Municipality. This is a very important change, and one which was recommended by the Royal Commissioners of 1854. The functions of this governing body would be all those now exercised by the City Corporation, and those which belong to the Board of Works, the vestries, and district boards. In addition to these, the Bill proposes to place under its control the police of the metropolis, in the same way as the police in the City are now under the control of that Corporation, and as is the case in nearly all other municipal corporations. Curiously enough, the control of the water and gas supply is omitted. Surely this must be an oversight. These are questions which too closely affect municipal life to be left out, and the interests of the metropolis require that they should no longer be entrusted to private companies. The Bill is probably imperfect in its details, but its principle, we feel convinced, is the true one, and of the Bills which have hitherto been prepared for the government of London it is certainly the best.

The principal objection to the consolidation of the metropolitan administration is the magnitude of the area to be governed and of the duties to be performed. Many believe that it would be impossible for one body to do the work efficiently. No such difficulty has been experienced in our largest towns. It is true some of the metropolitan boroughs are nearly as big as some of the principal towns in the kingdom; but that imports very little. With a Council of some 260 members the sub-division of labour would be an easy matter. The appointment of committees for various purposes—one controlling the main drainage, another street improvements and communication, another the water and gas, another the assessment, and so on—would reduce the labour materially, and at the same time add to the efficiency, while the election of the aldermen and councillors from residents in the several wards would amply protect all local interests. Look at the London School Board. It exercises a jurisdiction conterminous with the metropolis. Local interests are not neglected by that Board, which has shown itself able to superintend the elementary education of the entire metropolis. In the same way committees, as above suggested, could manage municipal affairs quite as efficiently. The Council to all intents and purposes would be a parliament. They would resolve what work should be done, and they would entrust that work to able and trustworthy officers and servants—men whose services should be entirely devoted to the public interest, and who should be paid liberally. Some other minor objections have been raised which, for want of space alone, we must pass over.

The advantages of a consolidated administration would be manifold. Chaos would be reduced into order. Efficiency would succeed inefficiency. There would be far greater economy than under the present system. We should not require the myriad staffs which now mismanage the affairs of the metropolis. And though we might not for a time experience any great reduction in the rates, we should certainly do so in the end, while for our money we should have its worth in the shape of an efficient government. The cost of administration now is something enormous. Under one governing body it would be impossible to expend so much, even though men of standing were employed and paid at a rate which would astonish our wretched vestries. A Municipal Council created in the way proposed in Lord Elcho's Bill would draw to it men of the highest standing, and the government of the first city in the empire would not continue in the hands of an incompetent and inferior class; and, above all things, we should enjoy the blessings of an enlightened system of local government.

There are those who, while they admit the desirability of reform, still counsel delay. Such men are really no friends of reform. "Let us have more information;" "Let the subject be more matured." In other words, let things remain as they are. Amongst these we regret to see Earl Grey. What good would be secured by delay? What more information is it possible to obtain? Commission after commission has been appointed; committee after committee has considered the matter. Documents have been produced, evidence wholesale has been taken, reports have been made, and every source of information has really been exhausted. Surely in the face of all this it cannot be contended that the municipal reform of London is a question which should be any longer shelved on such a flimsy pretext.

The task is one worthy of a great Minister. It would confer honour and distinction on any Administration. Mr. Gladstone is pledged to it, and probably had the result of the last general election been different he would have by this time devoted his great powers to it. Mr. Disraeli has a splendid opportunity offered him. Will he avail himself of it?

CLUB LIFE IN BERLIN.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.

THE foremost club of which I find any description in Prussian history is the Tabakscollegium of King Frederick William I. In point of current popularity it is equal to the most cherished traits of Frederick the Great, or to his gravest political achievements; and it is as carefully studied as those or any other historical facts. The zeal of antiquarian research has missed no feature of the institution. The gruff old King, with his Dutch pipe and mug of beer, the "contented saturnine human figures" around him as companions, the plain heavy table laden with tobacco, liquor, sandwiches, and newspapers, the low room with an atmosphere "pacificatory, but bad," these are some of the elements of the Tobacco Parliament as described by Mr. Carlyle. At its sessions the generals planned their campaigns, and the diplomatists sketched their treaties. Within its precincts the young Prince, afterwards Frederick the Great, now and then appeared, and talked with the company till the smoke drove him away. This too was the scene of Grundling's most welcome services. Grundling was a literary pedant of that age, who was made professor for his learning, Privy Councillor for his servility, and Court fool for his dullness; and this rare combination of honours has made him famous beyond his merits. The professors of history spend their finest wit on the subject. But they do not often remark that though a Privy Councillor is seldom made Court fool, it is not at all seldom that a Court fool is made Privy Councillor.

The royal founder of the *Tabagie* left as a legacy for his people the advice to drink beer which strengthened the body, rather than wine which stole away the brains. It would not be enough to say that the advice was followed. It was overtaken and seized and absorbed; it acquired at once a patriotic and a gastronomic sanction; it flows in all the channels of the individual Prussian and all the currents of Prussian society. Hence the house, the *Tabagie* of the people, is the original German club. It has square tables which, owning four legs, are always trying to stand on three. It has waiters in black dress-coats, which are often threadbare and always several inches too long. *The air is pacificatory, but bad.* The etiquette of the place is as

formal, and the manners are as exact, as at a ball. Caste prevails in these establishments as in clubs ; and though treaties are not usually planned or campaigns sketched within their walls, one may often see guests who look as wise as Bismarck or Moltke.

The beerhouse has, moreover, its philosophical basis. One of the merits of Hegelism is its capacity or claim to solve all human problems without ever sacrificing the dignity of thought. The author of the "Phanomenologie" left, indeed, no treatise on the dietetic value of distilled malt ; but the system of philosophy developed in the "Phanomenologie" would not disdain to explain why Germans assemble in public to drink beer at two silbergroschen per glass. For, after all, an Hegelian would argue, the modern club is one step in the triumph of reason over instinct. Man is naturally a gregarious animal. The earliest records of history show us not man, but men ; not individuals, but societies ; but as the primitive societies were only the result of instinct, so social progress is the gradual displacement of instinct by reason. To express this philosophically, it is the harmonisation of objective and subjective intelligence. But the human spirit, though infinitely elastic, is not yet emancipated from the bondage of its own imperfections, so that the harmonisation of the objective and subjective is a movement and not a fact. What are called ages or epochs in history are the different stages in this movement. Furthermore, it could be demonstrated, if it were not sure to be admitted without demonstration, that as the progress of society is from the simple to the complex, so the development of the spirit is from the complex to the comprehensive ; from an inherent infinite possibility to manifold phenomena in performance. The facts of history sustain this theory. In the primitive societies the spirit addressed all its operations to, and found all its nourishment in, the State ; but as the State became more complex, and at the same time more determinate, the spirit perceived the need of minor occupations, and the power of choosing such as corresponded to that need. Hence the subordinate societies, the *imperia in imperio* around us ; hence the progress in these societies step by step with the progress of the State on the one hand and the spirit on the other. The Greeks, for instance, found enjoyment in assembling to hear the poems of Homer or the tragedies of Sophocles. The Romans improved on these things by introducing the amphitheatre, where there were real combats, and where now and then a gladiator was killed. In the Middle Ages the tournament marked the transition from a lower to a higher civilisation. The present, but *perhaps not the last*, stage in this progress is the beerhouse.

It was natural, therefore, that the first attempts to organise clubs in Germany should reflect the popular system of convivial reunions and the broad philosophical basis to which I have ascribed that system. The "Casino" has perhaps departed farthest from this ideal. It is the club of the nobility, the military aristocracy, and the diplomats, and it has elegant but not extensive apartments on the corner of the Wilhelm Strasse, looking up and down Unter den Linden. Its most famous feature, perhaps, is the *table d'hôte* at five o'clock. The ambition of no young officer is satisfied till he has partaken at this daily banquet and drunk the Emperor's health in the steward's best "Sec"; but the *cuisine* would never make the reputation of the club outside of Berlin. Two quite opposite tendencies struggle in the club, the national and the cosmopolitan. The respectable old Conservative country gentlemen demand that the Casino shall be a genuine German institution, without the corrupting alloy of French cooking and English manners. The bill of fare certainly speaks for the valour of this faction. In the evening, too, the German element predominates, but afternoons one may hear more or less broken French from diplomatic *attachés* hanging over the billiard tables. At the urn, too, where candidates are voted in, the ballots are not *für* and *wider*, but *pour* and *contre*. Only one feature of the Casino deserves further mention, and that is the classification of members. There are three classes. The first class comprises the resident members, who alone enjoy all the rights and accept all the obligations of membership. The second class comprises such as, living out of Berlin, are in the city often enough to desire and deserve the advantages of the club, but who take no part in the administration, and pay reduced fees. The third class are special members, who pay a monthly charge, and are enrolled for short periods. They are not much more than invited guests; and are, of course, for the most part persons who are temporarily in the city. The Casino has a large membership, and notwithstanding a certain primitive stiffness of system is an elegant and successful institution.

The "Club von Berlin" is the strongest and best known of its kind in the city, and one of the oldest. Originally a sort of convivial society under the name of *Der Gesellige Verein*, it transformed itself, as members and resources increased, into a club, and took spacious rooms in the Jaeger Strasse. Last summer added prosperity and led it to change its quarters once more. It secured remarkably fine apartments in the Behren Strasse, the next street to Unter den Linden, quiet and convenient: the street of the American Legation and the *British Consulate*, of one wing of the Royal Palace and

the Royal Opera. It is between the Friedrich Strasse, which is the Oxford Street of Berlin, and Wilhelm Strasse, where are situated the Foreign Office and Imperial Chancellery, and two or three ignoble palaces for the needy princes of the house of Prussia.

The Berliner Club is called also the "Millionaire Club," but as a relative rather than an absolute characterisation. The dues, initiatory and annual, would be held very light in London, and do not severely tax a moderate purse here; but they are greater than in any other club, and it is specially patronised by rich men of business. The great bankers meet there at the close of the day's exchange. Here they find the evening papers, and spend an hour in their racy and sprightly columns. The Bourse schedules, not only of Berlin, but also of Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and other commercial centres, the papers published in the special interest of stock operations, the despatches of the three or four press agencies which carry on a sharp strife of inefficiency, are all kept on file. The Berliner Club, moreover, has a *cuisine*. In this respect also it enjoys among its rivals the glory of pre-eminence; and this alone would account for the bankers, who like a fair table in Berlin as elsewhere. They do not dine, but sup here. Forming in sympathetic groups at the great tables, they drink much champagne, eat liberally of sallow roast goose or veal cutlets fried flat in crumbs, and are more enthusiastic, perhaps, than decorous. Here they fight over again the battles of the day. With a wild profusion of technical terms, a masterly manipulation of knife and fork for emphasis, and now and then a clever arrangement of bread crumbs by way of elucidation, they show how battles are won, and with them fortunes, at the handsome structure in the Burgh Strasse. But Berlin bankers may be recognised without the aid of such picturesque surroundings. The religious test is a sure one, and it seems to me that it might be retained in this case without any of the injustice from which it is often held to be inseparable. Let me illustrate my meaning by an anecdote. When Prince Bismarck—he was then only a count—began the peace negotiation at Versailles he called to his aid in the indemnity matter a great Berlin banker, a prince of finance. The discussion proceeded. Bismarck demanded five milliards of francs as an indemnity. "Mon Dieu!" cried Jules Favre, throwing up his hands in despair; "impossible. Such a sum could not be counted if we had begun at the Christian era." "Quite true," replied Bismarck, blandly; "I took account of the difficulty, and brought with me a gentleman"—pointing to the banker—"who dates himself from the creation of the world." In the same sense banking and *brokerage in Germany* are mainly in the hands of people whose

“proud boast” it is to be the descendants of Moses and the prophets.

There is, however, another club, “The Ressource,” which is distinctively a brokers’ club. The Berliner Club is rather an association of wealthy old gentlemen, many of whom made their fortunes indeed in finance, but are now retired from active business. But the Ressource is a sort of *petite bourse*. The furniture and upholstery are rich, but gaudy and repulsive, and the general appearance of the rooms suggests ethnological and other reflections which I will spare you. The Ressource is *la petite bourse*, and on evenings and Sundays its halls resound with the tumult of blasphemous gamblers. There is no other city in the world, Vienna perhaps excepted, where the morals of the Stock Exchange are so low, where petty scandals are so frequent, and where they have such a baneful influence on general society. The Ressource Club is an outgrowth from this state of things. It might be more accurate to say that it has developed into this character, since it is a very old organisation, and was originally, I believe, a social reunion of the wealthier Jews; but as now conducted it is, in the most charitable construction, a credit and a benefit to no one.

A large income is no condition of admission to the West Club. Its quiet unpretending apartments in the Königgrätzer Strasse are the resort of the middle class, as it ranks here, made up of Civil Service officials, professors, deputies, with a sprinkling of journalists and literary men, artists and musicians. It was founded for geographical as much as social reasons, or, to speak with scientific accuracy, it has a geographico-social basis. It accommodates the district about the Potsdam Gate, the “Geheimrathviertel,” as it is called. The fees are low, and the appointments of the club far from sumptuous. Culinary interests are sadly neglected, for the members are men of family who take their frugal repasts at home. They come rather to read the papers, play chess and billiards and “veest.”

The game of whist in Germany is not so much a fact as an aspiration. It is regarded as an object for the inventive genius of the race; and there are twenty-nine distinct ways of playing it, not one of which is like Hoyle, and not one of which accordingly is right. Every district has its own whist, like its dialect or its beer. The commercial traveller is in embarrassment from one end of his route to the other, and the consequences are of course distressing. After mastering the Ultramontane phase of the game in Westphalia he passes on to Frankfort, where a coarse materialistic system prevails, and from Frankfort to the rigid classical method of Heidelberg and

Baden, thence to the kindly informality of Bavaria, the clever sprightliness of Saxony, and thus throughout Germany in an uninterrupted progress of dissimilarity. The points which he learned of the fat banker at Homburg are worthless against the daughters of the dyspeptic professor at the mountain bath. It is perhaps the want of a system, or rather the gnawing anxiety in consequence of that want, which makes the German play his hand circumspectly, as if millions and not five silbergroschen were reckoned on a point, as if grave political, or let me say scholastic, interests were at stake, necessitating a refined metaphysical style of play. But he is thoroughly fond of the game. At the clubs it is by far the most popular and most frequent diversion.

In addition to these, which are the most important clubs of a general social character, there are a number of others which are at the same time professional reunions. At the Industrial Building art and literature live harmoniously together. The *Kunstler-Verein*, or Artists' Union, of Berlin, occupies a fine suite of apartments in the so-called Industrial Buildings in the *Commandanten Strasse*, where a permanent exhibition of its pictorial products is held, and where social and festive gatherings take place. The society is strong and thriving, and numbers among its members the leading artists of the capital. The Press Club enjoys the use of the same rooms, and owes the fact to the hospitality of the artists. It does not have a permanent exhibition of its products—which would indeed be a weariness to the flesh—but meets at regular intervals of a week. Though only about ten years old and homeless, as I have explained, it is well supported by the fraternity. Not simply professional journalists, but literary people of every sort, and even men in other professions who contribute to the press, may and do become members. Friedrich Spielhagen was one of the founders. Berthold Auerbach is a member. Paul Lindau, who has published a short account of the origin of the club, enumerates among the guests and speakers at the first banquet a young lawyer who had written political articles for the journals. The young lawyer was Edward Lasker, a Jew, leader of the National Liberal party in Parliament, and the most influential of all the deputies. It is the custom of the club to have a modest banquet at the stated meetings, and this is perhaps its most characteristic feature. The feast is quite humble in quality, and the etiquette is not stringent enough to prevent a very easy flow of spirits; but the bounds of the decorum so significantly fixed by police law are never violated. The Berlin journalist has more respect for the law than his brother of Paris, if for no other reason because

he is less skilful in evading it. The rising young debaters of the Press Club are timid and prudent.

One element of club life as it is known in London, the political or party element, does not exist in Berlin. The different Parliamentary factions have their own meetings, often with a limited supply of meat and drink; and more recently the deputies, without regard to party, have formed a sort of boarding club opposite the Chamber. The Casino, since it represents the aristocracy, is of course more or less Conservative in tone. The *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the organ of the Junkers, holds aloof from the Press Union; but, in general, politics enter but slightly into what may be called club society—and two reasons may be assigned for the fact. The first is the comparative poverty of the material itself, the small number of clubs, and the practical impossibility of supporting them on so narrow a basis as party spirit. The second is the indifference of the average German to current politics—an indifference which, prevailing as it does among people of the highest culture, is one of the most surprising, and at the same time one of the most painful, facts in modern German life. It must be regarded as a doubtful claim to the right and power of self-government. Posterity is agreed to recognise the crude application of a very sound political principle in Solon's law requiring the Athenians to perform their political as well as their civic duties. The remedy of Solon may be none of the best. It may be ineffectual where it is not positively bad. But there can be no doubt that the disease itself, absenteeism or in general indifference to public matters among the citizens of a State, is one of the most deplorable that can afflict the body politic. In this respect Germany stands in marked contrast to France. It is true that the Germans, who have no political life, won Sedan against the French, who have a very intense and absorbing political life; but then the system which won Sedan was consistent in all its parts. The weakness of the present situation is that it assumes popular government without the degree of political spirit in the people which is indispensable to success. On certain regular occasions the Germans perform the manual act of voting perhaps as faithfully as the French. It is not so much of abstention at the polls that one must complain, as of the want of that ceaseless and thorough sifting of pending political issues in all the haunts of men, the power behind the Throne, the power of a fearless and enterprising press, and of an active public opinion. If the German electors are not indifferent, they have the most beautiful confidence in their representatives. They not only seem to say, but they actually say, that the Emperor and Parliament

are there to take care of the interests of the State, and that it would be unnecessary, if not impertinent, for them to attempt to influence pending legislation. Accordingly it is very rare that ordinary people not in political life follow the course of events in Parliament. If they are Liberals they can grind the teeth and growl out imprecations on the Papacy; if they be reactionary they hiss out savage observations about "that fellow Bismarck," with the first syllable maliciously long. And this is about the extent of the public interest in the gravest affairs of State.

The English gentleman, who is in the habit of going to his club to learn the political gossip of the day, will be able to picture to himself a state of things in which politics are almost banished. But if he were in Berlin he would miss something still more essential and yet more general. I doubt very much if the Germans are, in our sense, well adapted for club life—whether they have that subtle but complex quality which is called club spirit. The thing here meant will be understood without any explanation. If it be, as I have said, a complex quality the elements are aristocratic impulses tempered by democratic reason, an aristocratic fastidiousness in choosing a club of congenial members, and then a democratic heartiness toward such members. It is *esprit de corps* and something further. But the Germans after centuries of development seem to have the two desired qualities in an inverse ratio. They are extremely democratic at the beerhouse, in the choice of the place itself, and in their conduct while they are there. Even if club life be desired they seem often in looking about to consider the annual dues as much as the comfort of the institution and the class of companions which they are likely to meet. But once within the club the Prussian seems to exchange a cosmopolitan *bonhomie* for what he would call in his own phraseology a narrow "particularism." He becomes cold, formal, circumspect. He joins a group or clique, which in itself is not so extraordinary as the fortitude with which he clings to that clique and discourages other acquaintances. Since he joins a club to escape the fumes of plebeian tobacco, he acquires a deadly hostility to any tobacco outside his own petty circle. If the members of clubs were chosen more carefully this would be intelligible if not quite admirable. If the musicians met to talk about Wagner, or Joachim's concerts, or Rubinstein's forthcoming opera; if the Geheimraths whispered over the secret affairs of the State; if the diplomats were busy with the Brussels Conference or Arnim's case: if this were the explanation, one could understand the parcelling of the members into groups. But the professor of music may not play chess any better than the

member of Parliament, and it is hard to see why the other professors of music always choose him for an adversary. The same complaint holds true, of course, in a greater or less degree of all clubs. But it may be made of the Berlin clubs with the more justice since the loose and often reckless way of admitting candidates seems to presuppose an equally democratic system of manners within.

With the promotion of Berlin to the rank of an imperial city the number and importance of the clubs have greatly increased. The West Club has been founded since the war; the Club von Berlin has acquired its new and spacious quarters; the Ressource has made equally notable improvements; and at the same time all of them have added to the roll of membership. The Imperial Parliament calls men from all parts of Germany to Berlin during the season, and many of them swell the membership, if not the income, of the clubs. In the same way many administrative officials have within a year or two become residents of the capital. At first it might be supposed that the large bachelor population which Berlin possesses would be a valuable source of support for the clubs; but such is not my experience. With the exception of the Casino, whereof many young secretaries of legation and officers on duty at the capital are members — with this exception married men largely predominate in the regular clubs. The fact may not be flattering to the good housewives of Berlin, but the integrity of truth shall not be sacrificed to politeness.



THE GNOME.

(*A Fantasy.*)

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.



T Dusseldorf in the Bolkerstrass,
In seventeen hundred and ninety-nine,
A mystical meeting there came to pass,
All in the pale moonshine.

From every mountain and meadow-sward,
From every forest around the town,
While the Mayor and the Corporation snored,
The Elves came trooping down !

And busily down in the silent street,
Under the windows, they flitted there,—
The Will-o'-the-Wisp and the Fay so fleet
And the Troll with his tangled hair.

Yea, all the spirits, black, blue, and red,
Which Philosophy long had driven away—
From the white Undine with her starry head
To the Gnome and the Goblin grey.

And they cried, " Of dullness the world is sick,
And the realistic reign hath passed—
And the hour hath come (if we are but quick !)
To revenge our wrongs at last—

" For Man the mortal hath grown so wise,
To heaven he thrusteth his bumptious brow—
He believes in nothing beneath the skies
But the ' ich ' and the ' nicht ich,' now !

" Too grave to laugh and too proud to play,
And full of a philosophic spleen—
He walks the world in his browsing way,
Like a jackass on a green.

" He deems us slain with the creeds long dead,
He stalks sole Master of earth and skies—
But we mean, ere many an hour hath fled,
To give him a slight surprise ! "

And at Dusseldorf, as the moon sail'd by,
When the city slept and the streets were still,
The Elves at the trick they meant to try
Laughed out full loud and shrill.

II.

Children by millions has Deutschland born,
With brains to ponder and mouths to eat,
But the strangest child saw light next morn
In Dusseldorf, Bolker Street !

Dim was his brow with the moon-dew dim,
Large his eyes and of lustre clear,
And he kick'd his legs with a laughter grim,
Smiling from ear to ear.

A cry, like the cry of the Elves and Gnomes,
Went up from the breast on which he lay,
And he pucker'd his eyes and he showed his gums
In the wonderful elfin-way.

But his hair was bright as the sweet moonlight,
And his breath was sweet as the breath of flowers,
And looking up, on a starry night,
He would lie and smile for hours.

And the human mother who watched his rest
Did love the smile of his small weird face,
While he drank, with the white milk of her breast,
A loving and human grace.

But night by night in the mystic shine
The spirits of meadow and mountain came,
And moisten'd his lips with the elfin wine,
And whisper'd his elfin name.

For the Elves and Gnomes had played their trick,
Despite the Philosophers grim and grey—
And a Gnome was growing, alive and quick,
With a body and legs of clay.

III.

He drank the seasons from year to year,
And at last he grew to the height of man ;
And at Hamburg, the City of girls and beer,
The goblin-sport began.

For up he leapt in the crowded street,
 All crown'd with wig, and leaves, and flowers,
 And began a magical song, full sweet,
 Of the wonderful elfin bowers.

He sang of the pale Moon silvern shod,
 The Stars and the Spirits that feed their flame ;
 [But where others utter the praise of God
 He smiled, and he skipt the Name.]

Sweet as the singing of summer eves,
 He sang in the midst of the wondering folk ;
 And they saw the dew of the flowers and leaves
 On his white lips as he spoke.

And he told of the beautiful woodland things
 Who glimmer naked without a blush,
 And he mimick'd the little birds with wings,
 The lark, and the finch, and the thrush !

He told of the knight in the Pixy's cave
 Who sits like marble and hears her croon ;
 And the Water-spirits beneath the wave
 Who wail to the weary Moon.

Dim were the faces of those that heard ;
 They sighed for the mystical moonlit time ;
 And they stood in a dream, with their spirits stirred
 To the thrill of that runic rhyme.

But ever, just as the spell was done,
 He laughed, as shrill as a bugle horn ;
 And they rubbed their eyes in the garish sun
 To the sound of the Goblin's scorn !

IV.

Then over the Earth the tidings went,
 To the Kings above and the crowds below,
 That a Gnome, a magical Gnome, was sent
 To play his pranks below.

"All things that are holy in mortal sight,"
 Quoth those that gathered his pranks to see,
 "He turns, with a scrutiny mock-polite,
 To a goblin glamourie !

“He dances his dance in the dark church-aisle,
He makes grimaces behind Earth’s Kings,
He mocks, with a diabolical smile,
The highest and holiest things.

“He jeers man’s folly and gain and loss,
He turns his faith to a goblin joke ;
He perches himself on the wayside Cross
To grin at the kneeling folk.

“He fondles the beautiful Maiden’s head
With golden hair and red lips beneath,
And he sets on the fair one’s throat instead
A skull and grinning teeth.

“Full of flowers are his eager hands,
As by lovely woman he lies caressed,
But he laughs ! and they turn to ashes and sands,
And rain upon her breast !

“Nothing he spares neath the sad blue heaven,
All he mocks in the cynic strain ;
Nothing he spares—not his own love even,
Or his own despair and pain !”

V.

Then some one [surely the son of a goose !]
Cried, “Send the Philosophers after him !
'Tis an *ignis fatuus* broken loose,
Or a goblin wicked and grim.

“For his sweetest sport is with sacred Kings,
Of their holy persons he makes a game ;
And he strips pale Queens of their splendid things,
And shows their naked shame.

“He tricks the world in a goblin revel,
He turns all substance to flowers and foam ;
Nothing he spares—not the very Devil,
Or even the Pope of Rome !”

The Philosophers came, those wondrous men !
And fronted the Gnome in his elfin glee.
And they proved to demonstration, then,
He wasn't, and couldn't be !

And they showed him how in equation clear
 The Being and Being-not exist,
 And they proved that the only Actual here
 In the *Werden* must consist.*

They prodded his ribs with their finger-points,
 Proving he was not a fact at all ;—
 And the Gnome laughed madly thro' all his joints,
 And uttered his elfin call.

And o'er their fingers a glamour grew,
 They turned to Phantoms and gazed askance,
 And he sprinkled their brows with the moonlight dew,
 And led them a mocking dance.

They skipt along at his wicked beck,
 He left them, fool'd to their hearts' content—
 Each in his quagmire, up to the neck,
 Deep in the argument !

VI.

But the hand of the Human was on the Gnome,
 The lot he had chosen he must fulfil ;—
 So a cry went out, over land and foam,
 That the wonderful Gnome was ill.

Philosophers grey and Kings on their thrones
 Smiled and thought " He was long our pest ;
 Our plague is sick—on his wicked bones
 The blight and the murrain rest !"

In Paris, the City of sin and light,
 In Matignon Avenue No. 3,
 Propt on his pillows he sat—a sight
 Most pitiful to see.

For his cheeks were white as his own moonshine,
 And his great head roll'd with a weary pain,
 And his limbs were shrunk, while his wondrous eyne
 Shone with a sad disdain.

A skeleton form, with a thin white hand,
 He lay alone in the chamber dim ;
 But he beckon'd and laugh'd—and all the land
 Of Faëry flock'd to him !

* See Hegel *passim*.

Thro' his chamber window, when all was still,
When Mathilde was sound, and Cocotte was dumb,*
On the moonbeam pale, o'er the window sill,
Thronging he saw them come !

In the City of absinthe and unbelief,
The encyclopædia's sceptic home,
Fairies and Trolls, with a gentle grief
Surrounded the sickly Gnome.

But at break of day, when Mathilde awoke
And the parrot screamed, they had fled from there ;
While the sunrise red in the boulevard broke,
The pale Gnome dozed in his chair.

But his eyes looked up with a mystic light,
And his lips still laughed in the elfin way,
And the dew of the vision he saw all night
Was dim on his cheek all day.

VII.

In sad Montmartre there stands a tomb,
Where the wonderful Gnome is lain asleep ;
And there, in the moonlight and the gloom,
The Spirits of Elfland creep !

The lot of the Human was on his life ;
He knew the sorrow of human breath ;—
The bitter fret and the daily strife,
And the slow sad human death.

But the Spirit that made all shining things,
The shapes of woodland and hill and stream,
The flowers, and the wonderful birds with wings,
And the Dream within the Dream,—

The gentle Spirit looked down and said,
“ He hath drunk the mortal passion and pain ;
Let the balm of a mortal sleep be shed
On his weary heart and brain.”

And that is the reason he wakens not,
Tho' ever and ever, at pale Moonrise,
The spirits of Elfland haunt the spot
Where “ HEINRICH HEINE ” lies.

* *Mathilde was the name of Madame Heine ; Cocotte that of her pet parrot.*

THE FIGHTING CAPACITY OF EUROPE.

BY H. M. HOZIER.

THERE can be no doubt that a heavy weight lies on the spirit of society; that men are disquieted as to the prospects of coming events; and that the present calm political attitude of Europe is in many well informed quarters regarded merely as the still before the storm. Mysterious utterances that fell from the leaders of both sides in the House of Commons previous to the prorogation of Parliament have naturally tended to increase this feeling in England; while on the Continent men's minds have been so excited by the great events that have followed each other in rapid succession during the last decade, from the war of Denmark down to the capture of Paris, that they are only too ready to look with a credulous eye on the prospects of any disturbance of the peace. It cannot be denied that everywhere abroad there is a feeling of uncertainty and anxiety as to the future. It is easy enough to perceive that France would be perfectly willing to seek at any moment to recover the provinces that were wrested from her after the war of 1870-71, provided that there was a favourable opportunity to do so. But beyond this, even well-informed people, if asked whence the spirit of danger is likely to arise, find it extremely difficult to give a definite or tangible answer.

Let us then try to look into the existing state of Europe, and endeavour to ascertain what circumstances are likely to lead to the employment of the military capabilities of the various nations, and also, in case of their necessary employment, what those military capabilities may be. Notwithstanding the desire that may exist on the part of the French people to rush into a war with Germany, to gain revenge for the defeats that fell upon them during the campaigns rendered conspicuous by Metz, Sedan, Orleans, and Le Mans, yet it is doubtful if the French Government would encourage in any way this not unnatural aspiration of the people. On the contrary, no Government that exists or is likely to exist in France for several years would consent to go to war if such a course could possibly be prevented. Torn as France is by political dissensions, and blessed with

such a variety of political parties that a majority can always be formed against the party in power to turn it out of power, though not sufficiently strong to take the reins of Government itself; it is extremely doubtful whether any Ministry would add the cares and the perils of war to the other permanent dangers of its existence. Nor is the French army, even if a Government were sufficiently prepared to plunge into hostilities, likely for many years to be in a fit state to undertake a campaign of any magnitude. Such military organisation as existed during the latter days of the Second Empire has been entirely broken up, not much more perhaps by the disasters of the war against Germany than by the internal dissensions of the Commune. At the present time no fixed plan can really be said to have been adopted for the organisation of the army; the questions as to depôts and cadres are unsolved; French military men assert that their artillery is in a powerful state, but foreigners are sceptical on this score and inclined to inquire whether in these assertions the wish is not the father to the thought, as it is hardly credible that, considering the short time that has elapsed since the enormous loss of artillery which occurred in the German war, the lost artillery can have been replaced by guns judiciously selected and carefully manufactured.

Again, it is not easy to suppose that there is not a great dearth of men in the French army; there may be recruits, but the recruits are not of a satisfactory kind; the organisation into territorial corps has certainly been put on foot, but it has not been carried out in its entirety, and as yet this territorial organisation must be acknowledged, even by its best friends, to be merely crude and undigested. The department of the Intendance broke down completely in the German war, for the simple reason that the Intendant was made, instead of the subordinate of the general officer commanding, a drag and impediment to him; the Intendant claimed to be the representative of the Minister of War in the camp of the general, and at the general's own headquarters to represent a power superior to the general himself. Such an organisation was worse than that of a divided command. And not only in this respect were there faults. The Intendants were not educated to their work: they were merely office officials accustomed to the bureau, unacquainted with war, and not even instructed in the ordinary market processes of buying and selling those provisions on which the troops must necessarily depend. The mitrailleuses, which were guarded so jealously as a mystery, and intended to strike terror into the German ranks, were *found to be a failure in the war*, and have been abandoned for all

practical purposes of campaigning ; so that France is not at present in a condition to rush into war. And if we consider that, though twenty years have elapsed since the commencement of the Crimean war and since the break-down of our own military system, and that innumerable committees and commissions have been sitting during those twenty years to reorganise it, and that no money has been spared when money was considered necessary to give us a thoroughly good and efficient military system ; we can hardly believe that things are so much better managed in France that she will again, within five or six years, be enabled to send an army into the field with any prospect of winning back the laurels that were so rudely wrested from her in the last great contest. Nor even if she were able at the present moment to commence a campaign is it probable that far thinking Ministers would allow a French army to take the field single-handed against the German army, either now or at any future date which can be fixed within human foresight. It is extremely doubtful—in fact, more than doubtful whether at any time the French nation will ever be able to fight the German nation again single-handed with any prospect of success. Assuming that the German and French populations are now equal (which is a favourable assumption for France), it is well known that the population of France steadily decreases daily, while that of Germany as steadily increases ; and if in both countries the idea is that every man shall be a soldier, the relative strength of the armies must depend upon the numbers of the population. In this way it is easily perceived that the German army must always be considerably stronger than that of France ; and on the proportionate strength of armies rests the first condition of military success. We may almost certainly conclude that for the next few years any war which France may undertake against a great Power must be conducted on the condition of alliance with some other great Power, and not by herself alone and single-handed.

Turning further southward, Spain may be considered at the present moment out of the military arena of Europe. She is too much engrossed with her internal troubles to be available either as an ally or an enemy in case of international disturbances ; and it is not clear whether the continuance of these struggles is not sometimes desired by some of those men who might have the means of stamping out the Carlist war. As long as the Carlist war continues a certain Government is necessary at Madrid, and the Spanish people will support that Government with a view to the extinction of the *struggle* ; but if the war be once terminated historical experience

does not lead us to believe that the Spanish people will loyally, willingly, and patiently long support the Government at present established in the capital. This fact must be as patent to the leading men of Madrid as it can be to those who only regard Spanish affairs from a distance.

To turn to the next great country inhabited by the Latin race—Italy—we find an army certainly of considerable numerical force ; an army which may be in round numbers said to amount to 400,000 men. But in Italy the sinews of war are wanting. The Italian Government is hard pressed by financial difficulties. The Italian army has not yet the prestige of time—it is a new machine, and, like all other new machines, can hardly be expected to work thoroughly smoothly. Its organisation and administration have been mainly copied from the French, and after the break-down of the French administration in the German war the organisation of the Italian army has been considerably modified. The consequence is that not only is the army itself a newly founded institution, but the administration is experimental and empirical ; and in war it is not often that experimental or empirical administrations succeed against older and well tried institutions. Yet it cannot be denied that the Italian military forces are a formidable power to be considered in the fighting capacity of Europe, and would cast an enormous weight into the scale on either side.

On the east of the portion of Europe inhabited by the bulk of the Latin populations lie the two neutral countries of Belgium and Switzerland—which it was fondly hoped at one time might prove a sort of barrier to prevent war between the Teutonic and the Latin inhabitants of our Continent. That this hope has been entirely dissipated it is not needful to recall history to prove. Even these two nations—the neutrality of one of which is avowedly guaranteed by the Great Powers, and the other has a perhaps still higher guarantee of neutrality in the shape of the public opinion of Europe—are disturbed. The army of Belgium has been improved, and in a case of emergency 80,000 Belgians could be put into the field. Perhaps they are not the finest troops in the world, but still they are not, as a great statesman is reported to have said of them, merely all coat and musket and little man.

In Switzerland the federal system completely broke down when the Swiss army was mobilised in order to protect Swiss soil from the probable incursion of General Bourbaki, when he made his celebrated march up the valley of the Doubs, with the view of the relief of Belfort. A new organisation has been instituted in its place, and has now, without the opposition that was expected to be offered to it,

passed through the Upper House of the Swiss Chambers. But this organisation has been based on a purely voluntary system. By the word voluntary, we do not mean that the soldiers are volunteers in the same sense as the soldiers of the British army in England are volunteers—namely, that the only difference between them and the soldiers of the continental armies is that they are enlisted without conscription. The soldiers of Switzerland are raised on the principle that a man has to devote a certain number of days—under the new organisation forty-five days annually—usually not sufficient to ensure his knowing his drill, to the service of the country, and the remainder of his time can be devoted to commercial pursuits or the gaining of his livelihood. Excellent as we believe the men of Switzerland are as military material, he would be blind who would shut his eyes to the fact that soldiers maintained on a system by which perhaps one or two days a week are devoted to military exercise can hardly compete on anything like equal terms with armies in which military preparation is the serious occupation of life and a condition of existence. It is doubtful whether the Swiss, even with the natural advantages of their mountainous country, and the facility with which untrained troops can hold defiles, would be able to guard their frontiers against any of their powerful neighbours who might choose to violate their neutrality, in the face of the public opinion of Europe, and march across Swiss soil. It is certain that Belgium unaided could hold her frontiers against neither Germany nor France, if either of these Powers wished to make the Netherlands its battle-field or its line of communications.

A great and mysterious power looms in the far north. On the 1st of November last a law came into force in Russia by which every Russian subject became liable to military service; and the consequence of this decree will be an enormous increase in the army. It is difficult to calculate exactly what the strength of the future army of Russia will be, because it is not easy to ascertain of what exact number the population of the empire consists, but it may be probably estimated that next year Russia would be able to put into the field 1,500,000 men.

These men are excellent soldiers in very many respects. They may not be acute or intelligent, but they are strong, hardy, capable of bearing fatigue, have an intense loyalty to their Sovereign, believe that the Russian Government can do no wrong, and would enter on any campaign ordered by that Government with all the religious excitement of a crusade. A few writers have attempted to trace the Tartar emigration from Russia, with a view of avoiding military

service, as an instance of disloyalty to the Russian Government, and as an example of the disaffection of the people generally to the universal liability to military service ; but such an argument can only be put forward by those who know nothing of Russia. The Tartar population has ever been regarded as a foreign ingredient ; the existing Tartars of the Crimea are Mohammedans ; they are the relics of the days when the Tartars and the Turks carried war regularly into the southern provinces of the present Empire of Russia in Europe, and were there deposited and left when the receding wave of conquest was driven back. The fact of the Tartar emigration shows no disaffection or discontent on the part of the Russians ; it merely shows that some Mohammedan tribes are unwilling to bear arms in the cause of a Christian Government ; not that we think that religious scruples have so much to do with the exodus of the Tartars as the dislike to compulsory military service. The organisation of the Russian army is simple and well conceived. The men are tall, strong, and fine ; and if properly led, and supplied with good ammunition, the Russian army would be most formidable in any war. Again, Russia holds a peculiarly advantageous position ; the terrible example of the First Napoleon still gives a shiver to almost anybody who contemplates the idea of invading her ; and though no doubt an invasion at the present time would be a very different matter from what it was at the beginning of this century, it is undeniable that war could not be carried on in Russia as it can in countries where milder climates prevail. An army which would invade Russia could not exist on the system of requisitions. The country is too sparsely cultivated and too thinly populated to allow of a large number of men being fed in this manner. It would be necessary that the great bulk of the provisions and supplies of a force advancing upon Moscow or St. Petersburg should be drawn from its base of communications ; and it is extremely doubtful whether any line of communications, even a railway line, will allow sufficient quantities of food to be brought up for a very large army. It stands to reason that a line of communications may become so much extended that the troops requisite to guard the line, and the officers necessary to administer it, consume more of the provisions than the line itself can bring up ; and that hence no supplies can arrive at the troops for whose benefit the line of communications is intended. This is, of course, a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it is mathematically true, and it only tends to prove that in future wars it is doubtful whether, considering the numbers of men that would probably be engaged, it will ever be possible to rely on the supply of an army from a base of communications. It is much

more probable that all large armies engaged in extensive campaigns must be fed from the theatre of war itself; and as in Russia this theatre of war would not support an army, it would be curious to see how an invader is to carry on his operations within the territories of that country. Russia is thus fortified by nature, and she is also strongly fortified by art. On the Polish frontier there is a cordon of strong fortresses, which will require large forces to be detached from an invading army to blockade or reduce. Her sea front on the Baltic is also strongly protected at the most vulnerable point, Cronstadt; while at Kertch she has raised a fortress for the defence and security of her Black Sea fleet teeming with casements, bristling with guns, and much more powerful than Sebastopol ever was, even in its most formidable days.

But a weighty oppression hangs over the military organisation of Russia. The official administration is so corrupt that it is almost certain that in case of war peculation would be rife, and that the Russian soldiers, brave, loyal, and hardy as they might be, would find themselves worsted by an internal enemy more deadly than any external foe. It is well known (and we only say what is talked of openly on the very soil of Russia) that the officials to whom the feeding, the supply, and the clothing of the army would be entrusted in war are not fit to be trusted with those high duties, not on account of want of capacity, not on account of want of intellect, and not on account of want of diligence. Our readers can surmise the virtue which is absent, the absence of which is so much to be deprecated in all positions of trust. The united northern Power of Sweden and Norway possesses certainly a small but excellent army; but probably would be too wise to enter into any European war even of great dimensions. Sweden and Norway would have little to gain by descending into the theatre of contest, but possibly might lose some provinces if it were necessary, on the conclusion of hostilities, for the Great Powers to conciliate Russia. Denmark might indeed be anxious to join an alliance against Germany; the sore of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign is not yet healed over, and the wound has certainly been kept open by the neglect which has been shown of the stipulation of the Treaty of Prague by which the restitution of the northern part of Schleswig was guaranteed to Denmark. But Denmark has been so hampered by the war of 1864, and her population has been so much reduced, that her tiny army of about 40,000 men can rank as little more in the consideration of the military capacities of the Continent than a *corps d'armée* of a large country.

Turkey is always a source of danger in European policy, and must be almost a nightmare to every Foreign Office. The administration of Turkey is much more corrupt and much more venal than that of her northern neighbour Russia. The men of the army are good, but they cannot be expected to be able to enter into a contest with any European Power which has at all equal numerical strength and an honest administration. The small principalities which form the kingdom of Roumania have an army which is not to be despised ; they could put into the field about 80,000 men, and those not at all bad troops ; but although the troops may be well equipped and well supplied, and their armament good, it is yet to be proved whether this Latin population of the far East possesses all the military virtues of the Latin races of the West.

The first-rate military Power of Europe at the present time is universally considered to be Germany ; and towards that Power all eyes are directed. It is even popularly believed that the securities of peace and war, the mysteries of all political combinations, and all sorts of plans and machinations are nurtured in the bosom of Prince Bismarck. We are not inclined to believe much that is written, still less of what is believed, by some honest though timorous people on this score. The German army has proved itself to be a most admirable military machine. Most armies, after such a success as that which has attended the German army within the last ten years, would have got idle, and inclined to rest upon their laurels, and sigh for luxury and peace, after having borne the labour and heat of the day. Such has not been the case in Germany. The officers, both high and low, have been working, harder perhaps than they ever worked before the war, in order to keep their army from retrograding, and to bring it steadily forwards. The opinion of those who witnessed the late German manœuvres is that at no time has the German army ever been in such a first-rate condition as it is at the present moment. The system of artillery is defined, and the artillery material is excellent ; the cavalry is not only good cavalry on the mere field of battle, but is thoroughly instructed and accomplished in the performance of the duties of light horse, which are one of the first conditions of the success of an army in the field. The infantry are composed of the best men of the population, because in each succeeding year the best of the population are picked by the system of compulsory service and drafted without exception into the army. Not content with the needle gun, which showed an inferiority to the Chassepôt during the French war, experiments have been instituted, and a new arm has been adopted, which it is

confidently asserted will be much more superior to the Chassepôt than ever the Chassepôt was to the needle gun ; and those who understand the subject believe that the German army is at the present time the best armed military force in Europe. As to the organisation of the German forces, there can be no doubt on that subject ; it has passed through the fire of three wars, and has proved its capacity. In generals it is not wanting, nor is it likely to be wanting for many years to come ; for although according to all human probability men like Field-Marschals Von Moltke and Von Roon and their contemporaries will not be able to conduct strategical operations for very many years, yet there is a rising school, which has studied under the present school, and has been skilfully taught to imbibe the spirit and not the letter of its instructions. The German Empire could at the present moment put 1,200,000 fighting men into the field in case of actual necessity ; and the reorganisation of the Landsturm will increase that force to the extent of perhaps 400,000 men. This is an enormous force considering that it is wielded by one will, guided by one mind, and organised on the most perfect principles that study, perseverance, and practice can secure ; that it is led under the King himself by such leaders as the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, Moltke, Blumenthal, Werder, and others of the same calibre. Much of the prospect or probability of the peace of Europe must depend on the character of the man who can wield at his will this enormous military force. That man is the present Emperor of Germany, and it is probable that no character in history has ever been so misunderstood in England as has been that of this Sovereign. People in England appear to believe that the Emperor of Germany is the type of a high handed dragoon who has a delight in war for war's sake, and enjoys the military spectacle of nations rising against nations, and armies battling against armies. Of all the delusions which ever afflicted our national mind (and they are many) no delusion has ever been so great as this. It is well known by everybody who has any knowledge of the character of the Emperor that he is peculiarly kind, just, and, if it might be said, rather soft hearted ; he is loved by those who are brought into connection with him ; he is respected by his household ; and so far from being of a bloodthirsty character, it has only been after the strongest representations from his Ministers, severe mental struggles, self torture, and deep and anxious prayer, that he has consented to enter into hostilities with neighbouring Powers. As long as the Emperor of Germany can exert his own individual will there can be no doubt that *although Germany will be strictly fenced and guarded against any*

attack from without, and will be held in a state of the highest military preparation for every contingency, Germany herself will not commence a war, or without very grave and serious cause draw the sword from the scabbard. And if when, according to the inevitable laws of Nature, the reins of Government fall from the hand of the present Emperor people imagine they will be taken up by one anxious for war, they are still more mistaken. But we believe that this is not the case. We imagine that the character of the Crown Prince of Germany is to a very great extent clearly understood in this country. The testimony of French writers has shown that during the war wherever the Crown Prince appeared his presence was as that of an angel of mercy ; that as far as he could enforce clemency everything was done to alleviate the sufferings which must be entailed by war on an invaded country, and consequently a harassed population. But it is only those who have had an opportunity of personally seeing the course of that war who are able to say how energetically and assiduously and with what anxious personal care the Prince strove to mitigate and alleviate the necessary horrors of war. It is only those who, like Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, were in close contact with the headquarters of the Crown Prince during that fearful campaign that can truly describe what the exertions of the Prince were in the cause of humanity ; and no pen could better fulfil that task than the pen which recorded in the columns of the *Times* the battle of Sedan and the siege of Paris. There can be no doubt that under the present head of the house of Hohenzollern, and under him who according to the laws of Nature must succeed him, there would be no desire on the part of the head of the Government of Germany to rush into hostilities. Nor on the part of the people is it likely that there would be a desire for war. The people of Germany are singularly domestic, warm-hearted, and kind ; and it is that very domestic feeling, engendering an intense love for their Fatherland, which makes them perhaps such formidable warriors as they have proved themselves to be. Yet though the Princes and the people of Germany alike combine in their solid and honest desire of peace, circumstances may arise which may render even these, the Potentate and the people alike, powerless to avert bloodshed ; and it may be a knowledge of this fact which causes the Government of Germany at the present time to bestow such energy on military preparation.

Stories are current that the people of Russia detest the people of Germany ; that the population of Germany hates that of Russia, and that on both sides of the frontier the inhabitants are like bull dogs in leashes, straining to fly at each other's throat the moment that

there is a favourable opportunity. This we can hardly believe, although it cannot be denied that there is an absence of strong affection between the nationalities of the two countries, especially on the side of the more northern. Still it is not on the side of Russia that it is likely in the meantime that the German armies may be called into action. A strong and personal affection, springing from family connection and matured by reciprocal respect, is well known to exist between the head of the house of Hohenzollern and the Emperor of Russia; and as long as the present Emperor of Russia lives it is not probable that the personal friendship between himself and the occupant of the throne of Germany will be disturbed; at least so seriously as to render a war probable. According to all human calculations, the life of the Emperor of Russia must continue for some time, and as long as that life continues it may be accepted that there is a guarantee of peace between these two powerful neighbours. In the interests of humanity it is to be hoped that the Czar may live long, and if the chief of the house of Hohenzollern has a family affection for Russia, the character of his natural successor is such that no war with any Power will, unless absolutely necessary for the honour or the defence of the Fatherland, be brought about with his consent. Least of all nations has England to fear any assault. It is difficult to perceive why England stands so much aloof from Germany, when so much good might be done by a closer connection between them. The German Government and the English Government cannot hurt each other; the field of extension of Germany is totally different from the field of extension of England. The necessities of Germany for defence are a strong military Power, with a power of offence; the necessities of England for defence are a strong navy, which should guard the Channel and prevent an incursion on our shores. It is not probable that Germany and England will ever be brought into antagonistic relations; they are both Powers eminently interested in the maintenance of the Protestant creed and of liberty of thought. Is this not made patent at this time when the aggressions of the Ultramontane party in Germany and of the Ritualists here have thrown German and English opinion into a common channel more forcibly and more markedly than at any other time since the fall of the First Napoleon? Both are most largely interested in commercial prosperity, which can only be fostered through peace. Yet somehow there does not seem to be a strong feeling of friendship between the people of England and the people of Germany, and we *cannot but think* that the fault is on the side of England. Germans, *as a rule, who have lived in England, and know England, are fond of*

Englishmen, and are always anxious to extend in Germany their hospitality and friendship to wandering Englishmen ; but Englishmen seem to stand aloof from Germany. One reason of the difference no doubt is that an Englishman rarely speaks well any language but his own ; this makes him shy in foreign countries, and although he may learn a little French, it is very exceptional that he can learn to speak German at all intelligibly. The man would probably do a great benefit to humanity, to England, and to Germany who would institute some special scholarships or foundations for the cultivation in England of the German language. In Germany English is thoroughly taught in the schools, and there are few boys who do not speak English, at least to an intelligible extent. Were the bar to intercommunication in the difficulty of the language surmounted the nations would soon know each other, and people who know each other thoroughly seldom fail to like each other. It is generally the want of intimacy that breeds dislike between either individuals or communities. The Germans might aid in furthering the international intimacy if they would consent in printing all their books to use the Latin character, which is now always used for scientific works, and abandon entirely the Gothic lettering, which makes the reading of German peculiarly wearisome to Englishmen or Americans.

We have seen above that the danger of war between Germany and France does not appear considerable because of the impotence of the French at the present moment to take the field ; and it may be regarded as almost certain that unless France should provoke Germany to the utmost she would be content with guarding her recently acquired acquisitions, and not again cross the Moselle as an invader, or attempt to dictate a new peace at the gates of Paris. So much for the western and eastern frontiers of the military colossus of Germany. On the south matters hardly appear to be so entirely satisfactory. The inhabitants of Austria at large have almost forgotten the war of 1866 ; the benefits which accrued to their country from the results of that crushingly rapid campaign have been so great that they have blotted out the sense of soreness that sprang from the defeats which the Austrian armies suffered in Bohemia and Moravia. The Sclavonic portion of the Austrian population owe to that campaign a free constitution and an adequate share of the government of the empire, while the German population do not bitterly resent victories which were won by their kinsmen in blood in the same manner as if the armies which conquered at Königgrätz and advanced to the Danube had been entirely of alien and foreign race. But though the antagonism has ceased between the peoples it still lurks

between the Cabinets and Governments of the two countries; and on the Austrian side not only does there appear to be a feeling of personal resentment against the Cabinet of Berlin amongst some of the advisers of the Crown, but it is almost universally believed that the head of the State himself has a deep personal and individual grudge against his northern neighbour, and refuses to meet even half-way, or perhaps in any way, the advances which have often been made to him from Berlin. This fact, if not clearly ascertained, is at least thoroughly believed north of the Giant mountains; the belief leads to a feeling of distrust on the part of Northern Germany towards Austria: and a feeling of distrust breeds a feeling of dislike, and a feeling of dislike is sometimes apt to break forth into tangible action. This attitude of the Austrian Court appears to be one of the many reasons that caused the German Government to bestow such care upon the armament and the organisation of their soldiery, and forces them to keep such a large number of men under arms. But Northern Germany is aware that this enormous drain on its population to feed the military forces of the empire cannot for ever endure; the people are already groaning under the taxation which is necessary to maintain the army, and more severely than taxation is felt the large percentage of men required for universal military service who are withdrawn from industrial occupations and from increasing the national wealth. Throughout the Fatherland there is a feeling that this state of things must come to an end, that it cannot be maintained for ever, and that the only way to reduce these enormous armaments to a footing proportionate to the capabilities of the people is to force on events, and somehow or other to disarm those on account of whom these military preparations are necessary. The worst has not yet arrived, for as yet the indemnity taken from France at the termination of the last war has sufficed to maintain and to meet a considerable portion of the German military expenditure; but the lands thus amassed have been seriously encroached upon, and the day when they will be entirely exhausted can easily be calculated. When this exhaustion has taken place the taxation must become more weighty, and already now it is as heavy as can be borne. For this reason it is not impossible that Germany may be forced to take the field against Austria in order to attempt to disarm a Power which is regarded as a standing menace and a perpetually ready ally for any nation that might throw down the gauntlet to the German army. There are other reasons also why those who direct the political movements of Germany might be induced to turn their attention towards Austria in case they found themselves absolutely

driven by power of circumstances into hostilities. During the last few years there has been a great increase of wealth in Germany ; the working classes, and even the middle classes, have become accustomed to live with a luxury to which before the French war they were entirely unaccustomed. But the sources of this wealth have suddenly ceased, and an outcry has arisen on the necessity of cheap bread and cheap clothing, as the wages of the working men have fallen off and it is impossible for them to maintain the life to which they have been lately accustomed at the present prices of those two staple commodities of life. Beyond Austria, on the banks of the Danube and in the peninsula of the Balkan, lie boundless tracts which would feed thousands of herds of sheep and oxen and grow an enormous quantity of grain. These tracts are undeveloped through want of labour, through want of energy, through want of capital. But if Austria were once swept away, if the German speaking population of that empire were joined to their kinsmen of the north, if the road were opened through the provinces at present ruled from Vienna for the colonisation of the lower Danube and of the northern provinces of Turkey by the Teutonic population, the agricultural resources of those countries would be rapidly developed, and corn and meat and wool would be thence abundantly obtained. These, at a cost for transport small in proportion to that now required for such imports, could be conveyed into Silesia and Brandenburg. Nor is this the only advantage which might accrue from the settlement of Teutonic colonies in the basin of the lower Danube or on the spurs of the Balkan. Although, as we have shown above, for the present there is no immediate danger of hostility between Russia and Germany, this may not be ever so. Indeed, it is generally believed that were the reins of Russian power to pass from the hand that now guides them to the natural successor personal friendship would no longer prevent the peoples from jarring against each other. The great empire of the East then might fully develop the policy of aggression which certain advisers even now urge with all their power upon the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and which is only restrained by the firm and benevolent hand that holds the sceptre of all the Russias. It is not unjustly thought that a large Teutonic colony on the Danube, even entirely unconnected with Germany, and as a free settlement colonising a free country, would form a stable bulwark against Russian aggression in the direction of the Bosphorus. This colony would be able to throw offshoots into Asia Minor, where enormous tracts of land remain to be tilled, and apparently inexhaustible resources of minerals are ready to be worked. Many

thinking Germans regard with jealousy the fact that thousands of the German population are annually transported to the United States, where they are lost for ever to Germany and incorporated into the Anglo-Saxon race. These hold that it would be much more advantageous to their country if the sinewy arms and brawny hands of the emigrants were employed on the Danube or in Asia Minor in cultivating resources which could be easily and economically transported for the benefit of the Fatherland. The cost of transport from America is so great that the labour sent thither by Germany brings no return to the mother country. It is then in the direction of the Austro-German frontier that we must look with the most fear of the spark of war being kindled. Not that we believe the Germans will readily undertake a war even in this direction, or willingly break the peace with their southern neighbour. On the contrary, we believe that if the Court of Vienna would but approach more generously the Court of Berlin matters might be arranged, and some of those fields and mountain ranges which at present give no return might be cultivated by German hands just as easily without war as if a war had shattered the Hapsburg dynasty and broken down the empire which now prevents the development of Germany to the south.

England and France have hitherto considered the charge of Turkey peculiarly their own, and the first idea that any other nation might penetrate into that carefully preserved district would no doubt cause a fever of jealousy. But what harm could the Germans do to England if they were to colonise Turkey or Asia Minor? Germany will never threaten those British interests in India which are always the bugbear held up to us against Russia. The corn grown, the sheep tended, and the mines worked in the Balkan or the Bithynian Olympus would benefit England only in a second degree to that in which they would benefit Germany. If a German colony were founded in Turkey it would be the interest, not only of that colony itself, but of the mother country, which would draw an important amount of its supplies therefrom, to hinder the development of Russia in that direction, and would probably perform the duty more effectually than the Western Powers have ever been enabled to do. But if England should object to this advance of the Teutonic race, why should she not herself forestall the aggression and colonise these countries herself? Emigration to these lands, which are so far left behind the civilised world, would afford England a field for the disposal of her surplus population. It would gain for her a supply of corn, of meat, and of wool which is as much required in England as it is in Germany—although, on account of the great wealth of our

mercantile and landed classes, this want is not at present so perceptible in our island. If England were to open up colonisation in these districts, it would not be necessary to destroy the Mohammedan power. The baneful results of the Turkish rule would fade away of themselves when the majority of its subjects came to be men sprung from men bred under a free constitution and nurtured in industry and activity. Nor would it be necessary to seize the ground in the sense of a military occupation. The Turks are very quick in perceiving what measures will bring money into either their individual or their imperial treasury. Nothing would so much improve the financial condition of Turkey as large agricultural and commercial establishments, guided by Western hands and fostered by Western care, within the territories of the Sultan. It always strikes us as an extraordinary phenomenon that no attention has been attracted towards colonisation in the direction of Asia Minor, for which there is so fair a field. There, at a shorter distance from England, in a country where competition for labour is not nearly so great as in America, where the climate is better, and the treatment certainly would be superior to that of English emigrants in the provinces of South America, no British colonies have been founded, except on the seaboard by a few mercantile firms. If a start were once made in this direction, it is probable that the Germans would also join in sending colonists. That the two nations fused together in one race do not form a bad mixture is easily to be perceived by the experience of the United States.

Having taken a glance at all the important nations of the Continent with regard to their fighting capacities in case of war, it is now time to look at home. What *rôle* would England play in the case of a great contest? The first answer that will be given is undoubtedly that England would preserve a policy of neutrality and non-intervention. But is it possible that this policy can always be maintained? If the question were merely one of the defence of the island it is probable that we might stand aloof and see our neighbours tear each other to pieces; but with a wide-spreading colonial and foreign empire it is almost impossible that in a very great war, especially if maritime operations were involved, England would not be called upon at some time or other to join in the struggle. In order to do so she must be respectable as either an enemy or an ally. And to be respectable, either as an enemy or an ally, it is necessary that she should have some strong military or naval capabilities. It is not our purpose here to enter into a discussion of the condition of the British fleet. Much appears in the daily papers

upon both sides of this subject. Much censure is cast upon the constructors of our ironclads, upon the seaworthiness of those ironclads themselves, and ominous prophecies are delivered as to their utter inefficiency in the face of the newly-developed warfare of torpedoes. There may be truth in these allegations or there may not, but one thing appears tolerably certain, that even if the British fleet is bad those of other nations are equally bad. The numerical strength of the British fleet is larger than that of any other Power. There is no proof that English seamen have deteriorated. The enormous resources of the mercantile marine of England would allow her more rapidly than any other Power to organise a navy such as might be proved to be necessary by the first incidents of the next maritime war. The only danger that appears immediate in the way of the British navy is that we might find suddenly on going to war that we had been acting on faulty principles and building ships on false calculations. If those ships were found not to be adapted to the altered circumstances of marine warfare and a new fleet had to be organised, the Channel might be for a time left undefended and the coast of England might be laid open to the nation that might be bold enough to strike a blow. This danger is perhaps not so chimerical as people usually consider it. The wealth of London is so great that the capture of the capital would lead to a total paralysis of all the trade of the country. With London would fall also into the hands of the enemy Woolwich Arsenal, the great source of supplies, of ordnance stores, and ammunition, without which an army could not exist for three days. It cannot be supposed that any Power which would now attempt to invade England would desire to subjugate the country or even to annex some of the southern counties. On the contrary, an invasion would much more probably be directed as a flying column against London, with hopes of capturing the capital and forcing the country to pay the invader out of it. It is to prevent such a catastrophe that the defensive army of England is necessary. But for an army to be truly defensive it is not sufficient that it be only prepared to take up its arms and fight on its own soil to repel the invader. It must be ready, in order to anticipate attack or to follow up a success, to be able to carry the war into the enemy's country. An army which merely stood on the defensive, and waited for the approach of an assailant, must eventually in all probability be taken unawares, or have its guard broken down, and be finally beaten; just in the same manner as a prize-fighter who might stand solely on the defensive without striking at his adversary would find in course of time that he must be conquered.

The great principle that the true secret of a powerful defence is only found in the capability of an active offence, which is so thoroughly recognised in all German military dispositions, does not appear to be understood in England. People complacently count the number of heads that are included in the regular army, the militia, and the volunteers, and point with satisfaction to the sum total, reckoning every man so mustered as thoroughly available for the defence of the country. But is this so? What would be the real course of an attempt at invasion? A nation which would be bold enough to contemplate and to undertake such an enterprise would not be content with a single essay. If the first descent were repulsed the broken fragments would be withdrawn, and secure from any annoyance or attack would be reorganised, and again directed against our shores. If again the expedition were repulsed, again it might be removed to a safe depôt and re-equipped, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is easy to perceive that the only way to prevent the possibility of ever-recurring threats and danger, and to bring hostilities to a speedy termination, is to have an army that at short notice might be transported to the enemy's country, and there dictate peace after a successful battle. If this theory is correct, our militia and volunteers are absolutely useless, for they are not liable to service abroad; and the whole military force of Britain which could be so used is that consisting of the regular soldiers stationed at home. We believe that we are rather over than under the mark when we estimate the number of those that could be sent into the field on the Continent to be at the most 60,000 men. What could this handful do against the enormous hosts of Germany, Russia, or France?

The pious fraud of reckoning the militia and volunteers as integral portions of our true defensive forces has been too long endured. We believe that both of these bodies might be made exceedingly valuable by an improved organisation, but the key to an effective military organisation must, we firmly believe, be based upon the broad principle that the really effective portion of the military forces consists solely of men that are liable at an hour's notice to be sent abroad. The others can have a certain but only a secondary use as depôt troops. It may be urged that the militia would volunteer to a man in case of war. But the organisation should be settled in peace. On the outbreak of war there is no time to do more than to utilise troops on a system carefully framed beforehand. There can then be no opportunity to form an organisation or to create an administration. Whatever else may be necessary, it is certain that the great bulk of our military forces should be liable, without cajolment or blandishment,

to be ordered abroad in case of need. It would be expensive to keep a large force on these conditions, and the War Office not unnaturally shrinks from the odium of bringing forward largely increased estimates. But the time has come when the English people should be told in no uncertain voice that the reason of the expense of our army in comparison with that of other Powers can be in a great degree traced to the freedom of Englishmen from compulsory service. If Englishmen will not serve their country in person, they must be prepared to pay a price for that immunity as for any other luxury. The man market has no rules exceptional to that of any other market. If the price is forthcoming plenty of the article will readily be found, and the British public must be prepared to pay the price for the men necessary for its defence. The price may be great, but even at the highest it will be but a small premium of insurance on the enormous national wealth, and would certainly not, in many years amount to the indemnity which would be assessed in captured London by a committee of continental bankers. Till this is perceivable in England it is to be feared that our army can be but little regarded in a survey of the fighting capacity of Europe.

TOM HOOD.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.



Y way of preface to his first published work Tom Hood wrote five stanzas, of which the concluding one, pleading for the author with the unknown reader, runs thus:—

Then grant him what he is seeking :
Not to honour does he pretend
As one of the teachers and poets,
But simply to be as a friend.

Regarded as mirroring the mind of Tom Hood, I am bound to say this verse would have been more faithful if it had been written in the last year of his literary life, rather than, as it is dated, in the first. Few men have entered upon their career with stronger yearnings after high achievements in literature, with brighter hopes of success, or with braver resolves to spare no labour in winning fame than did Tom Hood after he had run his course at Oxford and had come up to London, his ears filled with that mysterious, entrancing, exhilarating sound of "his days before him," and his soul awakened by "the wild pulsation felt before the strife." His earliest recollections were bound up with the writing of books and of poems. The hopes and fears of his father, the labour and the reward, the successes, the disappointments, and the final enthronement amongst the great English writers of the age, were as much parts of his daily life as was sitting down to the family dinner at which these things were discussed between two people who dwelt together in the fullness of love, and whose tastes, interests, and sympathies were as absolutely common as if husband and wife had been literally one flesh. Thomas Hood was essentially a domestic man. He carried his work on in the family circle, his wife "being so much a part of his very existence that he could hardly bear her out of his sight or write when she was not by him." Equal in degree in this close and loving companionship were the children, especially during the sojourn at Coblenz, where Tom first began to see and feel and think. And thus it *came to pass that, stopping short of the declaration that he*

drank in literature with his mother's milk, it may fairly be said that he ate it with his earliest bread and butter. "Tom," his father wrote from Coblenz home in 1837, the subject of the remarks being at the time far advanced in the third year of his age—"Tom gets a very funny boy, with a strange graphic faculty, whether by a pencil or by his own attitudes and gestures, of representing what he sees. I have known boys of six years old, untaught, with not so much notion of drawing, and he does it in a dashing, off-hand style that is quite comical." These tendencies and talents were carefully fostered by the appreciative parents, and being of healthy natural growth, they in the course of fifteen or sixteen years attained proportions that might well justify the hopes of friends and feed the silent ambition of the youth himself. When Tom Hood wrote the verse I have quoted from the preface to "Pen and Pencil Sketches" I believe he was, perhaps unconsciously, possessed of the conviction that the time would come when he would hold his own in the world's esteem, not for the sake of the dear and honoured name he bore, but for the good and perhaps great work he should have done himself. His nearest and warmest friends are fain sadly to confess that those aspirations were never realised, and that Hood had his early wish gratified, inasmuch as it is rather as the friend than the teacher or poet that

His memory long will live alone
 In all our hearts, like mournful light
 That broods above the fallen sun,
 And dwells in Heaven half the night.

Tom Hood was born at Lake House, Wanstead, Essex, on the 19th January, 1835, the only son of his father. A few months after the birth of the child the elder Hood, having been ruined by the failure of a firm with which he had business connections, "emulating," as he tells us himself in his literary reminiscences, "the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually and more creditably with his pen than with legal whitewash or a wet sponge." In pursuance of this gallant and honourable resolve, he in March, 1835, went over to Coblenz, and having taken rooms "at the Widow Seil's, 372, Castor Hof," thither came Mrs. Hood with baby Tom and little Fanny, since better known to fame as Frances Freeling Broderip. We hear something of Tom in this first year from his mother, writing to a friend in England:—"My baby is a healthy, little creature, and so 'bronzy' with brown and red his papa declares that at our first party he shall hold a wax candle. He is as fat and hard as a German *sausage*, and so merry you would pick him out as Dr. Kitchener

recommends you to choose lobsters—namely, as heavy and lively. N.B.—Paternal vanity is answerable for the last sentence.” The joke about holding a candle is, as Tom observed in later years, a domestic one, and requires a footnote to explain that it is an allusion to two bronze figures of children reading, mounted as candlesticks, which used to stand on the drawing-room mantelpiece at Lake House. Three years later we get another glimpse of “the baby” in an incidental reference by its proud father. “Tom,” Mr. Hood writes to Mrs. Dilke in a letter dated “Ostend, Dec. 17, 1838,” “has taken to his book *con amore*, and draws and spells and tries to write with all his heart, soul, and strength. He has learned of his own accord to make all the Roman capitals, and labels all his drawings and inscribes all his properties TOM HOOD. He is very funny in his designs. The other day he drew an old woman with a book: ‘That’s a witch, and the book is a life of the devil!’ Where this came from Heaven knows; but how it would have shocked Aunt Betsy! The fact is he pores and ponders over Retsch’s ‘Faust,’ and ‘Hamlet,’ and the like, as a child of larger growth. But he is as well and jolly and good tempered as ever; and as he is so inclined to be busy with his little head we don’t urge him, but let him take his own course.”

On the return of the Hood family to England, the father having accepted the editorship of *Colburn’s New Monthly Magazine*, they settled down in St. John’s Wood, and Tom was sent to a private school in the neighbourhood. In 1845 the singer of “The Song of the Shirt,” worn out in a battle with life scarcely less wearisome than that which he had in a few bold lines described as the lot of the sempstress, died and was buried in Kensal Green, under the monument raised to his memory by the people of England. Tom, who was by this time breeched, was thereupon transferred to the junior school of the London University, where he remained for some years, thence went to a grammar school, and finally, in the year 1853, was entered as a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he stayed, seeing life and so far sticking to his books that he was able to pass all the examinations for B.A., though he left Oxford without taking his degree.

In 1859 we find Tom, somewhat late it is true, getting into harness, an appointment at the War Office having been presented to him by Sydney Herbert, moved thereto by the influence of Lady Molesworth, Lord Torrington, and others, who were drawn towards him for the sake of his dead father. He was, however, too old to take his place in the regular office establishment, and was received as what was at that time called “a temporary clerk.” “I sat in the

same room with him for years at the office," one of his old colleagues writes; "knew him most intimately, and was his constant companion until he left the War Office with a small gratuity on being appointed editor of *Fun*, and thoroughly bored with the routine and discipline of office life. It was a merry time with us all when Tom Hood was in the office. He was a great favourite, and was petted because of his literary talent and name. All the 'dons' indulged him, and though he was strictly conscientious in his duties he was not bored with little arrogances and schoolmaster ways. We had a good 'chief,' who liked literary society, and was content so long as Tom copied some of the letters and kept the record of the official papers. He was bright and most happy in his talent in those days. He drew caricatures of all of us, wrote squibs, epigrams, and most charming verse. There exists an official volume of caricature to which he mainly contributed, and when a happy picture was knocked off at his desk it soon went the round of the office. I was very young then, and Tom was affectionately kind to me. He nicknamed me 'Kitten,' and he used to draw pictures of me with my 'tail very thick' when I was vexed, or playing cricket as a cat on a wet day under an umbrella."

Tom Hood had already begun to write. His first poem appeared in the year 1853 in *Sharp's Magazine*, then edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, to whom he makes grateful and graceful acknowledgment in the dedication of "The Daughters of King Daher," published in 1861. During these first years at the War Office he did a good deal of work for the magazines, notably for the *Cornhill*, where he was warmly and kindly welcomed by Thackeray. He worked with his graver as well as his pen, illustrating Christmas works for children, and, conjointly with his sister, writing books for them. "We could all see how hard he was working then in 1861," says the War Office colleague already quoted. "He could only write at night. So he sat up all night in his lodgings in Grove Place, Brompton, and came to the office sleepy and fagged in the morning. He could not economise time by writing after office hours until dinner time, and could not set to work directly after dinner. Often he did not commence until midnight, and it then required an effort." About this time he became the editor of a little periodical called *Saturday Night*, and gathered round him a band of writers then young and almost unknown, but most of whom have since, through various avenues, made such place and fame as are to be acquired in English journalism. At Grove Place the momentous plan of bringing out a Christmas number of *Saturday Night* was arranged. The title of the number was "Half a Dozen Umbrellas,"

and when the stories were written the party assembled at Hood's rooms to hear them read. There were present Tom Robertson, Thomas Archer, Jeff Prowse, Clement Scott, W. S. Gilbert, F. C. Burnand, Mortimer Collins, and Andrew Halliday, with Tom Hood in the chair of course. "I remember," one of these writes, "how we all cried (except Halliday, who is a Scotchman) when Tom Robertson read his actor's story, and we all knew he would be famous." This Christmas number proved such a success that next year a Christmas book was adventured. It was called "A Bunch of Keys," and was contributed to by some of the men whose names I have mentioned, Hood generally supplying the verse. Next year was written "Rates and Taxes," which contains from Robertson's pen the story he afterwards worked out in "Caste." Then "Five. Alls" claimed a place among the Christmas books, and thereafter the little Grove Place party were drafted on to "Tom Hood's Comic Annual," which flourishes to this day.

At this epoch Hood was not only working hard, but was doing well, so well that he moved to South Street, Brompton, and there started his "Friday nights." Here is a glimpse of these pleasant gatherings in a letter I have received from Mr. Clement Scott, a bright and graceful writer well enough known in journalism to-day, who affectionately owns that he is indebted for his first start to the kindly sympathy and friendly counsel of Tom Hood. "Every Friday," Mr. Scott writes, "dear Tom kept open house. Grog, cigars, and an honest supper of cold roast beef, roast potatoes, and a 'custard pudding' for 'her dear boys,' as Mrs. Tom called us. We were a merry party. In addition to those you have mentioned as meeting at Grove Place, one used to see at the Friday nights George Rose (Arthur Sketchley), Paul Grey, the artist, one of the sweetest spirits I ever met in my life, the Brouchs, Henry S. Leigh, E. C. Barnes, and any member of the Savage or Arundel Clubs who cared to drop in. It was a merry time—Jeff Prowse talking his very best, Sketchley full of fun, Gilbert and Leigh both bright as children, and James L. Molloy, the now celebrated composer, singing delicious songs at the piano." But there comes an end of Friday nights, as of all things else that are pleasant. In 1866 Hood moved to Penge, and the cheerful company at South Street was broken up. Mr. Scott chancing to be enjoying a spring holiday in Somersetshire when the final Friday came sent up a box of wild flowers, which Hood acknowledged in the following letter:—"More thanks than my poor numbers can indicate for the lovely armful of the country which arrived to-day—our last Friday! *Flowers for the grave* of something we regret, and

I think you and others will miss for a while." Above this note is written a charming sonnet, which has not before been printed :—

FRIDAY NIGHT FLOWERS.

May 4th, 1866.

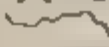

(THE LAST OF THE FRIDAYS.)

Welcome in prison-London, buds of spring,
 Fragrant with more than spring-tides odorous dowers,
 Because such gentle messages you bring—
 Kind thoughts, like dewdrops, nestling 'mid the flowers,
 Oh! cowslips—blush of apple-blossom white—
 Drooped blue-bells, dim delight of woodland shade—
 Spelth of laburnum -fountains golden bright—
 And speckled cuckoo-pint from ferny glade—
 Acacia-plumes, touched with a sunset red—
 Rare roses, blushing that you are so young—
 Snow-bloom of cherry, all too early shed—
 Pale primroses of creamy clusters sprung—
 Butter-cups, goblets of the sun, ye *speak*.
 To answer Nature my poor art is weak!

"He positively adored flowers," Mr. Scott adds, "and it was a day all blue-bells and sunshine when he was married at Sevenoaks Church, and he had *three* best men · Paul Grey, Prowse, and myself. We *all* had a honeymoon among the spring flowers in Knowle Park afterwards."

In 1865 Hood accepted the editorship of *Fun*, and from this time to the end there is not much to tell of his life in pleasant variation of the round of hard work—so many columns of print to fill per week and so many columns duly written. Of course he left the War Office on receiving this appointment, and in the following year gave up the house at Brompton and went to live at Penge, where sometimes on summer Sunday afternoons the old "Friday night" friends gathered round him. Here he dwelt four or five years, but he was living in a little cottage on Peckham Rye when Death claimed him. He had been ill for more than a year—liver complaint the doctors named the disease. But Hood worked on to the last, in what plight is told in the following letter written to his sister, Mrs. Broderip, a week before his death :—

Friday, November, 1874.

MY DEAREST SIS,—My chief complaint is like that of Sterne's starling, "I can't get out." Indeed there is a good deal of Sterne about me on many points: For instance, my progress is like his scheme of *Tristram Shandy*. It is not ——— but rather , which is to be expected, and has the advantage of picturesqueness, like an undulatory landscape. At any rate it is not , which is *something*. * * * My writing is queer because I'm working like the sketch

in the margin, leaning back in my easy chair, bestridden by an easel. You know I can't be idle, and read any book I get very fast; so I have killed time by drawing and writing, and doing this, bending over the table, cramped the stomach and delayed progress. I send you proof of an initial I have done for *Fun*—Nana Sahib coming back as an old man eater, to die by the well where he used to get his prey—a fact true of man eaters, and touching on the Cawnpore horrors. I have also designed a cover for the — book and three slips for *Fun*. I shall also do a little painting. * * * * Glad you like the annual—it is going splendidly. Tiné will write Sir William Jenner's report to-morrow, as he does not come till after post. Love to all,—Yours affectionately,

TIM.

In one of the brighter turns of the “undulatory landscape,” taken in the early days of November, he was so well that he could write thus boisterously :—

Come in, November! How d'ye do?
 Give us your fist, you jolly dog!
 Just let me catch them bullying you
 For bringing heavy rain and fog.
 Better be lapt in foggy woof,
 Than in a shroud of clay be hid;—
 Better the rain-drops on the roof,
 Than clods upon the coffin-lid.

Sit down, old boy, and drain a glass—
 Leave at the door your fog and rain.
 I hope, when these next twelvemonths pass,
 That I shall see you here again.
 Hereafter as the years go by
 With grateful heart and bumper deep,
 The day of your returning, I
 Shall as a second birthday keep!

A fortnight since I did not dare
 To hope that we should meet again.
 But lo, we meet! and shall I care
 For weather? Give *me* fog and rain!
 Why, if you like, old fellow,—freeze!
 'Twill proof I'm still existing give.
 Cough, cold, or chilblains!—why in these
 I find the evidence “I live!”

A cold? I might be colder still.
 A cough? A coffin worse would be.
 Chilblains? At least I feel the chill
 That tells I yet have warmth in me.
 “I think, and therefore I exist”—
 Observed a sage long years ago.
 I feel—*so live!* and could have kissed
 The foot that crushed my tenderest toe.

But, mark you, I ne'er shrieked nor whined '
 I bowed before the awful will;
 Nor feared, nor jested, nor repined,
 Content the purpose to fulfil.
 And now, my bauble, bells and cap,
 My livery I don once more! . . .
 What ' must you go? good-bye, old chap,
 Until another year is o'er.

But there were to be no more Novembers for him, not even the end of the one he thus cheerfully welcomed. The liver complaint had developed dropsy, and on Friday, the 20th of November—another and ultimate “last Friday”—he turned his face to the wall and died.

What legacy to literature did Tom Hood leave as the fruits of his thirty-nine years of life? Well, I am not writing a eulogy, but am endeavouring to draw a plain picture, in which the world may see the features of a man whose name is familiar on its tongue; and I am bound to answer to this question—Not much, and, perhaps, not anything worthy of the talents with which he was gifted. He was a man of great and versatile ability. He could, as his sister says, “do anything with his long, thin, pliant fingers, and he attempted almost everything—drawing, painting, modelling, carving, he was an expert in all.” His home teemed with graceful trifles designed by his quaint fancy and executed by his nimble fingers. Amongst the labour that lightened the weary hours of his last illness was the modelling in clay of his friend Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton Aquarium, whom he represented surrounded by comical groups of fish. In earlier days he did a good deal in the way of illustrating *Fun*, and, as we see by the letter quoted, he filled up a spare quarter of an hour of one of his last days, “bestriden by an easel,” making a sketch of Nana Sahib, which, with some trenchant lines on “The Old Man-eater,” appeared in *Fun* a fortnight before his death. In literature he tried everything, from the scribbling of rhyme for children to the accomplishment of a three-volume novel. Of this latter class of work he produced five or six specimens, incomparably the best being “Captain Masters's Children,” written during the sunny South Street days. This was, I think, his first essay in novel writing, and made its appearance in the pages of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, whence it was republished in due three-volume form and went through two editions. Mr. Clement Scott writes of him:—“My own opinion is that his great gift was that of light lyrical poetry. Some of his verses—I should like to read them to you—are simply exquisite. I don't think he was a

humourist at all, or even understood humour, save in some drawings which were recollections of his father." It is probable that this latter declaration is an estimate of Tom Hood's character which will astonish many people. It is so bold that at first sight it is not free from the suspicion of being intended as an epigrammatic surprise. But it is written in sober earnestness by one of Tom Hood's earliest and most intimate literary friends, and I believe that if we will look closely into the matter we shall be inclined to agree with the verdict. As the editor and principal contributor to *Fun*, Tom Hood made a certain quantity of jokes per week, just as the potter makes a certain quantity of cups and saucers. Some were good, some were bad, many were indifferent, and few were free from trace of the mechanical process by which they were evolved. Tom Hood would have been the last man to have suggested a comparison between himself and his father, his reverence for the latter being one of the most beautiful passions of his life. But if the question of humour is to be discussed, it will suffice for its settlement that we should place a random page from the writings of the elder Hood by the choicest humouristic productions of the younger.

It is as a versifier—not to use the sacred and much abused word "poet"—that Tom Hood claims a place, and a high place, in literature. His facility in verse writing was remarkable. He could run off smooth, lively verse with as little conscious effort as M. Jourdain talked prose. Verse was, in truth, his natural form of utterance, and the exigencies of his position on *Fun* trained the faculty to a pitch of readiness rarely excelled. But his connection with this periodical had its corresponding disadvantages. Pegasus may not be put to grind corn without incurring the penalty of drooping wings and dimmed eye. In the days of his strength Hood appropriated five or six columns a week of *Fun*, which he filled with verse. It was smoothly written, and would scan to perfection. *Mais que voulez vous?* Could Shakespeare's self have spun out weekly for nine long years half a dozen short columns of verse, some of which the world would not willingly let die? Tom Hood fulfilled only one-half of the practice of a poet as described by Tennyson—"his best he gave," but he did not "keep his worst." He had his daily tale of bricks to make, and, rain or sunshine, health or sickness, he gallantly stuck to his work and saw it through. In his perpetual need of "copy," and confident in his own powers of versification, he took the most trivial subjects of his every day life and out of them made "a poem" for *Fun*. The chair in which he happened to sit, a stone over which he accidentally stumbled, the name and number of the

hotel in which he stayed for a couple of days, his sickness in crossing the Channel, his joy in his holiday, his heaviness of mind in being once more "chained to the oar," the death of a dog, the birth of a kitten, a chance acquaintance in a railway carriage, a wet day, a fine day—anything you please, was sufficient to furnish him with a topic for a poem of from three to five stanzas. In the last contribution his hand wrote for *Fun*, whilst, as he tells us, he

Lay upon the narrow strand departing
The region of the known from the unknown,

he weaved into facile rhyme a little domestic story about his wife's foreign servant, bidden to muffle the noisy knocker that broke her sick master's rest, using for the purpose "white satin ribbon and a white kid glove." It had fallen to his lot to "scribble," and he scribbled well. But it would be a mistake to think that even when his lot in life seemed irrevocably fixed, and when his bright handsome face smiled upon chance callers through the gloom of the dingy office where he was "chained to the oar," there was no care at his heart, no bitter brooding over the hopes for literary fame that once beat high in his breast. It was not a matter he talked about even to his nearest friends; but there is a poem published in *Fun* of the 10th October which lifts the veil and shows us the secret of his heart. It is entitled "The Scribbler," and runs thus:—

"Not a bad joke!" says Brown. Behold
Jones takes the paper. "Well, I never!"
The hand that wrote the joke is cold—
The pen is laid aside for ever!
What matter, so the laugh is gained?
When frogs display blood's circulation,
It's possible the frogs are pained—
But they're of use to education!

And men may live, or men may die,
But still the public needs diversion.
An acrobat who breaks his thigh
Can't damp the fun of an excursion.
So men who live by spinning lines,
Not dancing on them (let's be funny!)
Can't grumble if the world opines
It likes the value of its money.

I never murmur Fate forbid!—
I never say such work is fearful:
I've done, as other mummers did,—
Hid 'neath the mask my eyelids tearful.

But still I find my patience fail
When fools conceive it wise to grumble—
“That joke last week was old and stale”—
As if a man could never stumble.

Yet, after all, I can forgive
The idiocy—and those who show it;
Conscious that they have got to live—
To live as idiots—and know it!—
To creep and crawl—to try to sting—
To spit their venom at their betters,
And all their slimy brains to fling,
Anonymously, into letters.

Who cares what arrows Hate may fling,
And Envy and Unreason feather?
Conscience alone can add the sting—
And that's the difference altogether.
So write upon my coffin-lid—
'Twill be enough in chalk to trace it—
“He did what other jesters did,”
In chalk—the earth will soon efface it.

I do not know in literary biography a sadder thing than this bitter wail, in which pride vainly struggles to keep back the welling tears, and the sob of the heart breaks through the hollow sound of the laughter of the tongue.

In his personal disposition Tom Hood was the gentlest and most loveable of men. “He inherited to the full his father's love for children,” his sister writes. “He possessed to the full the same winning sweetness and thorough sympathy that gained the hearts of all his juvenile acquaintance. He understood them, therefore, so thoroughly that his writings for them have always been most popular with them. From ‘Precocious Piggy,’ a set of quaint rhymes by his father, which he illustrated very cleverly, down to the last work he lived to complete—the little book that was almost his last interest on his death-bed—‘From Nowhere to the North Pole,’ his books for children were a labour of love. For the last two years he became ‘The Conductor of Puzzledom,’ a series of chapters of riddles, double acrostics, and pictorial puzzles, contributed to *Good Things*. This introduced him to a large circle of young correspondents, whose letters—many containing flowers and little home-made gifts—were the pleasures of the latter part of his life. He entered into all their amusements and their little troubles with the earnest sympathy of a companion; and yet administered no less his gentle hints and lessons where *he saw it necessary*. Unfortunately he has left no

child of his own behind him to inherit the honoured name, which now expires with him." "You will not want," Mrs Broderip continues, "to tell the world anything of the grief of those nearest and dearest, mourners left behind, but it is due to all, and not least to his memory, to add that the last months of his life were gladdened and brightened by the tender affection, and his final painful sufferings soothed by the devoted care of his second wife, whose brief married life began and ended in little more than three months."

The same gentleness of character that drew him towards children made him the friend and companion of birds and beasts. His rooms at Brompton and the house at Penge greatly resembled a menagerie. His earliest friend and companion was a little black and tan terrier, who lived with him at Oxford. He called it "Topsy," and brought it with him to London, where it lived to an immense age. "When the time came for the poor creature's death," one of his War Office colleagues writes, "poor Tom 'took on,' as the old people say, to such an extent that he would have been laughed at by all who did not know his affectionate and very feminine disposition. He came down to the office sobbing, and really told me, with the most serious face, that he quite expected to 'meet the dog in heaven.'" At Penge, besides a pack of dogs and cats, there were canaries, a peacock, doves, a jackdaw, a seagull, a parrot, and a pony. The seagull is getting old and somewhat shaky in the legs now, not to mention a certain bleary look about the eye that seems to herald approaching dissolution. But it doubtless, in its dim way, misses and mourns the kind hand that daily fed it since it "left the sea," now eight years ago. There is less doubt about the saddened feelings of the old cat, which was born in *Fun* office, and was one night tenderly carried home by the editor, as likely to be more comfortable in a private house than amid the whirl and bustle of official life. But, as its master used to say, the change came too late to affect one of its habits, and even in these, its declining years, it prefers to curl itself up on a bundle of newspapers rather than stretch itself out upon the softest cushion.

Flowers, too, were a source of supreme delight to Tom Hood's nature. They were a joy to him in health and a comfort in sickness, and when, on a foggy morning in the last week of November, his coffin was lowered to rest beside that of his first wife, his friends, remembering this fancy, weighted it with a wealth of blooming flowers.

THE LUCKNOW OF TO-DAY.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

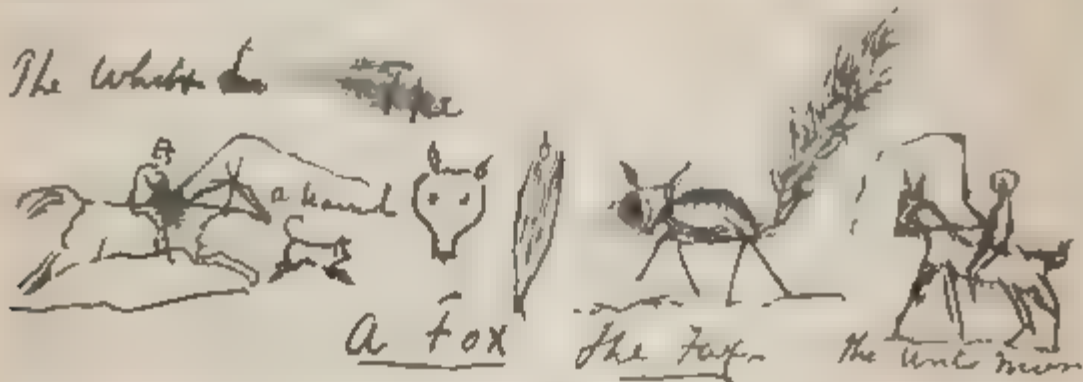
THE first half of the year which will have passed away before this article comes into the hands of Mr. Sylvanus Urban's constituency, it happened to me to spend in India. I had gone to the East with a mission in connection with the famine which threatened the Bengal provinces so ominously, and which was fought with and worsted so gallantly by Sir Richard Temple. When his victory was assured my work in India had ended, and it behoved me to get home again as quickly as I had gone out. But I could in no wise bring myself to quit India without first having made a pilgrimage to some of those scenes of the great Mutiny which are so many shrines for the perpetual commemoration of the heroism and constancy displayed by British men and women. For Delhi, the scene of the great siege, and the very focus of the Mutiny, it was impossible that I could spare time ; but at the cost of hard and long sustained travelling in the very hottest season of the year I was able to see Cawnpore—to stand there on the site of the memorable entrenchment, to read the inscription on the monument which covers in the "Well"—and to go on to Lucknow, the defence of whose Residency was a deed which will be remembered so long as our nation endures. To the study of Lucknow—for a study is required to master the topography of a place where so much was done—I was able to devote three whole days ; and it is the results of that study which I now propose to tell to the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The editor was good enough to ask me to write also on "The Cawnpore of To-day," and I had willingly consented ; but the paper on that topic went to "another place," as they say in Parliament. A journalist is like a jockey—he must always write when called on, as the other must ride, for his "first masters."

Wandering about Cawnpore, and shutting my eyes against the architectural ambition of the Memorial Church and the leafy trimness of the Memorial Gardens, I tried hard to banish the present, made up of pleasant mess dinners, the genial sociality about the band stand, and the grateful luxury of the club, and to recall the Cawnpore of Havelock's time. The inmarching of his little band, maddened to fury by a terrible knowledge, the straggling groups of cowering natives gazing in terror from their consciousness, too, of the awful tragedy, on the white sahibs as they tramped past, N^e'''

systematic enforcement of a ghastly retribution, the chivalry of the noble Outram—all these things I strove to conjure up before my mind's eye. How narrow is the boundary between tears and laughter, between the tragic and the comic! Here were men who had stood with wet eyes gazing down on an embodied tragedy for the like of which the annals of the world may be searched in vain. The tension of the fighting had loosened, the recoil had brought despondency, and despondency had brought the swift-slaying cholera. It behoved the leaders to reanimate their men by whatever device came the readiest, and the following is a copy of an order, illustrated pictorially by the hand of a brave man who was better at fighting than at sketching:—

A Paper Hunt will take place to-morrow at half-past 5 o'clock. The meet to be at Wheeler's entrenched camp.

Sept 9, 1857



The envelope containing the announcement of this remarkable sporting "fixture" was addressed thus:—

Not on Her Majesty's Service.

TO ADJUTANTS OF REGIMENTS.

ARTILLERY SEEN.

1ST M.F. SEEN.

78TH SEEN AND APPROVED.

VOLUNTEER COMPY do.

9th Sept.

For Circulation.

Take another scene. Havelock, of the serene brow, the mild blue eye, and the indomitable heart, is sitting before his tent in the short Indian twilight, that period devoted in India to the cigar and the "peg." Cigars and pegs are far from the thoughts of Havelock; he is thinking of the plight of the beleaguered ones in an exposed corner of the great city away across the Ganges in Oude, and the conversation runs wholly on this topic in the little council, whose members, besides the chief himself, are the gallant Fraser Tytler, the "boy Harry," and the devoted Harwood. Through the gloom there comes

marching a file of Highlanders, escorting a tall, gaunt Oude man, on whose swarthy face the lamp-light falls as he salaams before the General Lord Sahib. He extracts from his ear a portion of quill sealed at both ends. Young Havelock opens the strange envelope, forwarded by a postal service so unique, and unrolls a morsel of paper which appears to be covered with cabalistic signs. The message has been sent out from the general commanding the beleaguered garrison of the Lucknow Residency, and its bearer is the staunch scout Ungud. As I write, the originals of this communication and of others which came in the same way lie before me; and this is a *fac simile* of it:—

My dear General Lucknow Sept. 16th
 Recd. W. The last letter I rec^d from you was dated 26th ult. since when I have rec^d no news whatever from G. except reports of G. movements but am now daily expecting to receive intelligence of G. advances in this direction. Since the date of my last letter the enemy have continued to persevere incessantly in their efforts against this position & the firing has never ceased day or night. They have about 5000 guns in position round us - many of them 18^{lb} to 5th inch. They made a very determined attack after exploding 2 mines & succeeded for a moment in almost getting into one of our batteries but were promptly repulsed on all sides with heavy loss. Since the above date they have kept up a cannonade & musketry fire, occasionally throwing in a shell or two - My own batteries continue very busy both in operations & men. I shall be quite out of gun for the moment in our hands, but we have been diving on reduced positions & hope to be able to get on as we were till about first prox. If you have not replied us by the time we shall have no more powder to move my guns about the position. Adieu I have had to sign almost

all the gun powder for my men is not sufficient to last long without arrival fresh. There is a report, tho' from a source on which I cannot implicitly rely that Gen. Inglis has just arrived in Lucknow having left part of his force outside the city. It is said that he is in our interests & that he has taken the above steps at the invitation of British authorities. But I cannot say for certain whether such may be the case or whether he is really in Lucknow at all, as all I have to go upon is rumor. I am most anxious to hear from you of G. advance to enable me to prepare our native soldiers.
 Yours truly
 J. Inglis
 No 32
 Jy. 17th 1858
 To Brig^{er} Havelock
 Comm^o Relieving Force.

Copy sent to the C. O. at Allahabad for information & guidance, with the further remark that *μην σινγ* who was promised a *jaγιρ* of *τωο λακς κονδιτιοναλ ον* his *αφορδινγ* *νο πιστωσι* to the *ριβελς* is *ριπορτιδ* to be *στιλλ ολδινγ αλοοφ* & it is ∴ by no means *ιμπεροβαβλι* that if

βαδ that Sir H. L.'s *προμισι* shall be *κονφιρμιδ* by *γου!* he may be *ινδυσιδ* to *αφορδ* *ως ακτινι ιλπ.* His *φολωιρις αρι στατιδ* to be *σιξ θουσανδ ιν νυμβερς.*

Yours truly,

2nd September.

J. INGLIS, Brigadier.

Cawnpore is an engrossing theme, and I might fill my allotment of pages with matters concerning it. I might tell the story told me by the native doctor, now a pensioner in Cawnpore, who was with our countrypeople in Wheeler's entrenchment, and was separated from them along with the rest of the natives who had been faithful at the bridge where the white sahibs and Mem sahibs turned off to the ghaut of slaughter. Bithoor alone would furnish material for an article ; but my present subject is Lucknow, and I must leave Cawnpore and get to it. There is a railway now to Lucknow from Cawnpore, but the railway bridge across the Ganges is not yet finished, and passengers must cross by the bridge of boats to the Oude side. Behind me, as the gharrie jingles over the wooden platform, is the fort which Havelock began, which Neill completed, and in which Wyndham found the shelter which alone saved him from discreditable defeat. Before me is the low Gangetic shore, with the dumpy sandhills gradually rising from the water's edge. If the reader has happened to visit Aldershot in the course of the last drill season he may have noticed a smooth-faced, gaunt, long-legged, stooping officer, on an old white horse, at the head of that noble regiment the 78th Highlanders. The colonel has a voice like a girl, and his men irreverently call him the "old squeaker"; but although you never hear him talk of his deeds, he had a habit of going quietly and steadily to the front, taking fighting and hardship philosophically as part of the day's work. These sandbanks were once the scene of some quiet unsensational heroism of his. He commanded the two companies of Highlanders whom Havelock threw on the unknown shore as the vanguard of his advance into Oude. No prior reconnaissance was possible. Oude swarmed with an armed and hostile population. The chances were that an army was hovering but a little way inland, waiting to attack the head of the column on landing. But it was necessary to risk all contingencies, and Mackenzie accepted the service as he might an invitation to a glass of grog. In the dead of night the boats stood across with the little forlorn hope with which Havelock essayed to grapple on to Oude. Landing in the rain and darkness, it was his work to grope for an enemy, if

there should be one in his vicinity. There was not; but for four and twenty hours his little band hung on to the Oude bank as were by their eyelids, detached, unsupported, and wholly charged with the taking care of themselves until it was possible to send a reinforcement. The charge of this vague, uncertain, tentative enterprise, fraught with risks so imminent and so vast, required a cool, steady-balanced courage of no common order.

"Onao!" shouts the conductor of the train at the first station from Cawnpore, and we look out on a few railway bungalows, and a large native village apparently in a ruinous state. All this journey is studded with battle-fields, and this is one of them. If I had time I should like to make a pilgrimage to the street mouth into which dashed frantically Private Patrick Cavanagh of the 64th, stung to madness by the hesitation of his fellows, and was cut to pieces by the tulwars of the mutineers. We jog on very slowly. The Oude and Rohilcund Railway is to India in point of slowness what the Great Eastern is to us; but every yard of the ground is interesting. Along that *chaussée* passed in long, strangely diversified procession the people whom Clyde brought away from Lucknow—the civilians, the women, and the children and the wounded of the immortal garrison. That well beyond the mango trees, under which the *nhil gau* are feeding, is Mungalwar, Havelock's menacing position. No wonder though the outskirts of that town on the high road present a ruined appearance. It is Busseerutgunge, the scene of three of Havelock's battles and victories, fought and won in a single fortnight. We pass Bunnee, where Havelock and Outram, tramping on to the relief, fired a royal salute in the hope that the sound of it might reach to the Residency and cheer the hearts of its garrison. And now we are on the platform of the Lucknow station, which has more of an English look about it than have most Indian stations. There is a bookstall, although it is not one of Smith's; and there are lots of English faces in the crowd waiting the arrival of the train. The natives, one sees at a glance, are of very different physique from the people of Bengal. The Oude man is tall, square-shouldered, and upright; he has more hair on his face than has the Bengali, and his carriage is that of a free man. The railway station of Lucknow is flanked by two earthwork fortifications of considerable pretensions.

Lucknow is so full of interest, and the objects of interest are so widely spread, that one is in doubt where to begin the pilgrimage. But the Alumbagh is on the railway side of the canal, and therefore *nearest*; and I drive directly to it before going into the town. From

the station the road to the Alumbagh turns sharp to the left, and the two miles' drive is through beautiful groves and gardens. Then the plain opens up, and there is the detached temple which so long was one of Outram's outlying piquets; and to the left of it the square walled enclosure of the Alumbagh itself, with the four corners flanked by earthen bastions. The top of the wall is everywhere roughly crenellated for musketry fire, and on two of its faces there are countless tokens that it has been the target for round shot and bullets. The Alumbagh in the pre-Mutiny period was a pleasure-garden of one of the Princes of Oude. The enclosed park contained a summer palace, and all the surroundings were pretty and tasteful. It was for the possession of the Alumbagh that Havelock fought his last battle before the relief; here it was where he left his baggage when he went in; here it was that Clyde halted to organise the turning movement which achieved the second relief. Hither were brought from the Dilkoosha the women and children of the garrison, prior to starting on the march for Cawnpore; here Outram lay threatening Lucknow from Clyde's relief until his ultimate capture of the city. But these occurrences contribute but trivially to the interest of the Alumbagh in comparison with the circumstance that within its enclosure is the grave of Havelock. We enter it under the lofty arch of the castellated gateway. From this a straight avenue, bordered by *arbor vite* trees, conducts to a square plot of ground, enclosed by low posts and chains. Inside this there is a little garden, the plants of which a *mally* is watering as we open the wicket. From the centre of the little garden there rises a shapely obelisk on a square pedestal, and on one side of the pedestal is a long inscription. "Here lie," it begins, "the mortal remains of Henry Havelock"; and here, methinks, it might have ended. There is needed no prolix biographical inscription to tell the reverent pilgrim of the deeds of the dead man by whose grave he stands—so long as history lives, so long does it suffice to know that "here lie the mortal remains of Henry Havelock"—and the text and verse of poetry grate on one as redundancies. He sickened two days before the evacuation of the Residency, and died on the morning of the 24th, in his dhooly, in a tent of the camp at the Dilkoosha. The life went out of him just as the march began, and his soldiers conveyed with them, on the litter on which he had expired, the mortal remains of the noble chief who had so often led them on to victory.

The same afternoon they buried him here under the tree which still spreads its branches over the little garden in which he lies.

There stood around the grave mouth Campbell, and the chivalrous Outram, and staunch old Walter Hamilton, and the ever ready Fraser Tytler, and the "boy Harry," to whom the campaign had brought the gain of fame and the loss of a father; and the devoted Hargood, with "his heart in the coffin there with Cæsar"; and the heroic William Peel; and that "colossal red Celt," the noble, ill-fated Adrian Hope, sacrificed afterwards to incompetent obstinacy. Behind stood in a wide circle the soldiers of the "Ross-shire Buffs," and the "Blue Caps," who had served him so staunchly, and had gathered here now, with many a memory of his ready praise of valour, and his indefatigable regard for the comfort of his men, stirring in their war-worn hearts:—

Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight;
England's banners o'er him waved,
Dead he keeps the name he saved.

The place was being temporarily abandoned, and as the rebels desecrated all the graves they could discover, it was necessary to obliterate as much as possible the tokens of the interment. A big "H" was carved into the bark of the tree, and a small tin plate fastened to its trunk, to guide to the subsequent investigation of the spot. Dr. Russell tells us that when he visited the Alumbagh before his return home after the mutiny in Oude was stamped out, he found the hero's grave a muddy trench near the foot of a tree which bore the mark of a round shot and had carved into its bark the letter "H." The tree is here still and the dent of the round shot, and faintly, too, is to be discerned the carved letter, but the bark around it seems to have been whittled away, perhaps by the sacrilegious knives of relic-seeking visitors. There is the grave of a young lieutenant in a corner of the little garden, and a few private soldiers lie hard by.

I turn my face now toward the Charbagh bridge, following the route taken by Havelock's force on the memorable day of the relief. There is the field where as at a table in the open air Havelock and Outram were studying a map, a round shot from the Sepoy battery by the Yellow House ricocheted over them. There is the spot where stood the Yellow House itself, whence after a desperate struggle Maud's artillerymen drove the garrison and the guns. And

now with a sweep the road comes into a direct line with the Charbagh bridge over the canal. Now there is not a house in the vicinity; the Charbagh garden has been thrown into the plain, and the steep banks of the canal are perfectly naked. But then the scene was very different. On the Lucknow side the native city came close up to the bridge and lined the canal. The tall houses to right and left of the bridge on the Lucknow side were full of musqueteers. At that end of the bridge there was a regular overlapping breastwork, and behind it rose an earthwork battery solidly constructed and armed with six guns, one a 24-pounder, all crammed to the muzzle with grape. Let us sit down on the parapet and try to realise the scene. Outram with the 78th has made a detour to the right through the Charbagh garden to clear it of the enemy, and, gaining the canal bank, to bring a flanking fire to bear on its defenders. There is only room for two of Maud's guns, and there they stand out in the open on the road trying to answer the fire of the rebel battery. Thrown forward along the bank to the left of the bridge is a company of the Madras Fusiliers under Arnold, lying down, and returning the musketry fire from the houses on the other side. Maud's guns are forward in the straight throat of the road where it leads on to the bridge close by, but round the bend under the cover of the wall the Madras Fusiliers are lying down. In a bay of the wall of the Charbagh enclosure General Neill is standing, waiting for the effect of Outram's flank movement to develop, and young Havelock, mounted, is on the other side of the road somewhat forward. Matters are at a dead lock. It seems as if Outram had lost his way. Maud's gunners are all down, he has repeatedly called for volunteers from the infantry behind, and now he and his subaltern, Maitland, are each doing bombardier's work. Maud calls to young Havelock that he shall be forced to retire his guns if nothing is done at once, and Havelock rides across through the fire, and in his capacity of assistant-adjutant-general urges on Neill the need for an immediate assault. Neill "is not in command; he cannot take the responsibility; and General Outram must turn up soon." Havelock turns and rides away down the road, towards the rear. As he passes he speaks encouragingly to the recumbent Fusiliers, who are getting fidgety at the long detention under fire. "Come out of that, sir," cries one soldier, "a chap's just had his head taken off there!" It is a grim joke that reply which tickles the Fusiliers into laughter: "And what the devil are we here for but to get our heads taken off?" Young Havelock is bent on the perpetration of what under the circumstances may be called a pious fraud.

His father, who commands the operations, is behind with the reserve, and he disappears round the bend on the make-belief of getting instructions from the chief. The general is far in the rear, but his son comes back at the gallop, rides up to Neill, and saluting with his sword, says, "You are to carry the bridge at once, sir." Neill, acquiescing in the superior order, replies, "Get the regiment together then, and see it formed up." At the word, and without waiting for the regiment to rise and form, the gallant and eager Arnold springs up from his advanced position and dashes on to the bridge, followed by about a dozen of his nearest skirmishers. Tytler and Havelock, as eager as Arnold, set spurs to their horses, and are by his side in a moment. Then the hurricane opens. The big gun, crammed to the muzzle with grape, sweeps its iron sleet across the bridge in the face of the gallant band, and the Sepoy sharpshooters converge their fire on it. Arnold drops shot through both thighs, Tytler and his horse go down with a crash, the bridge is swept clear save for Havelock, erect and unwounded, waving his sword and shouting for the Fusiliers to come on, and a Fusilier corporal, Jakes by name, who, as he rams a bullet home into his Enfield, says cheerily to Havelock, "We'll soon have the — out of that, sir!" And Corporal Jakes is a true prophet. Before the big gun can be loaded again the Fusiliers are on the bridge in a rushing mass. They are across it, they clear the barricade, they storm the battery, they are bayonetting the Sepoy gunners as they stand. The Charbagh bridge is won, but with severe loss, which continues more or less all the way to the Residency; and when one comes to know the ground it becomes more and more obvious that the strategy of Havelock, overruled by Outram, was wise and prescient, when he counselled a wide turning movement by the Dilkoosha, over the Goomtee near the Martiniere, and so along its northern bank to the Badshah-bagh, almost opposite to the Residency and commanding the iron bridge.

I recross the Charbagh bridge, and bend away to the left by the bye-road along the canal side which Havelock followed. Several roads are open to me, but I follow that by which the 78th Highlanders penetrated to the front of the Kaiser-bagh. Most of the native houses are now destroyed, whence was poured so deadly a fire on the advancing Ross-shire men that three colour-bearers fell in succession, and the colour fell to the grasp of the gallant Valentine M'Master, the assistant-surgeon of the regiment. And now I stand in front of the main entrance to the Kaiser-bagh, hard by the spot where stood the Sepoy battery which the Highlanders so opportunely took in reverse. Before me on the *maidan* is the plain monument to Sir Mountstuart Jackson, Captain Orr, and a sergeant, who were

murdered in the Kaiser-bagh when the success of Campbell's final operations became certain. I enter the great square enclosure of the Kaiser-bagh, and stand in the desolation of what was once a gay garden where the King of Oude and his women were wont to disport themselves. The place stands much as Campbell's men left it after looting its multifarious rich treasures. The dainty little pavilions are empty and dilapidated, the statues are broken and tottering. Quitting the Kaiser-bagh, I try to realise the scene of that informal council of war in one of the outlying court-yards of the numerous palaces. I want to fix the spot where, on his big waler sat Outram, a splash of blood across his face, and his arm in a sling; where Havelock, dismounted, walked up and down by Outram's side with short nervous strides, halting now and then to give emphasis to the argument, while all around them were officers, soldiers, guns, natives, wounded men, bullocks, and a surging tide of disorganisation momentarily pouring into the square. But the attempt is fruitless. The whole area has been cleared of buildings right up to the gate of the Residency, only that hard by the Goomtee there still stands the river wing of the Chutter Munzil Palace, with its fantastic architecture, and the Palace of the Kings of Oude is now the Station Library and Assembly Rooms. The Hureen Khana, the Lall-bagh, the courts of the Furrut Bux Palace, the Khas Bazaar, and the Clock Tower have alike been swept away; and in their place there opens up before the eye trim ornamental grounds, with neat plantations which extend up to the Bailey-guard gate itself. One archway alone stands—a gaunt commemorative skeleton—a pedestal for the statue of a noble soldier. It was from a chamber above the crown of this arch that the Sepoys shot Neill as he sat on his horse urging the confused press of guns and men through the archway. The spot is memorable for other causes. This archway led into that court which is world-famous under the name of Dhooly Square. Here it was where the bearers abandoned the wounded in the dhoolies which poor Bensley Thornhill was trying to guide into the Residency; here it was where they were butchered and burned as they lay, and here it was where Dr. Home and a handful of men of the escort did what in them lay to cover the wounded, and defended themselves for a day and a night against continuous attacks of countless enemies. The reader, as he passes along Oxford Street, may chance to note a tall upright man with many medals—including the Victoria Cross—on his breast, who patrols as private policeman in front of Moses and Sons' slop-shop. This man is "Hollowell, of the deadly rifle," one of the heroes of *this gallant little band*.

The *via dolorosa*, the road of death up which Outram and Havelock fought their way with Brazier's Seikhs and the Ross-shire Buffs, is now a pleasant open drive amid clumps of trees, leading on to the Residency. A strange thrill runs through my frame as there opens up before me that reddish grey crumbling archway spanning the road. Its face is dented and splintered with cannon shot, and pitted all over by musket bullets. This is none other than that historic Bailey-guard gate which burly Jock Aitken and his faithful Sepoys kept so staunchly. You may see the marks still of the earth banked up against it on the interior during the siege. To the right and left runs the low wall which was the curtain of the defence, now crumbled so as to be almost indistinguishable. But there still stands, retired somewhat from the right of the archway, Aitken's post—the guard-house and treasury, its pillars and facade cut and dented all over with the marks of bullets fired by "Bob the Nailer" and his comrades from the Clock Tower which stood over against it. And in the curtain wall between the archway and the building is still to be traced the faint outline of the embrasure through which Outram and Havelock entered on the memorable evening. The turmoil and din and conflicting emotions of that terrible, glorious day have merged into a strange serenity of quietude. The scene is solitary save for a native woman who is playing with her baby on a spot where once dead bodies lay in heaps. But the other scene rises up vividly before the mind's eye out of the present calm. Havelock and Outram and the staff have passed through the embrasure here, and now there are rushing in the men of the ranks, powder-grimed, dusty, bloody; but a minute before raging with the stern passion of the battle, now full of a womanlike tenderness. And all around them, as they swarm in, there crowd a mass of folk eager to give welcome. There are officers and men of the garrison, civilians whom the siege has made into soldiers, women, too, weeping tears of joy down on the faces of the children for whom they had not dared to hope for aught but death. There are gaunt men, pallid with loss of blood, whose great eyes shine weirdly amid the torchlight, and whose thin hands tremble with weakness as they grip the sinewy, grimy hands of the Highlanders. These are the wounded of the long siege, who have crawled out from the hospital up yonder, as many of them as could compass the exertion, with a welcome to their deliverers. The hearts of the impulsive Highlanders wax very warm. As they grasp the hands held out to them, they exclaim, "God bless you." "Why, we expected to have found only your bones!" "And the children are living too!" and many other *fervid and recalcitrant* ejaculations. The ladies of the garrison come

among the Highlanders, shaking them enthusiastically by the hand ; and the children clasp the shaggy men round the neck, and, to say truth, so do some of the mothers. But Jessie Dunbar and her " Dinna ye hear it ? " in reference to the bagpipe music, are in the category of melodramatic fictions.

The position which bears and will bear to all time the title of the Residency of Lucknow is an elevated plateau of land, irregular in surface, of which the highest point was occupied by the Residency building, while the area around was studded irregularly with buildings, chiefly the houses of the principal civilian officials of the station. When Campbell brought away the garrison in November, 1857, it lapsed into the hands of the mutineers, who held it till his final occupation of the city and its surroundings in March of the following year. They pulled down not a few of the already shattered buildings, and left their fell imprint on the spot in an atrociously ghastly way by desecrating the graves in which brave hands had laid our dead countrypeople, and flinging the exhumed corpses into the Goomtee. When India once more became settled, the Residency, its commemorative features uninterfered with, was laid out as a garden, and flowers and shrubs now grow on soil once wet with the blood of heroes. The *débris* has been removed or dispersed ; the shattered buildings are prevented from crumbling further ; tablets bearing the names of the different positions and places of interest are let into the walls ; and it is possible, by exploring the place map in hand, to identify all the features of the defence. The avenue from the Bailey-guard gate rises with a steep slope to the Residency building. On either side of the approach and hard by the gate are the blistered and shattered remnants of two large houses : that on the right is the banquetting house, which was used as the hospital during the siege ; that on the left was Dr. Fayer's house. The banquetting house is a mere shell, riven everywhere with shot, and pitted over by musket bullets as if it had suffered from small-pox. The ground floor has escaped with less damage, but the banquetting hall itself has been wholly wrecked by the persistent fire which the rebels showered upon it, and to which, notwithstanding the mattresses and sandbags with which the windows were blocked, several poor fellows fell victims as they lay wounded on their cots. Dr. Fayer's house is equally a battered ruin. In its first floor, roofless and forlorn, its front torn open by shot, and the pillars of its window jagged into fantastic fragments, is the room in which Sir Henry Havelock died, exposed to fire to the very last. At the top of the slope of the avenue, and on the left front of the Residency building as we

approach it—on what, indeed, was once the lawn—has been raised an artificial mound, its slopes covered with flowering shrubs, its summit bearing the monumental obelisk on the pedestal of which is the terse, appropriate inscription :—“In memory of Major General Sir Henry Lawrence and the brave men who fell in defence of the Residency. *Si monumentum, quaeris, Circumspice!*” Beyond this lies the scathed and blighted ruin of the Residency House, once a large and imposing structure, now so utterly wrecked and shivered that one wonders how the crumbling reddish grey walls are kept erect. The verandah was battered down, and much of the front of the building lies bodily open, the structure being supported on the battered and distorted pillars, assisted by great baulks of wood. Entering by the left wing, I pass down a winding stair into the bowels of the earth, till I reach the spacious and lofty vaults or *tykhana* under the building. Here, the place affording comparative safety, lived immured the women of the garrison, the soldiers’ wives, half-caste females, the wives of the meaner civilians, and their children. The poor creatures were seldom allowed to come up to the surface, lest they should come in the way of the shot which constantly lacerated the whole area, and few visitors were allowed access to them. Veritably they were in a dungeon. Provisions were lowered down to them from the window-orifices near the roof of the vaulting, and there were days when the firing was so heavy that orders were given to them not even to rise from their beds on the floor. For shot occasionally found a way even into the *tykhana*; you may see the holes it made in penetrating. The miserables were billeted off ten in a room, and there they lived, without sweepers, baths, dhobies, or any of the comforts which the climate makes necessities. Here in these dungeons children were born, only for the most part to die. Ascending another staircase I pass through some rooms in which lived (and died) some of the ladies of the garrison, and passing from the left wing by a shattered corridor am able to look up into the room in which Sir Henry Lawrence received his death wound. Access to it is impossible by reason of the tottering condition of the structure; and turning away I clamber up the worn staircase in the shot-riven tower, on the summit of which still stands the flagstaff on which were hoisted the signals with which the garrison were wont to communicate with the Ahumbagh. The walls of the staircase and the flat roof of the tower are scratched and written all over with the names of visitors; many of the names are those of natives, but more are those of British soldiers, who have occasionally added a piece of their mind in characteristically strong language.

I set out on a pilgrimage under the still easily traceable contour of the entrenchment. Passing "Sam Lawrence's Battery" above what was the water gate, I traverse the projecting tongue at the end of which stood the "Redan Battery," whose fire swept the river face up to the iron bridge. Returning, and passing the spot where "Evans's Battery" stood, I find myself in the churchyard, in a slight depression of the ground. Of the church, which was itself a defensive post, not one stone remains on another, and the mutineers hacked to pieces the ground of the churchyard. The ground is now neatly enclosed and ornamentally planted, and is studded with many monuments, few of which speak the truth which profess to cover the dust of those whom they commemorate. There are the regimental monuments of the 5th Madras Fusiliers, the 84th (360 men besides officers), the Royal Artillery, the 90th (a long list of officers and 271 men). The monument of the 1st Madras Fusiliers bears the names of Neill, Stephenson, Renard, and Arnold, and commemorates a loss of 352 men. There is a monument to Mr. Polehampton, the exemplary chaplain, and hard by a plain slab bears the inscription, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty: may the Lord have mercy on his soul!" words dictated by himself on his death bed. Other monuments commemorate Captain Graham of the Bengal Cavalry and two children, Mr. Fairhurst, the Roman Catholic chaplain, Major Banks, Captain Fulton, of the 32nd, who earned the title of "defender of Lucknow;" Lucas, the travelling Irish gentleman, who served as a volunteer and fell in the last sortie; Captain Becher, Captain Moorsom, poor Bensley Thornhill, and his young daughter, "Mrs. Elizabeth Arne, burnt with a shell-ball during the siege," Lieutenant Cunliffe, Mr. Ommaney the Judicial Commissioner, and others. The nameless hillocks of poor Jack Private are plentiful, for here were buried many of those who fell in the final capture: and there are children's graves. Interments take place still. I saw a freshly-made grave; but only those are entitled to a last resting-place here who were among the beleaguered during the long defence. I have seen the medal for the defence of Lucknow on the bosom of a man who was a child in arms at the time of the siege, and such a one would have the right to claim interment in this doubly hallowed ground.

From the churchyard I pass out along the narrow neck to that forlorn-hope post, "Innes' Garrison," and along the western face of the entrenchment by the sides of the sheep-house and the slaughter, to Gubbins's post. The mere foundations of the house are visible which the stout *civilian* so gallantly defended, and the famous tree,

gradually pruned to a mere stump by the enemy's fire, is no longer extant. Along the southern face of the position there are no buildings which are not ruined. Seikh Square, the Brigade Mess House, and the Martiniere boys' post, are alike represented by fragmentary grey walls, shivered with shot, and shored up here and there by beams. The rooms of the Begum Kothie, near the centre of the position, are still laterally entire, but roofless. The walls of this structure are exceptionally thick, and here many of the ladies of the garrison were quartered. All around the Residency position the native houses, which at the time of the siege crowded close up on the entrenchment, are now destroyed; and, indeed, the native town has been curtailed into comparatively small dimensions, and is entirely separated from the area in which the houses of the station are built.

Quitting the Residency, I drive westward by the river side, over the site of the Captan Bazaar, past the iron bridge and the Nawab's bridge, past also that huge fortified heap the Muchee Bawn, till I reach the beautiful enclosure in which the Great Inambara stands. This majestic structure—part temple, part convent, part palace, and now part fortress—dominates the whole terrain, and from its lofty flat roof one looks down on the plain, where the weekly *hát* or market is being held, on the gardens and mansions across the river, and southward upon the dense mass of houses which constitute the native city. Sentries promenaded the battlements of the Muchee Bawn and the Inambara, and batteries of great guns frowned out across the cleared plain on the city. The great Hall of the Inambara—an apartment to which, for space and height, I know none in Europe comparable—is now used as an arsenal, and here are stored the great siege guns which William Peel plied with such great skill and gallantry. Just outside the Inambara, on the edge of the *maidan* between it and the Moosa-bagh, I come on a little railed churchyard, where rest a few British soldiers who fell during Lord Clyde's final operations in this direction. Then, with a sweep across the plain to the south, and by a slight ascent, I reach the gate of the city which opens into the *Chowk* or principal street—the street traversed in disguise by the dauntless Kavanagh when he went out from the garrison to convey information, and afford guidance to Sir Colin Campbell on his first advance. The gate-house is held by a strong force of native policemen, armed as if they were soldiers; and as I pass the guard I stand in the *Chowk* itself, in the midst of a throng of gaily clad male pedestrians, women in chintz trousers, laden donkeys, multitudinous children, and still more multitudinous

stinks. All down both sides the fronts of the lower stories are open, and in the recesses sit merchants displaying paltry jewellery, slippers, pipes, turban cloths, and Manchester stuffs of the gaudiest patterns. This main street of Lucknow has been called "The Street of Silver," but I could find little among its jewellery either of silver or of gold. The first floors all have balconies, and on these sit draped bare-footed women of Rahab's profession. The women of Lucknow are fairer and handsomer, and the men bolder and more stalwart than in Bengal; and it takes no great penetration to discern that Lucknow is still ruled by fear and not by love.

It remained for me still to *exploiter* the scenes of the route by which Lord Clyde came in on both his advances; but to do justice to these would demand separate articles. Let me begin the hasty sketch at the Dilkoosha Palace, two miles and more away to the east of the Residency; for on both occasions the Dilkoosha was his base. Wajid Ali's twenty-foot wall has now given place to an earthen embankment surrounding a beautiful pleasure park, and there are now smooth green slopes instead of the dense forest through which Clyde's soldiers marched on their turning movement. On a swell in the midst of the park, commanding a view of the fantastic architecture of the Martiniere down by the tank, stands the gaunt ruin of the once trim and dainty Dilkoosha Palace, or rather garden house. From one of the pepper-box turrets up there Lord Clyde directed the attack on the Martiniere in his ultimate operation; and here it was that, as Dr. Russell tells us, a round shot dispersed his staff on the adjacent leads. After quietude was restored the Dilkoosha was the head-quarters for a time of Sir Hope Grant, but now it has been allowed to fall into decay, although the garden in rear of it is prettily kept up. On the reverse slope behind the Dilkoosha was the camp in one of the tents of which Havelock died. We drive down the gentle slope once traversed at a rushing double by the Black Watch on their way to carry the Martiniere, past the great tank, out of the centre of which rises the tall column to the memory of Claude Martine, and reach the entrance of the fantastic building which he built, in which he was buried, and which bears his name. We see at the angle of the northern wing the slope up which the gun was run which played so heavily on the Dilkoosha up on the wooded knoll there. The Martiniere is now, as it was before the Mutiny, a college for European boys, and the young fellows are playing on the terraces. Grotesque stone statues are in niches and along the tops of the balconies; you may see on them the marks of the bullets which the honest fellows of the Black Watch

fired at them, taking them for Bandies. I go down into a vault, and see the tomb of Claude Martine; but it is empty, for the mutineers desecrated his grave, and scattered his bones to the winds of heaven. Then I make for the roof, through the dormitories of the boys, and past fantastic stone griffins and lions and Gorgons, till I reach the top of the tower and touch the flagstaff from which in the relief was given the answering signal to that hoisted on the tower of the Residency. I stand in the niches where the mutineer marksmen used to sit with their hookahs and take pot shots at the Dilkoosha. I look down to the eastward on the Goomtee, and note the spot where Outram crossed on that flank movement which would have been so much more successful than it was had he been permitted to drive it home. To the north-east, beyond the topes, is the battle-ground of Chinhute, where Lawrence received so terrible a reverse at the beginning of the siege. Due north is the Koodrail viaduct, which Outram cleared with the Rifles and the 79th, and in whose vicinity Jung Bahadour, the crafty and bloodthirsty generalissimo of Nepaul, "co-operated" by a demonstration, which never became anything more. And to the west there lie stretched out before me the domes, minarets, and spires of Lucknow, rising above the foliage in which their bases are hidden; and the routes of Clyde in the relief and the capture. The rays of the afternoon sun are stirring into colour the dusky grey of the Secunderbagh, and of the Nuddun Rusoot, or "Grave of the Prophet," used as a powder magazine by the rebels. Below me on the lawn of the Martiniere is the big gun—one of Claude Martine's casting—which did the rebels so much service at the other angle of the Martiniere, and which was spiked at last by two of Peel's naval brigade, who swam the Goomtee for the purpose. That little enclosure slightly to the left front surrounds "all that can die" of that strange mixture of high spirit, cool daring, and weak principle, the famous chief of Hodson's Horse. By Hodson's side lies Captain da Costa of the 56th N. I., attached to Brazier's Seikhs. Of this officer is told that, having lost many relatives in the butchery of Cawnpore, he joined the regiment likeliest to be in the front of the Lucknow fighting, and fell by one of the first shots fired in the assault on the Kaiser-bagh.

Descending from the Martiniere tower, I traverse the park to the westward, passing the grave of Captain Otway Mayne, cross the dry canal along which are still visible the heaps of earth which mark the stupendous post line of the rebels' defences, and bending to the left reach the Secunderbagh. This famous place was a pleasure garden surrounded with a lofty wall, with turrets at the angles and a

castellated gateway. The interior garden is now waste and forlorn, the rank grass growing breast high in the corners where the slaughter was heaviest. Here in this little enclosure, not bigger than the garden of Bedford Square, 2,000 Sepoys died the death at the hands of the 93rd, the 53rd, and the 4th Punjaubees. Their common grave is under the low mound on the other side of the road. The loopholes stand as they were left by the mutineers when our fellows came bursting in through the ragged breach made in the reverse side from the main entrance by Peel's guns. Further on—that is nearer to the Residency—I come to the Shah Nujeef, with its strong exterior wall enclosing the domed temple in its centre. It is still easy to trace the marks of the breach made in the angle of the wall by Peel's battering guns, and the tree is still standing up which Salmon, Southwell, and Harrison climbed in response to his proffer of the Victoria Cross. Opposite the Shah Nujeef white girls are playing on the lawn of that castellated building, for the Koorsheyd Munzil, on the top of which Garnet Wolseley hoisted the British flag in the face of a *feu d'enfer*, is now a seminary for the daughters of Europeans. A little beyond, on the plain in front of the Motee Mahal, is the spot where Campbell met Outram and Havelock—a spot which methinks might well be marked by a monument; and after this I lose my reckoning by reason of the extent of the demolition, and am forced to resort to guess-work as to the precise localities.



AL LYN SAHIB.

BY FRANK PERCIVAL.

BOOK I.

Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides ;
But her ears are vexed with the roar, and her face with the foam of the tides.

CHAPTER I.

What shapest thou here at the World ? 'Tis shapen long ago,
The Maker shaped it, *He* thought it best even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go, follow its best,
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest,
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

“**M**AN is a sun, his senses are the planets,” says Novalis. And Captain Bagot, stumbling upon this in the pages of the “Asiatic,” forthwith applied the theory to himself, but to none other ; ascribing to the orb peculiar brilliancy ; to its satellites the most exquisite lustre.

At the present time the *habitués* of the Army and Navy Club are under eclipse of this shining light. But he is daily expected in Wales, where his gallant exploits during the fiery ordeal of the Indian rebellion cannot fail to glorify him in the minds of all who believe in them.

Some years ago, in the spring, when sweet anemones blush and tremble in copse and thicket, he had walked in one fine morning to his brother's house, Plas Madoc, leading by the hand his little daughter Enone, a pale, lily-like maiden, whom he had brought from India to place in the care of his sister-in-law.

Providence had lent him but this one bud, and that must have been upon the express understanding that she should become the guide, philosopher, and friend of her cousin Emily.

The edification of which four-year-old maiden must have proceeded at rapid strides while listening to the wonderful tales that came to light about “Pet Tota” and a gold-spotted pink frock ; or “Tilwah,” that Alyn always bought her at the Dewarlee, and called “snow in

moonshine." From the proud and lofty height of six years old CEnone hugely patronised her little cousin Emily.

"When I have learnt *all* my lessons in England I shall go back to mamma and marry Alyn. Mamma says 'Nonsense'; but I can say 'Nonsense' too. Alyn never says 'No' to me. So of course he won't when I ask him to marry me."

It was quite clear that Alyn, whoever he might be, held a high place in CEnone's estimation, higher even than her gold-spotted frock or the wonderful parrot "Tota."

But years have elapsed since that time. "Tota" has given up the ghost; and the spotted pink article, reduced in dimensions, has gone to swell the *trousseau* of Mary Glenelg's doll.

So that, as befits the unity of the triad, Alyn's image has also disappeared, or, at most, holds a precarious place in a dreamy memory.

And in order that the vacuum may be filled which Nature abhors to such an extent that it matters little to her with what material she fills it, Eustace, Emily's brother, cropping up from school and college, has been permitted to step in and supply the exigency of the situation.

Not unlike two scorixæ which, issuing from a crater, fall into the same stream, and continue their course side by side for miles, these two had floated down a portion of life's current with little perceptible divergences on Eustace's part, and none on hers, until the period had now arrived—the day even being fixed—for their marriage; for the commencement of that wedded happiness that Keon-Lwan, the Indian girl, envied the butterflies.

September has again produced a splendid day, after the cold of the last week or two; the air being of that pure, clear kind that lifts you out of yourself and suggests the possibility—given only the courage to make the attempt—of soaring away bodily over sea and land, stealing a peep at those we love, and then hieing back, jubilant, manna-fed, strengthened for the day's stern duties, with face radiant, as though we had talked with angels.

But to return to common sense.

A gentle breeze ruffles the bay, and heaps up wave after wave with frosted silver, as CEnone and Emily proceed to take their morning bath.

CEnone adores the water, disporting in it like a water-ousel. Often has Emily to caution her against going out too far. So it happened to-day.

"Nonsie, dear, not so far. You are just where the sands shelve so much. Come back!"

(Enone took the liberty of not seeing it just at present. But after a while, throwing herself on an advancing wavelet's crest of dancing, shimmering foam, she floated towards her cousin with the saucy greeting:

"What a muff you are, Nem: just as if there were the slightest danger! I half thought of swimming out to the Liverpool packet; it will be in directly. Perhaps Eustace may come that way—who knows? They would stop to pick me up, don't you think? Only fancy! (Bah! how the salt sticks in one's eyes in the autumn!) Just fancy the windfall it would be to that most everlastingly dreary *Llandudno Herald*:—'Narrow Escape of a Young Lady while Bathing! Rescue by her Bridegroom Elect!' Followed by half a yard of notes of admiration. Would not that brother of yours jump into a hero all at once?"

"And would not this cousin of mine become a blushing maiden, all at once, on board the *Argus* in her present costume?"

"Spiteful little puss! you are jealous already of my popularity."

"Oh, celebrity! Grace Darling's exploit would be nothing to it! I'm going in, dear. Don't be long."

"Just one plunge into this splendid wave coming."

On emerging from the bathing-machine the two girls set off at a brisk pace round the Orme's Head, turning off, however, before long, towards the top of the cliff, where, heated and tired, they soon drop down on an accommodating mound, whose form and locality are ominously suggestive of having been removed by the "twlwyth-teg" from the adjacent churchyard.

"Oh, Nonsie, dear, I never was so hungry," exclaims Emily, remorsefully; "and what do you think? I have forgotten the sandwiches."

"Then, Nem, you will certainly be the death of me, for I am worse than hungry—I feel quite faint."

And, in the midst of this lugubrious prophecy, Enone produces a sandwich-case of no mean pretensions, which is welcomed by a ringing little laugh, and its contents slowly, but with settled purpose, consumed.

"You are such a dear thoughtful darling, Nonsie. Whatever I shall do without you, I don't know. Just fancy! only three days more!"

"But you will have Polly Baring, Nem; and what can your little heart require more?"

"Don't tease me, there's a dear. I want a great deal more. I want you. Polly Baring cannot make up for *you*."

"That is news. Do you know—I don't mind telling you now—it has come into my head more than once to be jealous of her?"

"You ridiculous child! As if I did not love you that ocean-full better than Polly Baring. And apart from that, a girl is no earthly use to her friends when she is engaged."

"Then how about when she is married? I suppose that is worse; so that I may expect you to pay me a duty visit once a year, and get up duty practisings, as you do at Aunt Chrissy's, eh, Nem?"

"I am very good at Aunt Chrissy's. I never practise more than five hours a day; and when I have to get up new music to last for six months, till I go again, I cannot do it under. Besides, there is nothing else you can do to get over the time. I cannot exactly say 'Aunt Chrissy, your place is so beastly dull, I am obliged to spend half my time at the piano.' At home, where things are pleasanter, it is altogether different. Oh, but didn't I make her stare one day. She had been laying down the law how every hour of the day ought to be passed; and at last I got savage, and asked her how she would get on in heaven if she could not order the angels about. And it's quite true; how it ever can be heaven to her without, I don't see."

"Poor Aunt Chrissy! She is painfully narrow-minded: but then she cannot help herself. I can never quite decide whether I like her or not. She hates me most cordially, I know; but that is no earthly reason why I should return the compliment. Then it is settled you are content to come and see me once a year, Nemie?"

"Once a year. Yes, providing I stay six months. I don't fancy Eustace would give me notice to quit. Because there is no fear of married people not seeing enough of each other. Of course a sister is not much, but men rather like a visitor about at times. It gives a pleasant sort of salty flavour to things. Don't you think so?"

"I think this, that you have been cogitating as usual, Nem. Oh, do look at that bit of wavy cloud round the crest of the mountain. Could anything be more perfect? And how gloriously clear the air is. See, there are the Cumberland hills. Poor me! I shall never like any place half so well as this my first English home, and this dear 'old Head.'"

"The dear 'old Head' wants one thing at this moment though, and that is a fairies' well or some other. If those old Romans had had any sense in their noddles they would have managed it somehow. But perhaps *they did*. They must have got thirsty enough

over their stupid old copper-mines. I am not surprised at Eustace carrying a pocket-flask about with him if he ever gets as thirsty as I am now."

"Oh, don't say that, Nemie—it is a shocking habit. I wish I could make him leave it off."

"It is my opinion he never will—I have tried him times enough. Well perhaps he will, dear, for you. Ah me, it would be a great deal harder to bear if I were giving you up to any one else."

"Dear Eustace! I hope he will be good to me. But remember, I do not start by thinking him the impersonation of every manly virtue under the sun, as his sister just now seems inclined to do."

"You mistake me altogether. That is not what I think at all. What I mean is that he *needs* you to keep him straight. "If all the best people were to go pairing off together, what would become of the feeble vacillating herd left?"

"A most charming inference. An earnest, right-principled girl, then, is to marry a shallow-pated ne'er-do-well. And the nice clever fellows are to get only feeble-minded inanities. I disapprove."

"Ah, it is just the sort of thing you goody folks like, dragging people up out of the mire."

"Don't you think Eustace might appreciate the argument if you rehearsed it with him? Ah, do remind me to call at Woodcock's about my carte. He will be so angry if he sees it in the window again."

"Then why didn't he go and tell the people himself, and not leave it for you to do? I do hope, Nonsie, you won't give way to him in everything. For it won't improve his disposition if you do. How plainly we can hear the people below."

"Yes, the air is so clear. But they really must be talking very loud. I suppose we ought to be getting home now, Nem. I shall not be able to come up here again, and so I must say good-bye to it. I think the scene never looked more lovely. Livingstone says of some African place that it might have been gazed on by angels in their flight. I am sure this might. And with a very considerable longing on their part, too, to have a dip."

"Nonsie, they are quarrelling."

"The angels?"

"No, the people below. I am sure they are. And hark, that's a woman's scream. No, don't." And she laid a detaining hand on her cousin's arm. "If they see you perhaps they will be rude."

And catching a glimpse of a little Welsh child, Emily ran off *saying—*

“There may be a hut nearer than I thought. And they are bound to have water I should think. I’ll see if we can get some.”

Instead of following her CEnone walked to the edge of the cliff. And when Emily stopped and looked round to see if she were not coming too, she was amazed at seeing her stagger a few paces, and fall heavily to the ground.

At her side in an instant, she lifted CEnone’s head upon her lap, took off her hat, rubbed her hands, and then endeavoured to attract towards her the little Welsh child, who no sooner found herself in request than she departed promptly out of sight.

Here was a predicament. Emily had not much experience in fainting-fits, but she had a vague idea that water was indispensable. So gently depositing her cousin’s head on her own rolled up jacket, she set off in search of some; but not a trace of child, hut, or water could she come across. And afraid of going too far from her cousin she retraced her steps, to find CEnone in a sitting posture adjusting her hat and anxious to return home.

Although dying to ask a hundred questions, Emily refrained, seeing her cousin look so pale and ill; and coming upon a crowd of people congregated for some purpose at the corner of Church Walks, CEnone proposed that they should separate, as it would be easier to thread the way alone.

They did so, and Emily, after waiting some time for her cousin, trotted off home, thinking that perhaps she had gone round by Woodcock’s about her carte de visite, and would be home before her.

CHAPTER II.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights,
And by your passions I read all your nature,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

NAT. LEE.

It was somewhere about four o’clock when the bridegroom-elect arrived in a car from Conway, Emily being the first to welcome him, rushing into his arms and lavishing upon him much sisterly endearment. Mrs. Bagot, as behoved an orthodox British matron who remembered the ceremony to follow in three days’ time, proceeded to the shedding of tears; while his father, after the first “How do, my boy?” gazed at him with rickety sentiments of pride and misgiving, and thought “how very much that style of beard became him; and would he be a better boy now that he was going to be married?”

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An impatient inquiry from Eustace as to "Where's CEnone?" was followed by his instantly leaving the room in search of her, and Emily, somewhat loth, was impelled to flit after him with the comforting assurance that she was not in the house.

"Not at home! You expected me, I suppose? You got my letter?"

"Yes, yes; of course. I expect her in every minute. Some one must have detained her. Only I should have thought she would have been glad to get back, not being at all well."

"Awfully important business, I should think, to send her dancing out alone."

"She did not go out alone. We went to bathe, of course, and then on to the Head. And there was a woman screaming; and whether it frightened her, or what, I cannot think. But" —

"A woman screaming! A gull more likely. And so you made bigger fools of yourselves than usual, I suppose, by going staring about after nothing at all."

"Just the contrary. We sat as still as mice. And, Eustace, I have been thinking ever since, it was very wrong of us. But it is so lonely up there; and I was afraid" —

"Afraid because the place was quiet, and you heard a gull scream? I do think, Emily, you are the biggest idiot out."

"Thank you! You have brought your usual stock of compliments with you. It is no great wonder my being frightened, that I see, when CEnone fainted."

"Fainted! CEnone fainted? On the top of the Head? What time was that? I mean, had you been out long and got tired, or anything? Tell me all about it, Nem. Quick; there's a good girl!"

"I have told you all there is to tell; except that we missed each other in a crowd, and I have not seen her since. You had better go now and dress for dinner. You will have none too much time."

"You say positively you neither of you moved, so it wasn't looking over the cliff and turning giddy made her faint."

"She may have looked over for what I know. The place where she fell was certainly nearer the edge of the cliff than where we had been sitting. But it would not make her faint if she did."

"A minute ago you told me you never moved, either of you, and now you say that very likely she went and looked over, but you don't know."

"I don't know. I was dying of thirst, and I ran to catch a little Welsh child. I wanted some water; and when I looked round for CEnone, there she was, just falling."

“What do you think of these brown bags, Nem? Why, I declare they just match the festoonery on your dress. I was rather taken with them, but they have got so precious dirty coming over. I think I’ll send them to Holt’s to be cleaned.”

“They look to me as if they were just new on.”

“Very much new on, when I have worn nothing else for this week past. Where’s the mater? I shall hear what she has got to say.”

“How stupid you are, Eu. What has come over you?”

“The d—l, I think, and all his imps at once.”

Sotto voce this, as he left the room, and by no means intended for his sister’s ears; only that the young lady’s ears happened to be very wide awake. And never doubting that his ill temper arose from vexation at CEnone’s absence, Emily put on her hat and set off in search of her.

Meanwhile Eustace Bagot seemed bent on rendering the house uncomfortable to the utmost of his ability, by repeated applications to the bell-pull, shouting instructions to the servants from the top of the stairs, and the like.

“Hayes, ask Mrs. Bagot to lend me her keys. Cannot find mine. Don’t see my gun-case about. Confound it; if you have left it in that Conway car you’ll have to go and fetch it. Look if it is in the hall.”

“No.”

“Then, by Jove, you—— Oh! it is here. Now then, this way, sharp’s the word. I say, Hayes, how does the cellar stand affected?”

“Locked, sir.”

“News that. What do you mean?”

“New lock since you were here last, sir.”

“Humph. Well, go and get a bottle at the ‘Royal.’ And, Hayes, if those jades ask where you are going, tell them to get patent blacking. And, look here, you have not brought up my boots. Stop, these brown bags must get a better taste of the brush than you are in the habit of giving them as a rule. There, get along with them, they are as full of dust as a Dublin shandredhan.”

And by the time this Hyperion had daintily attired himself, got through his Havannah, and assumed his drawing-room smile of confectionery sweetness, tired little Emily had returned from her vain quest after her cousin CEnone, just made a hasty toilet, and was now explaining over again to her father how she had missed CEnone in the morning and had found no trace of her since.

So immaculate a get-up deserved a better fate, no doubt, and *Hyperion’s appetite fell accordingly.* Or, perhaps the “pat”

blackening" may have disagreed with him. At any rate, he was as sulky as a bear one minute, and the next as loquacious as an ape.

It occurred to Emily, during dinner, that perhaps (Enone had gone to the Barings; that she might have been seized with the idea of wishing good-bye to Lucy, who was too great an invalid to come to the wedding.

But when Mr. Bagot suggested to Eustace that it would be as well for him to go and see, he was met by the filial response,

"Confound it, no, I am deuced tired, and in no mood to be grinned at for a spoon. Nemie will be delighted to go and see her charming Polly. Won't you, Nem?"

"Emily is tired if you like," interposed her father, with less limpness than usual. "It is you who should go, and none other."

"All right, governor. Hand over the decanter. Here's to her health. And to the deuce with all fainting-fits."

This latter aspiration to himself, as he passed into the hall, also,

"I wonder if it has anything to do with——. She is a good plucked 'un. What if I were to say to her——. Bah! am I going to turn driveller? Never! come what may."

And a violent bang of the door cut off the rest of the interesting monologue.

Returning, at length, after a fruitless search, Eustace, as he was about to enter the house, was accosted by the boatman Glenelg, who, touching his sou' wester, asked,

"Ha' ye seen our Mary to-day, Mr. Eustace? She was gone out before any of us was up this morning; and I should like to know what has 'come of her."

"Have you gone mad lately, Glenelg? It is clear to me you've no business to be at large. How should I be likely to see your daughter? To say nothing of not having been two hours in the place!"

"More unlikely things might happen. You went and turned the girl's head with your fine speeches and palavering. And there's my mate, Joe Blair, as would have made her as good a husband as ever lived, can't get a civil word out of her. But he swears he won't do another stroke of work 'till she's found, for all that."

"Enough of this. And look you here, Glenelg, make a jabber about my 'fine speeches,' as you call them, and it will be considerably the worse for you. You may go and chop up your boats for fire-wood for all the use they'll be to you. Keep a still tongue in your head, and perhaps you may find it worth your while. Not that it matters a straw to me, only a fellow doesn't care to have that sort of *thing raked up* just as he is going to be married.

And Mr. Eustace Bagot, his handsome countenance slightly perturbed, re-entered the house.

It was now getting late, and Miss Bagot's prolonged absence had become alarming. So much so that Mr. Bagot determined on going to talk over the matter with Police-sergeant Perry. And upon Eustace declining to accompany him, he set out alone.

He was still closeted with the police-sergeant when a boy burst into the room, exclaiming,

"Oh! father, you are wanted. 'There's been a'——"

And then, seeing a white troubled-looking stranger, he had the presence of mind to stop short. But at the same time gave his father such an appealing glance that with a hasty word of apology to Mr. Bagot, the sergeant followed his impetuous son into the kitchen; all the more promptly, possibly, from having jumped to the conclusion that John's business might have something to do with Mr. Bagot's. And as this gentleman had already pledged himself to a liberal course of action, Sergeant Perry beheld, as he thought, a speedy termination to a lucrative stroke of business.

But John Perry's heart, though constructed, no doubt, upon the recognised rules of hydraulics, and all its great tubes duly furnished with the ordinary mechanical contrivances of valves, &c., differed somewhere notwithstanding from that of most men of his profession. And when, at the conclusion of the interview with his son John, he again confronted Mr. Bagot's anxious face, this organ beat lustily as Thor's hammer against his breast. Nor was its propelling power at all influenced by anticipations of his own loss or gain.

In Mr. Bagot's eyes the police officer's altered manner was anything but pleasant. A minute ago the man was all sympathy and deference; and now he had become a fussy, opiated person, too much engaged to trouble about hunting up missing young ladies, and to whom Mr. Bagot, one of the oldest and most influential residents in the place, was simply a bore to be got rid of with all possible promptitude and despatch.

"If Mr. Bagot would give him time, say a couple of hours, he would think it well over, and call and let Mr. Bagot know the result."

And Mr. John Perry proceeded to open the door before his visitor had relinquished the ease of his Windsor arm-chair.

Mr. Bagot's wits were in as complete a state of obfuscation as they had ever been in in his life, and that is saying not a little.

"Two hours to consider! Absurd. Nothing of the kind. I am to be put off till he chooses to attend to me. That is all. While he gets his supper, I should not wonder. And what a hurry he was in; *it will be some time before I trouble him with a visit again.*"

But by the time Mr. Bagot arrived home, much of this feeling had worn off, and as little rancour existed in his mind towards John Perry as though raspberry jam had usurped the place of grey nuclei in the recesses of his brain.

As a modest ring was heard about half-past ten it was not unnatural to suppose that it heralded the sergeant's visit; although it was still within the time agreed upon by that officer. It turned out, however, to be the boatman Glenelg, who, fortified by copious libations at the "Three Bells," had determined on having it out with "Master Eustace," and for this purpose had stormed the enemy's stronghold and effected an entrance. But Hayes bade fair to be a match for him, standing his ground, and roundly asserting that young Mr. Bagot had gone to bed long ago. Whereupon ensued such a volley of threats and fierce invectives that Mrs. Bagot, having failed in inducing her son to move, got up to ascertain for herself the cause of the tumult.

This was conclusive, even to Eustace Bagot; and "pulling himself together," with the air of being superlatively bored, he sauntered from the room, calling to Hayes to "show the man into the den."

This apartment had the advantage of double doors, and was, moreover, situated at the back of the house. But even these circumstances could not prevent the sounds of a stormy altercation reaching the drawing-room, and when the doors were eventually opened and a forcible ejection of the boatman took place, it was sufficiently evident that the interview had not been a very amicable one.

Mr. Bagot naturally asked his son for an explanation, but all he got for reply was that "the man was drunk, and surely he was not called upon to go over a maniac's ravings?"

The temperature was becoming warm, when, with a peculiar sinuosity of voice, as if he too had proclivities towards "patent blacking," Hayes announced "Mr. Perry."

"You have brought news of my niece, I hope, Mr. Perry?" asked Mrs. Bagot, with nervous anxiety.

"No, ma'am. No news at all, I am happy to say."

"You appear to me strangely to underrate the importance of the subject, Perry," said Mr. Bagot. "It can scarcely be a matter of congratulation to us to have no news of my niece."

"I know, sir. I didn't mean that. But there has been a"——

And John Perry made just as sudden a halt as his son and heir had done a couple of hours previously.

More convinced than ever of the correctness of his suspicions, Mr. Bagot adjourned to the bell-rope. The unconscious sergeant sat on, immovable as Fate.

Having got rid of a huskiness, he proceeded to explain :

"When I said I was glad to bring you no news, sir, my meaning was this : If you remember, my little boy called me away while I was talking to you. He wouldn't have done that, though he was sent to tell me to make haste, only he thought, as I did when I heard it, that it might be one and the same thing. But it wasn't, sir. It's that I am glad about ; for his news was very bad. A poor girl had come to her death—off the Head, it was thought. And how could I know, sir, but it was your niece 'till I had been and seen? Though if it had, how I could have come to you to-night is more nor I can say."

Mr. Bagot got up and paced the room, perhaps a little conscience-smitten. At length—

"There can, of course, be no mistake about this matter, Perry? You say you have seen——?"

"I have seen and identified it, sir. And so has her own mother. It is the daughter—step-daughter, so they say—of the boatman Glenelg. She was always called Glenelg."

"Mary Glenelg!" observed Mrs. Bagot. "Why her father was in the house not half an hour ago. Then he could not have known of it, Eustace? How very dreadful! Ah, you were going to tell us, Eustace, just as Perry came in, what he came for."

"I am not aware of it. He has lost some fishing-tackle of mine. But why he should come here drunk to make a row about it is more than I know."

"And of course he had not yet heard about his daughter?"

"Well, now I come to think of it, he did say she had been away from home all day. But as she is a girl to go to fairs and that kind of thing, I don't think it troubled him much."

"Poor fellow! I am very sorry, very sorry indeed!" put in Mrs. Bagot. "If he calls again, Eustace, I should like to see him."

Eustace grunted something to the effect that he was not likely to call again in a hurry. And Perry, as he took his departure, having delivered himself of the opinion that nothing more could be done till the morning, the only thing satisfactory was to go to bed.

Alone in her room, Emily gave way to a violent fit of weeping. The fatigues of the day had been too much for her, and her excited brain refused to disentangle from the web of her cousin's fate either

Perry's sad tidings or the screams that had rent the still air in the morning.

Calmer thoughts, however, succeeded, and, taking up her station at the window, she gazed up and down the road with eager longing to see her cousin's well-known figure come tripping along it.

"Where could she be?" she asked herself for the hundredth time; and, "oh, why had she so foolishly, weakly left her? Had she overlooked any one likely to take possession of her in any way, either for dinner or to stay the night? Had she acted on the impulse of going off to 'make friends,' before her marriage, with Aunt Chrissy? Or had she again fainted?"

Hypotheses these that brought not a moment's consolation with them; Miss Bagot being too well known not to have been brought home without an instant's delay, while the fact of her staying out alone, and especially on the day that Eustace was expected, appeared to Emily, in the absence of accident, a simple impossibility.

Then, as regards Aunt Chrissy, putting aside a four-mile walk, C enone would never have gone to her in a "morning print," a slight that the exacting old lady would have been the last to forgive any one, and least of all "that haughty, self-willed Indian girl," who, not being cut out according to her own skimmed pattern, of course possessed no virtue or excellence of any kind.

As the hall clock struck one Emily reluctantly turned from the window, and, throwing a plaid around her, lay down on the bed, prepared to rush to the door on the smallest provocation.

But though her auricular powers had been as good as those of Clustfain ap Clustfeinydd, "who could hear the sound of the dew-drop in June falling from the grass-stalk in the four corners of the world," they were bound at last to succumb to a restless slumber, out of which she was presently awakened, and, on going to the window, she recognised by the faint glimmer of the street lamp the boatman Glenelg, who, with his arms raised in an attitude of menace was invoking, apparently for the edification of his companion, deep curses on the head of "that scoundrel Eustace Bagot."

CHAPTER III.

Swing on, old pendulum of the world,
For ever and for ever
Keeping the time of suns and stars,
The march that endeth never.

Your monotone speaks joy and grief,
And failure and endeavour :
Swing on, old pendulum, to and fro,
For ever and for ever.

BEFORE the hour for breakfast, Emily had satisfactorily settled it in her own mind that it was no mission of hers to proclaim on the house-tops those vagaries of Glenelg's that had chanced to come before her in the watches of the night. By which decision it may be suspected that in the hold of her foolish little heart there lay huddled together a huge cargo of sympathy for the poor boatman.

A good deal of hope had hung on the morning's letters, but they failed to gratify it. One spiteful little thing instead even added to the tribulation by announcing the coming of that brilliant Phoebus Captain Bagot in the afternoon.

This was particularly pleasant and exhilarating, as, in case the haughty, self-willed Indian girl declined to appear before the arrival of the 3.20 train, the haughty, self-willed Indian magnate might be expected to come down upon the family with the fury of an intoxicated cyclone.

But an adventurous individual promptly volunteered to bear the brunt of the first meeting by taking the pony-chaise and meeting his uncle and future father-in-law at the Conway station.

Llandudno trains as yet were in the womb of Time.

It was now half-past ten, but Eustace, having "some business to do at Conway," elected to start at once.

To the remonstrances made to the effect that long before three o'clock Enone might return, and her father be saved the anxiety about her, he replied :

"So much the better. Good capital that. Whereas, if I wait till two o'clock it may be gone. And I shall have nothing to work upon."

This much he got his own way. Then he called on Perry, whose communications, however, were not of paramount importance. The search that had been made at daybreak had resulted merely in the discovery of the sandwich-case, supposed to have been left on the ground by the young ladies the day before.

This article, fortunately or not, Eustace was able to identify.

"And, sir," added Perry, "if I were to take a line and plummet, and let it drop from where that box was found, down to the foot of the cliff, it wouldn't be a stone's throw from the place where that poor girl of Glenelg's was picked up. You know, sir, that stone, the shape of" —

"I've no doubt this is all deeply interesting, Perry. But *my* business, you understand, refers solely to my cousin's absence. You are making every inquiry, you say, but at present know nothing. That's about it, I think."

And hardly waiting for Perry's brief reply, his impatient highness drove off at a furious pace, until happening to notice that he was attracting universal attention, he drew rein, and proceeding leisurely on his way to Conway, put up at the Castle Hotel.

Billiard tables have often much to answer for, or they are greatly maligned.

While toying on their seductive verdancy, the hours slipped past Eustace Bagot—

As sugar melts in tea away.

So that while the train was overdue, the ponies were still snorting within the luxurious precincts of the stable.

Tossing the ostler half-a-sovereign, Eustace proceeded to inquire what time the car got back from Llandudno yesterday, and whether his gun-case were not left in it; adding:

"Just look it up, Tom, will you, before I come again. You may keep the change. It must have been after dark, then, when David got back. 'Tis to be hoped it isn't lost. Now, look sharp into the station."

"I say, Howel," remarked Tom, the ostler, confidentially to the "help," about to be turned off for the dull season, "if as how ye ever wants to look at a prince of a man—a ra'al gentleman, as there's no mistake about, fore ye goes and buries yerself down there at Machynlleth—jist ye run arter that un, and take a good look at un, so as ye'll knaw 'n again; for ye'll never see his loike till yer comes back to the Castle. And they bain't as plentiful as mussels about here. Now, look alive. I'd do anything for a good un like him."

And the speaker bestowed all his energy on filling his pipe, while Howel Owen leisurely "harnessed the tits."

The train, according to Welsh precedent, being behind time—a mercy for which Eustace was devoutly grateful—shot into the station as he ran down the incline; and thanks to the noticeability of the *Indian nabob*, who between upper and nether masses of fur

displayed the merest segment of face, his affectionate nephew was enabled to reach the carriage door by the time it stopped.

But small as was the space disclosed of the human face divine, the watch-towers of the citadel occupied their due proportion, and their ebon sentinels noted with a scowl that Eustace's delicate attentions must all have been thrown away but for the fortuitous arrival of the train fifteen minutes behind time.

Booking this for future use, the old Bengalee shook hands cordially enough, inquiring after everybody in general, and his daughter in particular. To which questions Eustace replied that they were "all right."

Now, you and I, reader, may have answered in much the same way as this upon occasions, and remembered a moment after that we left our paternal relative agonising in the vicious throes of gout, our sister in bed with scarlet fever, and the whole house, from garret to basement, converted into a hospital.

But while this slight discrepancy on our part would be a mere *lapsus lingue*, it was, I regret to say, on that of Mr. Eustace Bagot, the result of mature deliberation.

Every available nook of the small phaeton being at length packed with *impedimenta* various, they set off—Eustace affecting the laconic, while supposed to be occupied in mind with the subject of driving.

"No fancy had he," he said to himself, "to bear the brunt of the old man's displeasure, to bend to the fury of an overbearing, irresponsible despot whose life had been spent ordering 'niggers' about."

But the Captain's appreciation of the Eastern proverb that "Silence is golden" was not in this instance highly marked; and having absorbed a stray idea to the effect that his nephew's silence had probably originated in some lover's quarrel, he opened fire on the young man, to compel him to show his colours, and asked him why he had not brought *Ænone* with him, this fine September day, adding that the back seat would have done for *him*, old broken-up hulk as *he* was.

"Much he would have esteemed the back seat, or the unwary individual who should have ventured to suggest it," thought Eustace.

"If I thought there was going to be a row I'd get up a smash with the next thing on the road. Confound it! What do I care? He can but get in a rage; and *I* had better not take matters too coolly. So here goes for virtuous indignation."

"Of course I should have liked nothing better than to bring *Ænone*; but she knew I was coming, and then settled to go out all

day. It's not treating a fellow as he has a right to expect under the "——"

"But you say you came over yesterday. I am talking of to-day."

"And so am I. If she didn't see fit to return, I don't see how I could bring her."

"By going to fetch her, man. D—— it! if my daughter is not worth that trouble, the less you have to do with her the better."

"A very uncalled-for inference. If I had not been obliged to get over here early on business, it is probable she might have come with me. Of course she is at home right enough by this time."

"Put those animals along a little faster then, if we are not to be drenched in this confounded rain. A plague upon such a country, where you get sunshine one minute and a waterspout the next."

The most opportune thing in the world, thought Eustace, to drown further discussion, and prevent him getting an inkling of the truth.

But devoutly as he longed to come to the end of this interesting *tête-à-tête*, he was compelled at the Captain's instigation to stop for a few minutes and shelter beneath a couple of stunted oaks, that made an ambitious but futile attempt to adorn the road-side.

Here again the fortune of the morning was against the youth.

At billiards he had signalled himself by the most wretched play, and by losing every bet he made. He had affronted instead of conciliated the nabob, on whom he hung great expectations. And now his evil genius must needs draw within the sphere of operations two luckless pedestrians, who, of all the topics in the world, must needs choose to chatter, like the magpies that they look, about the finding of the "mangled remains of a young lady at the foot of the Orme's Head."

As a man of refined taste, Eustace naturally closed his ears against their plebeian talk. Not so the Captain. Presently he threw himself out of the chaise, at no small risk to his equilibrium, caught hold of one red-bearded jay by the collar, and in his excitement almost shook him as if bent on eliciting the truth from some degraded Chandala.

For the moment, only, grief and indignation combined to render him irresponsible for his actions, but only for a moment. Recovering himself, he relaxed his hold so suddenly that he recoiled against the carriage-wheel, as he gasped out:

"What—what is that you are saying? A young lady found dead! It is my child! Eustace, it is my child, and you know it, and are *keeping it from me*. It is true, by Heaven! I see it in every line of your face."

And before Eustace could find words befitting so astounding an accusation, the poor old Captain turned almost meekly to the tourist, and entreated him to tell him all he knew.

"I heard just now at Llandudno," was the reply, "that a young lady had been found dead close to the foot of the Orme's Head, and people seemed to think it was likely there had been foul play. I don't know anything more about it."

"And her name? Does no one know her name?"

"Of course it is known," said Eustace. "Only there is no young lady concerned in the matter; but only a poor boatman's daughter, who has most likely thrown herself off the cliff. I saw Perry, the police-sergeant this morning, and he has identified her, so there can be no mistake about it."

"Strange thing, then, that no one knows her name."

"All Llandudno knows her name. It is Mary Glenelg."

"That's it!" broke in the tourist. "I knew I should remember, if I heard it. Allow me!"

And perpetrating some small courtesy on the irascible old man, who was resuming his seat, and whose peculiar way of accosting him he had condoned on the strength of his great distress, the stranger doffed his nondescript head-gear as they drove off; and then, heaving a deep sigh, ejaculated:

"Poor man! poor man! What if it should turn out to be his daughter after all?"

"How can that be, when the young fellow said what her name was?"

"It is my belief he just said anything to keep things quiet. Why didn't he speak up at first, and say what he knew instead of sitting there for all the world as if he was deaf and dumb? I don't know anything about her name; but the old fellow looked so miserable I thought I would risk a cram for the sake of giving him half an hour's peace."

"I should like to know the upshot of it; but I suppose we never shall."

"Why not? We are safe to get a *Times* at Bangor."

"You be blowed!"

"Look at one, I mean. You don't suppose I contemplated investing."

"Do you expect me to believe you swear by the *Times* to that extent? An accident happens here yesterday; and before we can get to know anything about it we must have recourse to a London paper. What bosh!"

"I'll bet you anything you like, from a guinea meerschaum to a

ounce of Cavendish, that you may listen to as many accounts of it here as you like, and they'll all be either completely false or grossly exaggerated."

"All right, my boy, stick up for the shop, till all is blue, when the advertisement 'll pay. But there's nothing to be got out of me. So, what's the use? I wonder who the old bloke was. Had got an over seas sort of look with him. And what a natty little turn-out!"

"I only wish he'd lend it us for the next ten days. I'd whistle a different tune then to liking walking best. Botheration take the pipe. What ails it? It won't draw a bit. Wait a minute."

Meanwhile the "natty turn-out" drew near to its destination. And Eustace had been informed of his uncle's intention to proceed at once and ascertain for himself whether this unfortunate affair did or did not immediately concern him. In vain Eustace urged the certainty of finding *Enone* at home.

"I will not cross the threshold of your house till I am convinced."

"Perry will convince you in two minutes. We will go to him."

"Nothing on earth will convince me but my own eyes. But you may drive there first, if you like."

Mr. Perry, fortunately, was found at home, luxuriating in a nap in the comfortable "Windsor." An unusual press of business being on hand, and Mrs. Perry having a large wash about, she had been struck with the abnormal idea of having a fire lighted in the parlour on a "work-a-day." But though her spouse had been snoring, "trumpet-nosed through the land o' Nod," as vociferously as the Ephesian youths, he must have been awakened by the clatter of Eustace's chariotteering, and its sudden stoppage at his own door. Thither he accordingly repaired with due alacrity, and submitted patiently to the brusque cross-questioning of the sceptical captain. He was, however, successful in convincing him. And the old gentleman's terrors allayed, he was content to be driven to his brother's house in silence.

Miss Bagot had not returned, and although her father got eventually to understand that the cause of her absence and her present whereabouts were among the things as little known as the mission of comets' tails, rotifers, or the man in the moon, so weighty had been the burthen removed by Perry that everything now seemed trifling in comparison. And he succeeded in dining and getting through the evening in the comfortable frame of mind which befitted an august luminary whose affections, interests, or desires could not by any possibility be destined long to remain under eclipse.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

My friend Edward Capern, the poet, sends me a long letter full of personal recollections and expressions of feeling relative to poor Tom Hood, of whom the Bideford Poet was a very intimate and loving friend. I received this familiar tribute too late to ask Mr. Lucy to make use of it in his excellent biographical sketch. "The world is all the colder to me for his loss," says Mr. Capern; "his death has made a blank in my life that can never be filled, and when I heard he was dead I said 'I care not now how soon I follow.' He was a very woman in loving tenderness and sympathy, ever studying how he could give pleasure to and serve his friends. During the many years that I had the privilege of his friendship I always found him the same—kind-hearted, gentle, loving, and true." Mr. Capern recalls the time when he first met his friend at the office of *Fun*, "the proudest place in all the world to him," and tells of the impression made upon him by "the tall and handsome figure, the manly presence, the pleasant countenance and musical voice." The poet spent some days with Hood at his pretty little villa "Greenbank," at Penge, and he speaks of his local popularity, his domestic joyousness, and his stock of pets, of which there were enough at Greenbank to stock a small menagerie. There were a pony, "Grim," a huge mastiff, a couple of smaller sorts of dogs, one or two tabby cats, a pair of parrots, a magpie called "Jack," a seagull, canaries and other small birds, gold and silver fishes, and latterly he kept a raven, which was a very great favourite, and a peacock and his mate. "Then there were his flowers, his love for which was like his love for children—a perfect passion. Who that remembers him as he walked up Fleet Street, or sitting at his old place at the office, will ever be able to dissociate him from his dainty artistically arranged 'button-hole,' composed of a few red and brown-coloured leaves, a pansy or two, a spray of maiden-hair or white heather thrown together naturally as if by accident? it was a poem in form and tint, and you felt it was the work of an artist, 'Tom Hoodish' and inimitable. 'Totty dear' was the household name he answered to in those days at Greenbank, and 'Billy' was the name to which his wife would playfully respond. *Greenbank* was a refuge of the fatherless, the sick,

and the friendless. My poor friend Prowse, and Paul Grey, Tom Robertson, and many others now no more, loved him for kindness. Prowse's last words to him from Nice, where he was dying I have seen the slip of paper, which Hood held as a precious treasure—were 'Love is stronger than death.' . . . You never saw him showing off; he was too modest and misgiving for that. He was naturally fond of fun and was more of a humourist than a wit. He was too kindly in his nature to hit his friends. . . . 'Copy, sir,' said a printer one day to him, when he was worn and weary with sorrow. 'I can't write,' he replied. 'Yes, sir, you can. Only take your pen and dip it in ink and you will write a column of verse in no time; you can always do that, no matter how ill you are.' 'And,' said Hood to me once, 'I had to do it.' . . . He religiously preserved everything that was longed for or relating to his father, his MSS., his little sketches, letters from Wordsworth, Lamb, Sir Walter Scott, and others, presentation pictures and handsome presentation books given by the author. He was very vigilant in his look-out lest his father's thoughts should be cribbed or mangled, indeed so great a reverence had he for the reputation of the author of the 'Bridge of Sighs' that I was satisfied that he somewhat sacrificed his own genius at the shrine of his father's." Mr. Capern then relates how, being in London in October with Mrs. Capern, Mr. Hood pressed them to spend a few days with him at Peckham Rye, how Mr. Hood's too evident illness led the poet to hesitate, and how a few days later Mr. Hood sent one of his characteristic laconic notes, saying, "There is a pig and a potato for you, and if you don't come I will review your book." They went, and when they reached the door Mrs. Hood stood before them in tears, and said, "Tom is dying!" Mr. Capern saw him. "He smiled and looked as brave as a hero; but what a change!" On the 21st of October the poet called again, and Mrs. Hood received him with a smile, and was full of hope. Mr. Hood was better, and Mr. Capern saw him "at his desk among his papers, in his favourite velvet coat, wearing the same smile, and he welcomed me in the same old cheery tone." "I am glad you have called, old fellow," said Hood; "I feel better, and shall get over it." He spoke of his wife playfully as his "best doctor." He called Mr. Capern's attention to some presents he had received from certain little girls, correspondents in connection with *Good Times*, and exclaimed, "The dear children, I love them!" "Would you like," he asked, "to hear a poem I wrote on a legend I picked up at Dieppe, when I was over there last with my sister?" and

read the verses, "The Phantom Fishing Boat," from an early copy of the *Comic Annual*, and Mr. Capern knows not how to tell with what feeling he has read many times since then those weird and seemingly prophetic lines. Mr. Hood then insisted that the poet should recite his poem, "The Old Stonebreaker," which was a great favourite of Hood's, and he wished his wife to hear it. Hood's last words to Capern were, "God bless you, my dear old boy; there is life in the old dog yet." But in less than one month he was dead.

THERE is a story somewhere of a man who was sent mad by the letter O. The Dover coach used to pass his window, and offended him by forcing upon his eyes the name of the front-door of England spelt not *Dover*, but DOVOR. The latter form is somewhat favoured by the Doverese themselves; but this man was an orthographical purist, and a daily sight of the hateful vowel—*gutta cavat lapidem*—induced, first, nervous irritation, then morbid watching and brooding, then monomania, and, finally "literal" lunacy. That suicide did not supervene may be surmised from a communication that appears to issue from the same brain. "Why," the writer asks in petulant tone, "will every novelist, every journalist, everybody in short, persist in speaking of a bar sinister? I tumble over it everywhere; and it is too provoking to have one's heels perpetually tripped up by a non-entity. There is no such thing as a bar sinister, any more than there is a left-hand chin. The *Gentleman's Magazine* ought to abolish such an insult to heraldry—the science of gentlemen. What the ignoramuses mean is a *bend* sinister. For the benefit of novelists in general, you may explain that a bar is a band drawn horizontally across the shield. Bar sinister would imply that a horizontal line is necessarily drawn from left to right—which is nonsensical surplusage. But a bend is a band drawn diagonally from one corner of the shield, and is technically called 'sinister' to distinguish the upper corner from which it is drawn—for it is clear that while a horizontal band can have but one direction, a diagonal band has two. It is this bend sinister that represents what people mean when they enrage me with their nonsensical bar sinister. It may be that some foreign heralds call a bend a bar. If I were a Frenchman I might call Dover *Douvres*. But as an Englishman who holds by Guillim, I am driven out of my senses by charlatans who pretend to make scientific allusions when they don't know the difference between two honourable ordinaries like a bend and a bar. We shall next have them confounding a Guze with a Wyvern." My touchy correspondent does not seem to be aware that when a false phrase once strikes the

popular imagination it becomes legal tender as current coin. A "bar" conveys an idea, a "bend" conveys none, at least to the non-heraldic mind. Somebody is probably at this moment quoting a certain line from Milton, as if it ran "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." We shall not be particularly angry because "fields" ought to be "woods"; the alliteration, or the wider metaphorical applicability of "fields" has commended itself to the popular ear, and so "fields" it must be, and so bar sinister it must be to the end of time. There are well informed writers whom nothing will convince that a fugue is not a florid musical passage, and that Dionysus was not the Greek name for the god of wine, to judge from daily printed authority. The natural history of the common misuse of technical terms and proper names, especially among novelists whose forte is a knowledge of everything in general, would be an interesting contribution to the museum of literary curiosities, and could offend none but the paltry minority of those who quote at first hand and are careful to understand the words they use.

THE *Times* is not the only London newspaper that deals generously with disabled members of its staff. I am obliged to Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer for the following letter, which does an act of justice that will be gratifying to many readers:—"The author of the article 'The £ s. d. of Literature' says that 'the *Times* is the only newspaper that makes the slightest provision for men who break down in its service.' This is an error. It is only just for me to point out that the *Daily Telegraph* follows the *Times* in this respect as well as in many others. A year or two ago, when a chief member of its staff broke down from sheer overwork and was compelled to relinquish his post, the proprietors of the *Telegraph* very liberally granted him a pension amounting to more than one-third of his salary, besides paying him for any special work his shattered health would permit him to do; and when he died Messrs. Levy and Lawson behaved very handsomely to his widow, offering to do for her whatever her son thought would be right; and the result was that they made her a liberal allowance—which she still receives. This fact speaks so well for all concerned that even at the risk of something like breach of confidence I feel it my duty to record it in the face of a statement to the contrary. As an *addendum* to the numerous apposite illustrations given in the very interesting article referred to I may mention that when William Johnson Fox edited the 'Monthly Repository'—to which J. S. Mill, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, W. S. Landor, George Meredith, and others contributed—

is system was, on receiving an article and using it, to send a cheque or ten guineas to the writer with a letter asking him to accept that sum as a 'retaining fee' for occasional articles, and adding that as the magazine barely paid its expenses, and was carried on chiefly to advocate certain religious and political views, he trusted all future articles from the same pen would be contributed *gratuitously*. And it is a curious fact that in no instance of any consequence did W. J. Fox, or R. H. Horne, or Leigh Hunt as editor, lose really valuable contributions on these terms."

With great satisfaction I bear witness, as the result of special inquiries and some spontaneously proffered information, that the example quoted by Mr. Townshend Mayer does not stand alone. There are many reasons why it is not desirable to mention names, or I could specify several notable instances of members of the editorial and literary staffs of the *Daily News*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Morning Post*, as well as the *Daily Telegraph*, having received very generous treatment, in long periods of illness or of incapacity through superannuation, at the hands of the proprietors of those journals; and I am assured in general terms that the *Standard* is at least as good as its contemporaries in this respect. Friends of the late Mr. Prowse, who did some brilliant descriptive work during several years on the *Telegraph*, tell me that no one will feel hurt at the mention of his name as that of one whose declining health and last illness were rendered less bitter by reason of the unstinted liberality of the proprietors of that famous newspaper. In some other respects the statements of the author of "The *£ s. d.* of Literature" have been challenged during the past month; and the propriety of laying all that information before the general reader has been warmly disputed. Indeed the article has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and a considerable amount of animadversion. The author of "Authors at Work" is not, however, an altogether unknown man in journalism and current literature, and I am content to leave him to answer for himself in his own way and at his own time. As I hinted in these pages of TABLE TALK last month, I am not quite a convert to his views upon anonymous journalism, and I am further of opinion that in his vehement denunciation of a system which seems to him to tell unfairly against the interests of writers as a class he has underrated the degree of personal independence by which the articles of leader writers are inspired. On the other hand I cannot go all the way with those who protest against the publication of figures showing *the market price of different kinds of journalistic and*

editorial work. In his own unmeasured fashion, writing to me he asks, "Why should journalists wish to live in this atmosphere of illusion, seeing that they will allow no one else to live under an illusion, from the royal family to the agricultural labourer?" and he adds, "Most of the facts and figures I have mentioned are sufficiently notorious, and I have simply put them together to contrast the position of a public class of men in England with that of a corresponding class in other countries."

MR. G. E. DARTNELL, of Dorchester, has favoured me with a pleasant scrap of angling gossip touching some remarks in one of "Red Spinner's" "Waterside Sketches." "I can inform 'Red Spinner,'" he says, "that the good old days when a kingfisher would perch on an angler's rod are not quite so far gone by as in the last of his delightful sketches he seems to think. Some two years ago a fine kingfisher perched upon the rod in my hand, while I was fishing in the Frome Water, a few miles from Bath, not taking wing again for over a minute, when an unusually good bite induced me to strike and so startle him. I fear, however, that it was not done 'in confidence,' but that he must have taken my rod for one of the ash and willow shoots round." I forwarded this note to "Red Spinner," who returns it with the following agreeable gossip, that will form a welcome appendix to the "Waterside Sketches," which were brought to an end last month.

I am very much delighted with your correspondent's anecdote of the kingfisher. My reference to the bird and the rod in "Our Closing Day" was founded on fact. A relative of my own was fishing on the Kennet, near Reading. While concealing himself behind an alder bush, with his rod protruded through the foliage, a full-grown kingfisher settled upon the top joint, and paused there, apparently much delighted with his perch. Simultaneously two or three young buds settled in the bush, and ultimately they disappeared as they came in company. I have found kingfishers very curious about anglers. At Rickmansworth during the past year one beautifully plumaged male flitted backwards and forwards on the opposite bank two or three times in the course of an afternoon, as if reconnoitring for "self and partner." At Whitsuntide, wading in the Tamar, I had good reason to remember the kingfisher. A bright little fellow, gleaming gloriously, fluttered through the marvellous ferns which abound at Enisleigh and posed himself on a branch overhanging a shallow portion of the river. He was looking intently into the water, and I was looking intently at him. While we were so engaged a trout took advantage of my fly floating at will down the stream, and rudely recalled me from my bird study by hooking himself. Leaping out of the water, and escaping with a shilling's worth of tackle. The kingfisher darted up stream, but came back again in a few minutes, and hovered restlessly about, waiting, no doubt, until the neighbourhood was clear of his human rival. A number of angling friends laughed a good deal about my king-

fisher sentinel in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and were evidently incredulous. Your correspondent helps me to floor them, and teach them better—natural history. While I have my pen in hand may I add a word or two on the weight of pike—a subject much discussed among English anglers since the capture of the thirty-five pound fish in one of the royal parks? A gentleman whose testimony may be unhesitatingly accepted writes me the following as his personal experience during a recent visit to Lapland :—“ Fish of seventy pounds, and over, are to be caught in the deep Lapland streams and fiords fed by the watershed of the dividing range just under the Arctic circle. The natives catch these fresh-water sharks either with the torch and spear, or by the aid of a sort of Brobdingnagian ‘shoelifter,’ composed of sheet brass, armed with a roughly hammered iron hook large enough to catch an alligator, and attached to a few links of iron rod and chain strong enough to secure a big ‘dawg.’ This contrivance, when attached to a rope as stout as a fair-sized box-cord, is ‘whipped with’ over the stern of a canoe-like boat built of fir bark and caulked at the seams with reindeer’s fat.”

CHARLES DICKENS left behind him many imitators, but no successor. Not one of that famed school which his example founded—able as some of its members undoubtedly have been—seems to have arrived at any decisive conclusion with respect to the mechanism of his art. Here and there they have caught a certain trick of sentence, a shade of his satiric manner, or an echo of the ring of his denunciation; but the greater their success in this respect has been, the more obviously has their indebtedness to the master declared itself. Everybody has remarked upon the marvellous clearness and distinctness of Dickens’s portraiture as his peculiar literary excellence. The method by which that distinction was attained, while it was a greatness in him, is very dangerous to imitators. His genius prompted him to seize upon the one special and predominant feature of the man or woman he desired to portray, and his art led him to a continual insistence upon that feature’s presence. Dickens and his reader never walk with Vholes but they see him smooth his velvety kid gloves with the same ghoul-like air of stealth. Carker’s teeth gleam perpetually through his carnivorous smile. Mr. George is always broad-chested and dragoon-like. Edith Dombey is always stately. Murdle is always most vulgarly reticent and suspicious. Tulkinghorne is invariably a secret. That warning finger of Detective Bucket is seen as often as Bucket himself is introduced. Always there is some one dominant characteristic insisted upon—again and again repeated—always identified with the person to whom it belongs. Monsieur Rigaud is never introduced without that wicked smile. “The gentleman’s moustache came up under his nose, and his nose came down over his moustache.” It is not that the great master of word-portraiture definitely *designed* this mechanism, but that he saw so

clearly and distinctly that it was a necessity with him to insist upon the image which presented itself. In this trait of Dickens's art I read something of the character of his observation. To most, if not to all of us the characteristic peculiarities and oddities of the people whom we meet and whom we know soften down by the process of familiarity until we almost cease to observe them. I do not think this was so with Dickens. I believe that it was almost impossible for any degree of familiarity to blunt the fine edge of his observation; and as in daily life, so in his books, he assured himself of the presence of his characters as they came upon the scene. This is, in the highest sense, the dramatic instinct. It is easy enough to say that the method is mechanical. All art when analysed has its mechanism, but it takes a man of genius to invent a mechanism for himself and to set it in orderly motion. It is fortunate that the writers who have modelled their style upon Dickens have not made a special study of this peculiarity of the great master's manipulation; for repetition not inspired as was the repetition of the author of "David Copperfield" would be an insupportable fault.

CLEARLY the poetic friend to whom I referred the question of a correspondent as to whom Tennyson is thinking of in the twenty-second verse of the "Dream of Fair Women" does wrong to endorse the opinion of those who believe that the fair woman is CEnone. First, a member of the Thatched House Club, recalling my attention to the lines, says:—

" ' My youth,' she said, ' was blasted with a curse,
This woman was the cause,'

cannot be the speech of CEnone, as the following stanzas indicate that it must be Iphigenia." On the same point Mr. Dartnell, while writing concerning "Red Spinner" and his kingfisher, speaks of the "not uncommon error" of attributing the words of the couplet to CEnone, and adds: "The second of Tennyson's 'Fair Women' is certainly not CEnone, who killed herself on the corpse of Paris, but the daughter of Agamemnon, Iphigenia, whom 'the stern, black-bearded kings' offered up to appease Artemis when the Greek expedition against Troy was weatherbound at Aulis. It was in this sense that her youth was blighted for Helen's sake. Tennyson does not touch at all upon the story of the substitution by the goddess of a stag for the intended victim, whom she placed as priestess in her shrine at Taurus. The line

My father held his hand upon his face

alluded to the famous painting of the sacrifice, representing Agamemnon with his face hidden, in his supreme agony. The third and fourth ladies are of course Cleopatra and Jephtha's daughter."

WITH reference to the statement in Mr. Townshend Mayer's article on "Barry Cornwall" in the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that owing to physical infirmity Procter, in his *Memoir of Charles Lamb*, was largely assisted by his friend John Forster (p. 566), Miss Edith A. Procter writes to Mr. Mayer that her father "had no assistance of any sort or kind from any one. The MS. 'was written entirely, from beginning to end, by his own hand." In expressing regret for the error, Mr. Townshend Mayer wishes me to say that his authority for it was a member of the house of Moxon, who published the book in question.

A LITERARY friend asks me whether the close resemblance in thought and even in expression between some of the opening lines of Keats's "Endymion" and a passage in Wordsworth's lines composed near Tintern Abbey has never been made the subject of comment. "Beauty in Nature," says Wordsworth, "can so inform the mind that is within us" that

— Neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us.

And Keats proclaims that

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures; of the gloomy days
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

Certainly in the old days, of cynical and savage reviewing young authors were often assailed with cruel charges of imitation, or even plagiarism, on evidence of resemblance, less strong. A curious, although trivial, instance of unconscious plagiarism is found in Carlyle's essay on Jean Paul Richter, published in the *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1827. Carlyle says of Richter that, "Like Rubens, by a single stroke he can change a laughing face into a sad one." In one of the very books Carlyle had been reviewing Richter compares the power of impression in certain cases to that of "Rubens, who by a single stroke could change the laughing face of a child into a sad

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one." Here, of course, was an entirely unconscious plagiaris idea vaguely remained in Carlyle's mind, and he thought it The late Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his essays, comp Catholic Church to a painted window, which to the gazer fro is all confusion of form and colour, but inside shows all ha and beautiful. But Goethe had said exactly the same poetry, and Cervantes had applied the idea to art in general, some two centuries before. Now, certainly Goethe would i paraded the idea as his own if he had known that Cervai ployed it; nor would Cardinal Wiseman have ventured to cl his if he had known that Cervantes and Goethe had both us friend who writes novels tells me that he lately went to Robertson's "Society" for the first time, and found, to hi that the strange and striking mistake by virtue of which th comes to believe her lover an immoral man was exactly t device that he had employed for the same purpose in a nc lished less than two years ago. The play has been one of l favourites for many years; the novel was reviewed in all the critical papers, and my friend's very innocent, but as it mig seemed most audacious, plagiarism was never noticed.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1875.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

MY LADY DISDAIN.

DUREWOODS was, generally speaking, the name of the place in which Christmas found himself quartered for the hour. But it was not easy to say that there was any particular district or area specially covered by the name of Durewoods, or, indeed, any particular place to which the name strictly applied. The little arm of the sea, the narrow inlet from the great broad bay, at the inland end of which the village stood, was never called Durewoods bay or creek, or anything of the kind. Probably the beautiful growth of trees that covered the slope of the rising shores on either side had once been called Durewoods, and thence the name had spread itself over the whole place. But these woods were not now called Durewoods; they were simply called "the plantation." Neither was the village called Durewoods; people only spoke of it as "the cottages." The village had, in fact, no corporate existence, no soul, and no name. It never did anything as a community; it never acted together, or had any apparent consciousness that it was a whole. The cottages were there—had been built there somehow for the convenience chiefly of the fisherfolk; and that was all that anybody knew. The row of tenements in front of the water was called "the cottages," the few residences of a better class that stood on the hills were spoken of as "the houses," and the one large and pretentious-looking mansion was the Hall.

Probably this had once been called Durewoods Hall ; but, if so, the name had lapsed into disuse. Yet the place, taken collectively—Hall, houses, cottages, and all, was called Durewoods. The *Saucy Lass* came and went between “Durewoods” and other places, and she lay generally of nights off “Durewoods” pier.

There were very few families of what might be called social position living in and about Durewoods. One or two retired officials of the Customs had come thither from the large seaports near and settled for the quiet and the cheapness. A clergyman and a Dissenting minister, and a doctor who was attached to a neighbouring dispensary were there ; and the captain of the *Saucy Lass* walked home to his family abode there among the trees every night. These and a few other residents occupied “the houses.” The Hall had been for many years unoccupied until it came by some legal process or other out of the hands of its ancient possessors into those of a clever, handsome, portly gentleman from London, who was vaguely known down there as having something to do with companies and finance. This gentleman came to Durewoods several times before he made up his mind to occupy the Hall himself. He brought down architects and surveyors, and various men of business from London, and studied the matter a good deal. At last he made up his mind, had the place put into repair, closed up half the building, furnished the rest, employed gardeners on the grounds, which were not large, and spent great part of one mild winter there. Presently he brought his daughter there, his only child—he was a widower—and settled her there with a housekeeper and a companion ; and he used to bring friends down every now and then. The clergyman, the minister, the doctor, the retired Customs’ officials, and the captain of the *Saucy Lass*, all thought Mr. John Challoner a great man, and were delighted to be in his favour ; but Durewoods, as a whole—if we may thus speak of it—never took to him. To Durewoods he was always a stranger ; and he sealed finally its mind against him when he decided upon occupying only half the Hall. In time he became Sir John Challoner, Baronet, but Durewoods did not care. Of course, in Durewoods we do not, in this sense, take in Mrs. Cramp. She herself was but a settler and a stranger. She had been a lady’s maid ; she had been frequently called in to assist Sir John’s housekeeper at the Hall, and she had a sort of professional devotion to her social superiors anyhow.

Another stranger and settler was Miss Lyle. The pretty little place which she occupied now had been discovered and bought up for her by Sir John Challoner, and the house was altered and almost

rebuilt to suit her peculiar tastes and habits. She came there with her trusty henchman, Merlin, several years ago, and hardly ever stirred outside her own gate, unless when she went upon the water with Merlin for her boatman. So far as people knew her, they liked her, and the parents of Janet—a Durewoods lass—and Janet herself, were greatly attached to her. As for Merlin, his popularity was soon universal. He fell in with the ways of the fishermen like a brother of the craft, and would pass hours with them lounging along the shore, examining their boats, and helping to mend their nets. How any interchange of ideas was at first effected, it would be hard to guess, but Merlin and the fishermen seemed from the first to understand each other, as dogs or horses do. Merlin used to stroll round to the cottages when the husbands were at sea, and reassure the wives if the expeditions proved long and dangerous, and sing strange wild songs to the children, and tell thrilling stories of adventures which had befallen himself on the waves. These were nearly all narratives in pantomime, sharp fizzing sounds being understood to represent flashes of lightning, vehement undulatory motions of the hands being unmistakable symbols of the mountainous billows, and, of course, the dullest spectator could not fail to comprehend the final *tableau*, which pictured Merlin himself swimming heroically to the wreck, or rowing his boat thither, and saving somebody under conditions of difficulty unparalleled. Merlin soon became an authority, and a rather dogmatic one, upon most things, and acquired such a hold over the respect of his neighbours, that even the fact of his being seen to cross himself and to tell over his beads like a faithful Catholic, did not unseat him from his position of dignity. There was, indeed, one legend which he was particularly fond of telling, and which might, under other conditions, have wrought him harm with his compeers. This was a tale of a fearful storm, in which some fishers, and, it was generally understood, Merlin himself among them, had become involved off the coast of Brittany, and in which their lives were positively forfeit, until suddenly the skies opened, a light shone on them, and a lady appeared in the heavens—beyond doubt the Virgin herself—and guided their boat safely to a peaceful creek where the storm raged no more. But, luckily for Merlin, the description of the lights “on the top,” by which he meant “above,” and the frequent repetition of the word “she,” misled his auditory, and, aided by the happy effect of his gestures, they always understood that at the critical moment the lights of a Channel steamer hove in sight, and that the imperilled boatmen were quietly taken on board. So that the story, however *thrilling* and dramatic, did not tax their

powers of sound Protestant belief any more than the melodious narrative of the vessel's rescue in the Bay of Biscay.

Merlin's popularity reflected itself a good deal upon Merlin's mistress. She was understood to have been a very great person of some sort, and to have lived in some splendid world where Durewoods had but a vague conception, and to have now retired into a sort of half-penitential privacy. Sir John Challoner and his guests always treated her with great respect, and whenever an artist or group of artists came—as sometimes would happen in the summer—to make sketches at Durewoods, they always sent up their cards to her house, and were generally received by her. Durewoods was in sort of way a little proud of this.

In this place had Miss Marie Challoner spent some seven or eight years. She had for society first her governess or companion, and then Miss Dione Lyle. As she grew up, being an independent and spirited young woman, not, perhaps, very easy to please in friends, she got rid of all professional companionship, and pleased herself by not even having a housekeeper, but taking the reins of domestic government in her own hands. It amused her to learn how to regulate and order things, and even to make mistakes and find out by experience of mistake the way to the right. When she was in any household difficulty she consulted Mrs. Cramp, and when she was in any intellectual perplexity she betook herself to Miss Dione Lyle. So her life went on, its highest effort at variety being when her father took her for a few days to Ostend or Paris, or perhaps, Brighton; for he was a busy man, who rarely cared to go beyond the distance of a night's post from London. For the most part, she had to find her own intellectual and moral food as best she could around her; to live on the green leaves of her own trees, so to speak, like the sloth, whom otherwise she did not in the least resemble.

Miss Challoner had driven to the pier on the night of Christmas arrival for the purpose of meeting her father. She found, instead only his servant, who brought a message to tell her that he could not come for some days, and that he would then bring a few guests with him. This was a double disappointment to her; first, because her father had not come at once, and next, because when he was to come he was to bring guests with him. Miss Challoner did not greatly care, as a rule, for her father's guests. They wanted colour, she said.

My Lady Disdain was an early riser, although by no means given to early going to rest. On the contrary, she revelled a good deal in the unholy pleasure of sitting up till all hours in her bedroom, reading

of nights. She had a great deal of spare time when her father was not at home ; and it would have hung terribly upon her hands sometimes but that she had a very active intellect, and was fond of reading. She knew nothing, as yet, of a London season. Her father had preferred to keep her in the country thus far, but he talked now, as she was nearly twenty years old, of setting up a regular establishment in town, and introducing her formally to London life. She had, hitherto, only known London as a child knows it ; as a place where she was taken to theatres, and had drives in parks. She had gone through the earlier part of what is understood to be a girl's education in Bath and in Paris, and when she was twelve years old she settled down at the house which her father had bought at Durewoods. Here she had no companionship when she had got rid of her governess but that of her father when he could absent himself from town, and that of the visitors he brought with him, and the school friends who occasionally came to spend a few weeks with her, and, for some years, the frequent association with Miss Lyle. Therefore, this young lady lived a good deal of her time in romance, in looking out for adventures, of which she was to be the heroine, and in wondering that nothing particular was ever happening in life. She would sometimes have welcomed anything almost, even pain itself, which varied a little the sweet monotony of her existence. So whenever a new acquaintance came in her way, she eagerly approached him or her, sought out for something refreshing and remarkable, generally failed to find it, and then let the new comer pass. She was perfectly sincere where sometimes people thought her insincere ; utterly unaffected where censors occasionally complained of affectation. She had no more idea of deceit or fickleness when, having welcomed a new acquaintance yesterday, she turned away from him or her to-day, than one who, seeking to arrive at a particular place, and thinking he has found the right way, turns down a certain street in eager hopefulness, and then seeing that he is mistaken, turns back and tries another. Has the street he leaves a right to complain that it has been treated badly ? If not, then neither had any of Miss Challoner's acquaintances a right to say that she had treated them ill, when, finding that there was nothing specially interesting or fine about them, she showed no further care for their society.

This morning of which we are now talking, Miss Challoner felt rather anxious to know what sort of person Christmas Pembroke, Miss Lyle's guest, might turn out to be. She was pleased with the chance-meeting at the pier, and she took him under her charge out of pure good-nature. This was the more good-natured on her part

because in the evening dusk he seemed to her at first only an overgrown boy, and she was not fond of boys. Their shyness, their brusque indifference to all topics but their own, their big hands, their stolid or boisterous egotism, their savage blindness to all beauty of scenery, sun, or sky, their clumsy prosaicism of nature, hurt her sensitive æstheticism. When she first took up Christmas Pembroke she assumed that he would prove to be only a stupid boy. But the few words which they interchanged, and the one or two glimpses into his past life which his words gave, and particularly the manner in which he spoke of his father's death, showed her that he had at least had some of a man's troubles, and touched her quick sympathies. Even if he was little better than a boy, he had not been brought up as English boys are. He must have some other topics besides those which the boys have in *Punch*.

However, the duties of life had to go on, and the young lady set herself to perform her part of them. She would have to make some preparations for her visitors, and she thought the best thing she could do would be to go at once to the cottages and consult Mrs. Cramp. So she ordered out her little pony-carriage, and with the Methodistical Martin seated behind, she drove along the pleasant roads under the trees. She was fond of driving, and indeed of all exercises—riding, walking, swimming, and rowing. Likewise she was fond of doing things for herself, as she had preferred to be her father's housekeeper rather than have the duties handed over to somebody else. Many of her energetic and independent ways might have earned her in London the reputation of eccentricity, but here in Durewoods she could do as she liked, and she was one of those happily-moulded women who cannot do anything ungracefully.

The little carriage rattled up to Mrs. Cramp's door, and Marie Challoner leaped lightly out, and threw the reins to her servant. The door stood open; and the visitor came plump into what might be called Mrs. Cramp's parlour. But Marie suddenly stopped on the threshold, for an unexpected sight met her eyes, and an unwonted form obstructed her progress. This was a tall, martial figure in dark green uniform, with a belt and a cartouche-box and a sword-bayonet, and wearing a smart kepi. The warrior was exhibiting himself as on parade for the benefit of Mrs. Cramp, who looked on with delighted eyes. The rustle of Miss Challoner's dress disturbed the parade. Mrs. Cramp stepped forward all beaming with pride and welcome to receive the young lady, and the soldier turned round, started, blushed, plucked off his kepi, let it fall, made an effort to pick it up, missed it, and looked remarkably confused.

Mrs. Cramp was only happy and proud.

“This is my son, Miss Challoner; my son Nathaniel. You used to know him, but he’s outgrown everything this year or two.”

Nat, it must be owned, looked rather abashed for a warrior; and hardly raised his eyes to meet the large deep friendly eyes that turned so suddenly on him.

“This your son—this my old friend Natty?” the young lady exclaimed. “Why, so it is! Natty himself, turned into a tall soldier—a field officer, or a general, or something! I should never have thought it! But now that I look at him I can discover some likeness of my old friend when he was a boy.”

“He has grown, Miss Challoner, sure enough,” his mother observed with pride, as Marie put her hand frankly into that of the awkward and palpitating youth.

“What am I to call you now—not Natty any longer, I suppose? Mr. Nathaniel? or Captain Nathaniel? That is a very becoming uniform—what is it?”

“It’s the West Pimlico Volunteers, Miss Challoner,” said Nathaniel, rising to a certain confidence in the pride of being a Volunteer, and picking up his kepi.

“You look quite a soldier, Natty—oh, I mean Mr. Nathaniel.”

“Do—do call me Natty,” the Volunteer pleaded; and he took courage to look up into her bright, kindly, and yet humorous eyes.

“It sounds so delightful—just like old times.”

“Well then, Natty!” the obliging young lady answered. “Natty! Yes, it does sound like very pleasant old times. Are you fond of reading still, Natty? He used to be quite a student, Mrs. Cramp—don’t you remember? I used to lend him books—poetry, I think, for the most part. Yes, and he used to write verses! Do you still write verses, Natty? Yes—you do; I can see it in your look! You must show me something you have written—you must indeed.”

“That he shall!” his mother declared.

“And you must come to see me—you must bring him, Mrs. Cramp. To-day will you come?—any time before three. I have some fine photographs—but you see all these things in London, I suppose, more than we do down here in the country. Mrs. Cramp, I want to talk to you a moment or two about things. Papa puts all sorts of arrangements on me, that I don’t understand in the least. I don’t know what I should do, Natty, if I didn’t have your mother sometimes at my right hand.”

So with a pleasant smile she dismissed Natty, out of his own doorstep, as it would seem. Natty lounged round the house, got in at

the back-door, stole up to his bedroom, and began to take off his uniform. He was, perhaps, rather glad that he had been seen for the first time thus arrayed; but he felt that the uniform had not, after all, produced much effect upon Miss Challoner. She had evidently understood quite well that poor Nat was only masquerading—showing off his fine things to his delighted mother, and she clearly did not regard him as a genuine soldier. How kind she was—and how beautiful! He should never have known her again. And what divine eyes! How frankly and sweetly she had spoken to him—and she had promised to call him Natty! His head was all on fire—Must she know that he was a hairdresser? Oh, his mother, he knew, would tell her everything! Would she countermand the permission to visit her when she heard of the calling he followed? Poor Nat felt as if the story of Aladdin were filling his mind, and he blushed and trembled to think that at that very moment his mother might be descanting to Miss Challoner on his good prospects as a hairdresser. Aladdin, to be sure, was a tailor's son; but then he was not himself a tailor; and he had such tremendous advantages in the way of supernatural auxiliaries over poor Nathaniel Cramp.

Meanwhile the Princess Badroulboudour (that surely was the name of Aladdin's princess) was not thinking at all about the Aladdin of the West Pimlico Volunteers. For the moment she had probably forgotten his very existence, for she was busily engaged in talking over some household arrangements to be made in preparation for her father's coming with his guests. But she was the kindest and most affectionate of girls, and she was really very glad to see Nat for his mother's sake, and for his own, and she wanted to talk with him and show him some friendliness. She had no more idea of being constrained or formal, or even patronising, to young Cramp, than to the faithful old servant and friend his mother. So when she was leaving she reminded Mrs. Cramp again that Natty was to be brought to see her; and she looked round for him near the door, and if he had been there she would have allowed him the privilege of helping her into her little pony carriage; but he was not there, and she got in very well without him.

Meanwhile Nathaniel, peering very cautiously from his bedroom window, watched her departure. He was in his shirt-sleeves; and he would not have been seen in his shirt-sleeves by HER—not for all the world. Kneeling on the floor, and peering with uttermost caution from beneath a corner of the blind, Nathaniel saw the back of her hat and the flutter of her feather as she drove away. Then he *heard his mother* calling him, "Natty! Natty, dear!" and he turned

from the window in deep depression ; which only began to be dispelled when his mother told him that Miss Challoner on leaving had renewed her invitation, and that he was to see her that very day.

That morning, Christmas and his hostess were again in the balcony. She sat in her accustomed chair, which was moved for her according to the progress of the sun, so that she might always have the freest and finest view of the scene. Christmas was enjoying to the full the air, the trees, the sun, the breath of the sea, and the novelty of the whole situation. Miss Lyle apparently had put away the manner of almost querulous melancholy which had come over her the night before ; and she was giving him some descriptions of the place and the people. He then learned for the first time that one of their neighbours was Sir John Challoner. Whereupon Christmas told her how he had had a chance introduction to Sir John Challoner a few days before in London. If he had been perfectly candid he would have told her likewise that it had given him a certain little thrill of surprise to find that he had already made the acquaintance of "My Lady Disdain" ; but when is youth candid in such things ? Christmas said nothing of My Lady Disdain, although he could hardly have told why he kept secret the small fact that he had heard of her by such a name.

"I beg your pardon," Miss Lyle interposed, suddenly, "is there not some one tapping at the door?"

Christmas stepped from the balcony into the room to see. Just as he did so, the door of the room opened, and a tall girl entered quickly ; so quickly that her eyes met his before he had time to think that he had better not stare at her. He knew at once that it was his kindly guide of the night before—the seemingly undisdainful Lady Disdain. It was not by her face he knew her, for he had scarcely seen her face then, and he did not look long at it now. He was aware of the presence of dark eyes—of dark brown hair, coming rather low on the forehead, and gathering in thick, short curls around the neck ; of a bright complexion, and lips that had a certain humorous expression about them ; and, in short, a general influence of youth, and health, and high spirits, and originality ; and he suddenly felt himself very young, and was convinced that he looked awkward. The young lady had not, for her part, the slightest shade of awkwardness.

"Pray excuse my coming in. I came to see Miss Lyle, and as no one answered to my tapping I took it for granted that she was in her balcony. I see you don't recognise me. I brought you here last night."

"It was dark then, and I hardly saw; but I thought it must be—and I hope you will allow me to thank you."

"Indeed I will not. I see she is in her balcony." And then Christmas saw the young lady embrace the elder, and settle around the shoulders of the latter her discomposed shawl and take a seat familiarly beside her. Christmas quietly added himself to the group—

"I knew you would come this morning, Marie, my dear," said Miss Lyle.

"You always say I may come any morning, don't you?"

"And you don't always come. But this morning I knew."

"Did you really? How did you know?"

"Shall I tell you outright?"

"Oh, yes; don't make any mystery."

"Because you were curious about my visitor, and you wanted to see what he looked like in the day. Come, Marie, confess."

"Indeed, it was. I mean that was the reason why I came—Now I have corrected myself in time, have I not? I saw you smile—But your friend can hardly understand this. I should tell you," and now she addressed herself to Christmas, "that Miss Lyle is always terribly severe on the way in which women answer questions. She says we always answer to something in our own minds, and not to the question. So I always try to correct myself in time. Let me see. What was it I was answering? Miss Lyle asked me to confess that I came here to-day out of curiosity, and I said at first 'Indeed it was'; which, I suppose, would hardly do as an answer in a printed dialogue, and so I corrected myself."

"We have not much to occupy ourselves with here," said Miss Lyle, "and I amuse myself now and then with playing schoolmistress to Miss Challoner, and correcting her spoken style; as I shall yours, Mr. Christmas. But you see what a truthful pupil she is, and how readily she confessed that it was curiosity and not friendship that brought her here so early this morning."

"I don't want to deny it," Miss Challoner said. "Why should I?" She looked to Christmas for reply.

"I don't know," Christmas answered, being thus appealed to.

"We so seldom see anybody here—any new face—that a stranger of any kind is an object of wonder and delight."

"So there is no compliment to me?"

"Not the least in the world. But, Miss Lyle, I have had a double gratification for my curiosity already this morning. I have been up very early and caught two—I don't like to say worms for fear of *seeming rude* perhaps glowworms, then."

"Who was the other victim?" asked Miss Lyle.

"Natty Cramp—dear old Natty Cramp turned into a British Volunteer, or grenadier, or whatever it is. I had not seen him for years. I was always away from Durewoods somewhere when he came to see his mother."

"My dear," said Miss Lyle gravely, "you really must not bewilder poor Natty Cramp. Unfortified towns ought not to be bombarded, I believe. When is your father coming?"

"Not for a week now. I am very sorry; I am so lonely at home. And when he does come he is bringing some people, which will be just as bad."

"Not for a week?" Miss Lyle said, and she said it in a meditative, half-regretful sort of tone. "Then you, Mistress Marie, I suppose, are to be at large here for the next week?"

"She speaks of me as if I were a sort of wild animal—'at large!'—some dangerous creature, like a panther."

"So you are, my dear," the elder lady said, composedly. "I shall be very glad when you are sent to London and put through a season or two there. That will tame you, perhaps. Meanwhile we have you here, and must only make the best of it."

"Do I seem a very disagreeable sort of person?" Miss Challoner asked, turning her eyes fully on Christmas, and without the least appearance of coquetry or affectation.

"You seem very kind," the young man answered; "and you are very handsome."

Miss Lyle looked up amazed.

"Thank you," Miss Challoner said, with perfect gravity, and without lowering her eyes or showing the faintest light of a blush. "I am very glad you think so."

Christmas himself was much more confused by his abrupt compliment than anybody else. He had not meant to give out his opinion so bluntly, but it escaped him, and he now felt positively grateful to her for the easy and kindly way in which she had received it.

"I am always criticising her," Miss Lyle said, hastening perhaps to cover Christmas's confused retreat from the dialogue, "and finding fault with her—the way she wears her hair, and all manner of things. I want her to be perfection, if she can. So she likes a compliment now and then."

"Now," said Marie, rising, "I have come to offer my services as a guide. If there is anything I especially delight in it is acting as a guide and showing a stranger all our beautiful places. I am a capital guide hereabouts, for I know all about everything."

"I intended to send Merlin out in the boat to-day with Mr. Pembroke, to show him some of our pretty inlets," said Miss Lyle. "If you insist on going, Marie—well, I don't know that I can prevent it."

"Will you not come?" Christmas asked her.

"No, thanks. The trouble of getting in and out of a boat is too much for me, and would be a great deal too much for anybody who had to endure my company. I look out upon nature from my balcony—only too happy to have one. I once used to look down upon a crowded street from a garret among the swallows."

"I knew you would not go, of course," Miss Challoner said; "and that is why I offered my services. Merlin can't talk to Mr. Pembroke, and I can tell him everything—if he would like me to go."

"I only wish I knew how to thank you for being so kind," said Christmas.

"She is a good girl," said Miss Lyle, "and kind; but I don't know that it is only kindness in this case. She has to lead a dull life of it here, and since you did happen to come at this time I should be glad if you can help to make a day or two pleasant to her. My dear, would you mind going down and telling Merlin about the boat? He understands you; and he isn't always pleasant with Janet."

"I know I am being sent out of the room, as children are when something is to be said about them which they are not to hear," Marie said with a laugh as she went upon her errand.

"She has some sense," Miss Lyle quietly remarked, when the door closed behind her. "I hope you have some sense too, Mr. Christmas. I am very fond of that girl, but I told you I would rather have had you here when her time was a little more occupied. You have seen her father? What do you think of him?"

"I couldn't well form any opinion. I only spoke to him for a moment. He seemed a little pompous, I thought."

"Was there no sort of insight? You have been about the world a good deal, and I thought young men knew everything now. No matter, I shall leave you to judge of him for yourself—only, Mr. Christmas, it was not by romance he came to own the Hall. You know your father and he started in life together, and so did I. We three were all poor to begin with. Sir John, I suppose, is rich now. You know whether your father became rich—I don't; but if he did the money must have forced itself on him, or he must have greatly changed."

"He never cared for money," Christmas said proudly. "I am poor—I am glad of it."

“So am I, dear—very glad. Well, then, keep to your independence. Be a friend of this romantic girl if you like—flirt with her if she likes ; but don’t—don’t make a fool of yourself—that’s all. Well, Marie, is Merlin ready?”

Marie stood in the balcony again, bright, eager, glowing with youth and frank kindness and beauty.

“You *are* growing a handsome girl,” said Miss Lyle.

“A compliment from *you* is something to treasure, really,” Marie said, and she kissed Miss Lyle on the forehead and blushed at the compliment this time.

CHAPTER V.

“JUVENTUS MUNDI.”

THE sun shone with the tender beauty of an English June, that mild bright warmth and poetical freshness which are so rare in other climates, and which may help to compensate the Briton for his want of the Italian sun’s golden glory and the melancholy loveliness of the Indian summer—that gentle carnival of the season’s sweets and tints which in the Atlantic States of the New World precedes the lenten frosts of winter. A fine June day in England ought to be consecrated to the youth of the world.

Christmas Pembroke felt its influence, although only in a vague and half unconscious way, as he accompanied Miss Challoner to the boat. This was his first holiday on an English hillside in June, and it was the first—positively the first—time he had ever undertaken a ramble with a beautiful girl. To Christmas Miss Challoner was bewilderingly beautiful. There was no friendly critic near to point out her defects. Any half-dozen young ladies, or indeed almost any half-dozen young men, for that matter, might doubtless have shown how in every feature and tint and movement she fell short of perfection. Every such critic could perhaps have named some other woman who deserved admiration ever so much more ; and who probably failed to get it. But as there was no such critic near to guide his taste, Christmas was left to the fullness of his own enthusiasm.

The way to where the boat was lying ready for them was a steep and winding path through Miss Lyle’s little demesne. It was indeed a very little demesne for a region where lands and tenements were so cheap, but it allowed of a few minutes’ delightful descent before the boathouse, the boat, and the water could be reached. Christmas had at first felt some dread that talking to a young English lady whom he assumed to be of high aristocratic rank and ways would be very

embarrassing and difficult. But Voltaire's "Ingénu" himself could hardly have found much difficulty in talking with Miss Challoner. If that young lady had needed anything to set her at her ease, her companion's blunt, fresh declaration about her being so handsome would have supplied the want. Here was no young London prig drawn by Leech, no stiff and heavy-headed wallflower of the London season.

As they descended Miss Challoner stopped and looked back. Miss Lyle was seated in her balcony leaning upon her hand and looking after them. She smiled and nodded to them, and then relapsed into her former attitude and into an expression of quiet melancholy.

"She is a picture—always," Miss Challoner said to Christmas. "Everything she does seems as if it were done in an attitude for a painter, and she never thinks about it. She must have a story in her past life. Do you know it? I don't."

"I know nothing but that she and my father were old friends. I am half bewildered to find myself here, not knowing why I am here, or why everybody is so friendly to me. I wonder sometimes if I am the real person at all—the person Miss Lyle takes me to be, or only an innocent impostor."

"Then you really know nothing of Miss Lyle?"

Christmas told her in a few words all that he knew. He might as well do so at once, for he felt that he could keep nothing from her. She questioned him with an easy confidence, which was a hundred times more fatal to the life of a secret than the most ingenious inquisitiveness might have been. She listened with great attention and remained silent for a while.

"It is strange," she said, "and it seems sad. I don't well know why, but I can understand that she would naturally feel a great interest in you," and she threw a quick inquiring glance at Christmas, wondering whether he had sprung to the same conclusion as she had done. "I have heard," she added, after a pause, "that she was once a great artist—a musician or singer, and that she withdrew from the world very soon, and came and settled herself here. In summer she almost lives in that balcony. Papa knew her long ago, and he looks after her money affairs for her now, I believe; but I don't think he would like me to ask any questions. Besides, I know enough. I know that she is a living, breathing picture, and that I am very fond of her, as you will be, if you are not already."

Here the discourse was broken in upon by a peculiar cry like part of the refrain of some monotonous uncouth piece of ballad music. *It only came from Merlin, who waited for them in his boat, and thus—*

signified his presence. They were now within a few paces of the boat, but Merlin always invited his passengers by the same peculiar cry which years ago had called his fellows about him when the fishing-boat was to be launched from the Breton shingle. As Christmas handed Miss Challoner in he looked back and could still see the balcony and Miss Lyle leaning on its edge.

That was a happy day for Christmas—a day that passed like a dream. He had come out to see the water and the scenery, with Miss Challoner for his guide, that he might miss no sight. Old Merlin rowed silently as the mysterious boatman made of metal in the Arabian Nights. The sun was bright; the long narrow landlocked strip of sea was blue and glittering with the light of the sky on it; the woods sometimes crept down to the edge of the water. There were pretty places to be seen here and there, and there were little stories to be told, associations to be brought up, local anecdotes to be mentioned. But Marie soon fancied that her companion was a perfect Gamaliel as regarded these things. He hardly looked at the places she showed him, and he always, when he could, conducted the conversation away from the scene actually around him into some channel along which flowed naturally the memories and associations of her own life and the bubbles of her own fancies.

“You don’t care about my explanations and descriptions,” she said at last to the happy Christmas, who reclined in the stern of the boat, trailing one hand through the water, and looking at her. “I am a capital guide; I know all about this place, and you hardly listen.”

“I prefer to hear you talk about yourself.”

“But you have eyes for that beautiful little inlet there, with the birches growing just out of the water? You do see the beauty of things like that? If you lived here you would have to study tints and leaves and water, for we have nothing else to think of.”

“I see the beauty of it all; but I care more for beauty”—— and Christmas confused himself a little, for he was actually going to say that he cared more for beauty like hers; but he checked himself in time, and said, “I delight in it all as a whole, but perhaps I am too new to the place to appreciate the details.”

“You have not cared much for nature and scenery, I am afraid.”

“I have been too busy with other things—helping my father, and being taught by him. Everything is new to me here; and all the novelties confuse me. Being absolutely my own master is even still the most confusing thing of any.”

“But you will have some career to follow?”

"I suppose so. I must have when I find out what it ought to be."

"Have you no particular tastes? You ought to have some inclining of some kind already. How old are you?"

Miss Challoner always assumed a sort of superiority in tone, as she were the elder person. This was lucky for Christmas, who was rather shy.

"Nearly twenty-two."

"So much as that! I never should have thought it! Why, you are quite a man!"

She turned towards him, and fixed her eyes upon him with a look of curious interest as she said this; and she really felt an additional interest in him because of her surprise. But the tame companions Alexander Selkirk's solitude could hardly have shown less fear-shyness at the sight of a man than did Marie Challoner as she studied Pembroke's face.

"You ought to have found your path before this," she said gravely. "Tell me, now—have you no marked tastes of any kind?"

"Since I came to London I have been in love—with London. That is the most marked taste I have yet found in myself."

"I don't know London well; I hardly know it at all. But we are going to have a house there in the end of the year, or the beginning of next, or some time. You must show me London. Only I suppose we could hardly go about together in this sort of way—say, in a hansom cab."

"I suppose not," said Christmas, with, for the first time, a sinking heart, as he thought of the society in which she would be certain to move in London, which he assumed must be that of the very highest aristocracy.

"Then let us make the best of our time now—and we will land just here on this bank, and walk a little, and Merlin will wait for us. You must see some of the paths of these woods, for they are my favourite walks of mine. Are we not very fortunate in having this long narrow stretch of bay? You see it has all the beauty of a river and yet it is the sea. Now I can actually see the horizon—of the great sea over which you have sailed from the East."

"Not exactly the same sea."

"Oh, I know all about geography, and the map, and Mangnall's Questions; but the sea is all one—it's just the same sea, it is the sea and that's all about it. Half the pleasure of my life is in standing among these woods, on what seems to be the bank of a narrow green river, and looking out there to that horizon, and knowing that

that is the same sea that washes the shores of Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, and Arabia, and" ——

"And Japan and California," suggested Christmas, in order to bring himself somehow within her horizon.

"Oh, no; I have never thought of these places—they have no poetry or romance about them. Who cares for Japan and California? Yes, I do care for them now because you were there; one feels an interest, of course, in a place when somebody you know has been there. But still there is not much of the breath of poetry about them. I should never care to go to such places, or see them in day-dreams. Merlin" (and she spoke now in a peculiarly loud, clear tone, as the boat ran in to land), "have you ever heard of California—the place called California?"

"Much things—yes. Have heard of much things—things here—many!" and Merlin tapped his forehead as the treasure-house of knowledge, with much complacency.

"Of California?"

"Ah—yes, yes, yes, yes! Much gold—aha! much gold. Down—in the floor."

"In the earth?"

"Yes, yes, yes—earth—floor; the same."

"Would you like to go there?"

"No, no, no! All black there—nigare. I know."

Christmas was interposing an explanation as to the complexion of the natives of California, but Merlin only shook his head, and repeated, "Black, black, all black—nigare. I know."

"You will find," said Miss Challoner, in a low tone, "that Merlin has caught up your words for all that; and he will soon get into talk with you as if by accident, and find out all about California, and astonish our natives here with it. He never could condescend to sit and be corrected in knowledge by you in my presence; but he will get it all from you afterwards; and then woe to the Durewoods ignoramus who shall dare to assert in Merlin's presence that the population of California are all negroes. Now will you give me your hand? Thank you: Merlin will wait."

They stepped ashore, and began to ascend a winding path that mounted upwards through the woods, and Christmas entered upon his first walk under trees with a young woman. For the woods and the path, and the soft bright mosses beneath their feet, and the little streams that sometimes sprang from under green-covered stones and ran to meet them; for the sunny openings here and there between the trees, and the deep blue overhead, Christmas had no eyes. The

sweet-singing English birds sang in vain for him. Yet not perhaps quite in vain. Perhaps some tone of music coming from some outer source, from the skies and among the trees, did blend itself into his consciousness. Perhaps the voice of a song-bird will always from that hour bring back to his mind delicious associations of happy expansive moments, when his soul seemed to be filled with exquisite emotion. Not quite in vain, perhaps, did the startled squirrel bound so prettily away, and then peer so knowingly from his shelter in the high branches. Not in vain was the sky so blue. All went to make up the hour, and the picture, and the dream. But Christmas did not then know it. He only knew that he was walking by the side of Marie Challoner, and that his heart was beating, and he could have vaguely said with Browning's lover, "Who knows but the world may end to-day?"

If the talk that hour had been left to Christmas there probably would have been but little of it, but his companion, who was quite at her ease, talked of many things, and in particular pressed her questions about his inclinations and his career with an interest which almost finished by intoxicating the poor youth.

"You must not stay long here in this lotos-eating land," she said, "or you would soon become like the rest of us. Miss Lyle positively must send you away very, very soon."

Poor Christmas!

"I only came last night," he said in a remonstrating tone.

"Oh, yes, of course. I don't mean that she ought to send you away this evening; but soon. You ought not to waste too much of your time among us. Now let us stand here in this little hollow for just a moment. Do we not seem alone in the world here—as if there were no people on the earth but only you and I?"

Only you and I—alone in all the world! She had not the faintest thought of coquetry or of suggestive love-making when she spoke those tempting, thrilling words. She touched Christmas on the arm lightly, to call his attention, and she looked all around her, and then inquiringly into his face to see if he, too, appreciated the peculiar and lonely beauty of the scene. It was very lonely. There was a sudden dip or hollow, a little dry basin, among the woods just there, and one could see neither the path that had been mounted nor any path yet to climb—only what seemed from that point of view illimitable trees around and the illimitable sky above.

Christmas could not venture to look into her eyes.

"I love this sudden bit of wild loneliness," she said; "I always bring strangers to see it."

Christmas was restored to himself for the moment by these simple words ; and he praised the spot so warmly that his companion really thought his interest was in it.

“Now,” she said triumphantly, as one who has extorted praise for some favourite object from unwilling lips, “now for the contrast. Just a little higher up—a little more climbing—and you shall see.”

They mounted up higher and higher among the darkling trees. The path was a little steep, and Miss Challoner did not speak. Suddenly they emerged clear from the wood upon a smooth grass-grown hill. Higher still, up to the top, and then Marie turned round and showed him the great bay with its islets and its yachts and its vast horizon, while beneath them, on the side which they had ascended, were only trees to be seen. The narrow little inner bay and its village had disappeared. It seemed as if they stood on a peak in the ocean.

“There,” exclaimed Marie, proudly. “Turn your eyes upon that broad sea, and think of the little nook of pathless wood we seemed to be in a few minutes ago.”

“It is like San Francisco Bay,” said Christmas. “I almost think I can see Saucelito or Alameda, or that I am looking out to the Golden Gate.”

“The Golden Gate! That sounds like poetry. You must tell me all about the Golden Gate. But not now ; some other time. I could not hear of anything which might compare too favourably with that scene just now.”

“There are none of your beautiful English woods at San Francisco,” said Christmas. “Dry sandhills are there.”

“Then I am glad there is something in which our scene surpasses your San Francisco Bay you seem so fond of. I don’t want you to forget this when you leave us, even for the memory of San Francisco.”

“I shall not forget this,” said Christmas quietly, “when I leave it.”

“Why should not that bay, that lovely bay, have its Golden Gate?” Marie asked. “I feel as if I were looking through a Golden Gate now.”

“So do I,” said Christmas ; and he meant it. He was indeed having his first glimpse through a golden gate through which youth is always eager to pass.

“I will sit on the grass for a moment,” said Miss Challoner. “I feel tired, and it is so delightfully warm.”

So she sat upon the grass, and Christmas threw himself beside her there, and they looked out over the sea and talked of anything that

came up. Christmas began to develop to her a variety of views of life which an hour before had never occurred to him. He told her of his life and of the places he had seen, and she listened to him and stimulated him to more talk, and became greatly interested in his boyish simplicity and his masculine combinations of reading and experience.

"I am so glad you came here," she said at last, "and that I knew you. We are dull here now and then, and we are glad when an interesting new comer brightens our lives. I hope we shall be friends."

"Are you faithful in your friendships?" Christmas asked, plucking the grass up and not looking at her.

"Oh, did any one say I was not? Come, now, do tell me. I do believe somebody did."

"Nobody did. I only asked."

"I thought perhaps Miss Lyle had been warning you against me. I think I am very faithful in my friendships; but there are so few people whom any rational creature could care to have for friends. I am *her* friend, and that's one reason why I should like to be a friend of yours."

"Should we not wait a little?" Christmas asked. "You and she, I mean, until you see whether I am worth having as a friend."

"She believes that you must be, because of your father. And I"——

"Yes, and you"——?

"I take her opinion in everything. And besides"——

"Besides; yes?"

"You seem to me a friend whom I could like. But perhaps you don't like me?"

"I like you immensely."

"Do you? I am very glad. But do you know that we ought to have returned long before this. I see that it is three o'clock, and we have a long, long way to get back. And I forgot all about poor Natty Cramp. He was to have come to see me, and he is probably there now; and only think of the time he will have to wait!"

Christmas had a vague idea of having heard her and Miss Lyle that morning talking of Natty Cramp, and he felt very angry with Natty, and cordially wished that he were in some other and distant part of the world—say at Saucelito, within sight of the Golden Gate.

They were very pleasant, however, and full of talk as they came down the path through the woods, and Miss Challoner talked with *such openly avowed perplexity* about her embarrassment on account

of Natty Cramp that Christmas at last grew to have only a friendly feeling for poor Natty. When they reached the strand a little embarrassment awaited them. They found Merlin gesticulating and calling to them.

“None-quick! Slow—all right—halt!”

The tide had fallen, and the boat could not get so far up on the shore but that a yard or two of clayey surf several inches deep lay between the dry part of the strand and the little craft. Merlin’s gesticulations and his rapid preparations showed them that he was trying to get the boat into some favourable position preliminary to doing something, Christmas did not know what.

“It’s nothing,” Miss Challoner said, composedly. “Merlin will come out and carry me in when he has got the boat all right. It often happens; but I am sorry for you. Do you mind having your feet wet?”

“Come with me,” Christmas suddenly said, the colour all rushing into his handsome boyish face. He lifted the girl off her feet, and bore her in his arms through the surf, stepped into the boat, and did not put her down until he could place her securely in the stern. She looked a little surprised and amused, but was not at all discomposed.

“Thank you,” she said. “I did not mean to have given you the trouble; but you are very strong.”

Christmas had never felt such a thrilling little moment before, and he was thankful for his strength.

CHAPTER VI.

“ONE WRIT WITH ME IN SOUR MISFORTUNE’S BOOK.”

Poor Natty Cramp had, indeed, a good long wait of it. The worst thing about his waiting, or, at all events, one of the worst things, was that he did not precisely know in what capacity he was waiting. His mother, who accompanied him, was in a manner free of the house, and went down among the servants at once, and made herself quite happy. But Natty was left to wait in the library, and was shown in there evidently as a matter of favour to his mother, instead of being allowed to remain, as he had modestly proposed to do, in the hall. He found the long delay very trying. He might have felt happy enough if he had been an ordinary visitor; but there was his mother going about among the servants, and he had already been presented to the servants as “My son Natty—don’t you remember Natty?” All this was humbling. To be called Natty by Miss Challoner had

a certain delight about it, even though it reminded him of the social gap between them ; but to be called Natty by the cook had no delight in it at all.

So Natty walked up and down the library, and now and then took up a book and tried to read. He could not read. Every sound he heard seemed to him to announce the coming of Miss Challoner, and made him start with fear and hope. There was a great deal of fear mingled with the hope, for poor Natty trembled at the thought of being alone with her, and not knowing what to say to her, and stumbling over his words, and seeming uncouth and clownish. There in that library, how many imaginary conversations did he not go over, in each of which he said fine things, brilliant things, witty things ; in which he proved that he had a lofty, aspiring soul, and convinced Miss Challoner that, despite low birth and iron fortune, he had in him the material that makes great men ! As time wore on, however, and she did not come, the style of the imaginary dialogue began to change, and he found himself growing rather sarcastic and proudly scornful, and saying bitter things, to let the disdainful lady of rank know that Nathaniel Cramp held himself not inferior to those on whom fortune, and not their own desert, had conferred the accidental boon of social position.

"This is no country for a man to live in," Nathaniel at last exclaimed. "I'll not be the slave of caste ! The Old World is used up. For men of spirit and soul, the only home is the giant Republic of the West. She shall hear this—— Oh, I say !"

His mother had interrupted him, coming softly into the room.

"Were you saying poetry, Natty dear ? You must say one of your poems to Miss Challoner."

"Perhaps she isn't coming," Natty faintly said, with sinking heart, and all the proud resolves gone at the sound of her name.

"Oh, she'll come, dear ; for she said she would. She's quite too much the lady not to come. Something has kept her unexpected ; but she'll be here soon."

"Mother," Nat exclaimed, bitterly, "you don't understand these people !"

"What people, Nat ?"

"People who boast of their rank—people like Her ! What do they care for us ?"

"My dear boy, why do you talk in that sort of way ? Me not know my Miss Challoner ? Why, God bless you, I know her since she was a child ! Of course she cares for us—that she does, believe me.

We're not like her in rank, Nat, but we're content—and she don't mind, bless you."

"Contentment," replied Nat, "is the virtue of a slave."

"Gracious!" exclaimed his mother.

"Of a slave," repeated Nat; "and the days of slavery are"——

He stopped in his eloquence, however, for a civil maiden appeared at the library door, and said Miss Challoner had come in, and please would Mrs. Cramp and Mr. Natty walk up stairs.

Natty's face grew red, and his hands became nervous; and he followed his mother upstairs as unheroic a being, to all appearance, as ever hugged a chain.

Miss Challoner was in a little room, her own, which looked over the gardens and the trees. The Hall ended off at either side with a rounded projection, which might, perhaps, be described as a tower, and in one of these projections Miss Challoner had chosen her room. It looked, therefore, inside like a room in a castle or a turret, with its rounded form and its windows opening every way; and this peculiarity enhanced immensely in Nathaniel's eyes the romantic effect of his presentation to the young lady in her home. The furniture was somewhat massive and heavy, newly made for Sir John Challoner after the most approved mediæval fashion. The fireplace was low, broad, antique; the curtains were dark; the glass in the windows was of lattice panes. It seemed to Nat as if he were introduced into a castle chamber at the bidding of the châtelaine. There was the châtelaine herself. She had been reclining in a great tall-backed arm-chair, with one of her feet on a footstool, and as she entered and rose to receive him, Nat could see the foot itself in a pretty shoe, with a high heel, and a great buckle and rosette of ribbon across its instep; and then she stood up and rested inadvertently one hand upon an ebony table, whereon it looked white enough to have belonged to the white-armed goddess herself of whom Nat had read in Pope's translation. But at that moment Nat was not thinking of anything classic. His soul was filled with the Middle Ages, and with castles, and with sweet peerless ladies, who smiled even on lowly squires from the sombre surroundings of feudalism. Miss Challoner stood with such unconscious ease and dignity, and smiled upon Nat with such kindly dark eyes that he saw in her a very châtelaine and Lady of the Land, and a benignant patroness; and when she held out the white hand to him, he felt as if he ought to have dropped on one knee and pressed the hand to his lips.

Miss Challoner's friendly words, however, and much more the voice of his mother, in unconstrained though very respectful fluency

of talk with the châtelaine, recalled him to modern life, and he was able to take a chair and enter into conversation, and show himself, as his mother afterwards told him, quite the gentleman. Miss Challoner was fond of good photographs of foreign buildings, and from picture galleries, and had many fine specimens to show him; and Nat's discursive reading furnished him with something to say about each of them. She had, also, a book filled with photographic likenesses of living celebrities; and this proved a great thing for Nat. He had seen nearly all the eminent Englishmen, and she had seen none of them. He had had orders again and again for the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, and he had attended all manner of public meetings in St. James's Hall and Exeter Hall; and he had heard all the great preachers, and never, when he could help it, missed a chance of hearing Professor Huxley, and he knew Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Browning by sight. Therefore Natty started off in a description of each one of these great persons, whom Miss Challoner only knew by reading and by hearsay. He told her whether each photograph was a good likeness or not, and if not wherein it differed from the original; and whether or not it accurately conveyed the expression of the original, and how that expression varied when the original was speaking, and so forth. Nathaniel's favourites were the poets, the preachers, and the philosophers. But he was especially eloquent and instructive about the preachers and the philosophers. He had heard them preach and lecture, whereas he had only seen and read the poets; and he generally contended mentally with the preachers, and strove to be the faithful appreciative disciple of the philosophers. He had, therefore, a great deal to say of both these classes of public instructors, and he grew quite warm and animated in his descriptions.

Miss Challoner listened to him with a great deal of genuine interest, and envied him his chances of seeing and hearing such men in London. Mrs. Cramp afterwards declared that to see her there listening to Natty, quite interested and respectful-like, as if she was learning from him, was something she could never have believed.

It was beyond measure delightful, inconceivable to Nathaniel. When in the course of his descriptions his eyes suddenly looked into hers, and he saw in these such kindly, genuine evidences of interest in what he was saying, a new page of life seemed to open for him. How many times after did he recall the memory of that bright day! Indeed, it never left him. Surely My Lady Disdain or the Princess Badroulboudour had made two youths very, very happy that day! *If so, she ought to have all the praise, for she meant nothing else.*

But Natty's mother gave him hints that he must not take up Miss Challoner's time any more, and Miss Challoner herself thought perhaps that the visit had lasted long enough. So Natty rose in a sort of alarm and confusion, thinking he had stayed ever so much too long and done something dreadful. And then Miss Challoner felt impelled to say something to reassure him, and to show that she really felt an interest in him. So while they were standing up, she said :

"I don't think I asked your mother what you are doing now, Natty? What is your occupation? I hope it is something that suits you, and not too much work."

"He don't like his occupation, Miss Challoner," Mrs. Cramp hastened to explain. "He don't like it at all, and he wants to give it up."

"I have given it up," Nathaniel said, in a firm and almost stern tone. "It never suited me. But it was not your fault, mother; you meant it for the best."

"What is it, Mrs. Cramp?" asked Miss Challoner.

"It's the occupation of a hairdresser, please miss."

"Of a hairdresser?" said the young lady. "A hairdresser! Oh, no, Natty, you are quite right. That certainly is not the kind of work Nature intended you for, I am quite sure."

"Thank you, Miss Challoner," said Natty, gravely—and he threw a proud glance at his mother—"I thought you would say so."

"It's a very light business," pleaded poor Mrs. Cramp; "and it's very respectable. And such good prospects—and a relation of my own, too. Natty would be as good as certain of succeeding to the business."

"But, Mrs. Cramp, Natty wouldn't care for succeeding to such a business as that, or for succeeding in it. No man of spirit would—I wouldn't, if I were a man."

"Oh, but you, miss—of course it's different."

"Still, Mrs. Cramp, your son is quite right. I like his sense and spirit. Oh, no; he must not be a hairdresser. It would be absurd—a tall strong young man like that; why, he might as well be a milliner! I am so sorry I did not know of this long ago;" and the young lady put on as grave and earnest a face as though she could have known of anything very long ago.

Nathaniel hardly knew whether he was any longer treading upon firm earth, so elated had he become.

"I don't want to be vain, Miss Challoner," he proudly said; "but I do think I am capable of something better than that."

"Oh, yes ; I know you are."

"And pray, Miss Challoner, don't suppose it's any feeling of shame—of false shame, that is—at my lowly station—that impels me. I hold that in whatever station of life a man may be born, he may act a noble part in it."

"Indeed he may, Natty ; you talk very sensibly. The time has gone by, I hope, for stuff of that sort—I mean for stuff about station and caste, and all that."

Natty's eyes lighted, and he stood more erect than before. Why, what was this but an avowal from Miss Challoner's own lips that she shared his theories of man's natural equality? Which, indeed, she did—as theories, so far as she had thought about them. But now she only meant that the time had gone by for stuff about a man's being kept down in the world and prevented from seeking his proper place by any supposed oppression of caste and class and bloated aristocrats. For the moment, however, more than all this she was thinking of what she could do for Natty.

"I don't know much about business, and occupations, and careers," she said. "I wish I did. But I do know that the dressing of hair cannot be the natural and proper calling of a tall, strong young man, who has intelligence, and cleverness, and ambition—I do know that much. I will talk to papa the moment he comes ; he knows all about such things ; and he shall find something more fitting for you, Natty. He will do it, I am sure, for me."

Mrs. Cramp was longing to explain that Nathaniel having served through all his long apprenticeship had only now his career and its profits fairly opening upon him, and that he could hardly afford to begin all over again. But she was borne down by the resolve of Nathaniel and the warm encouragement it met with from Miss Challoner.

"Meantime, I'll speak to Miss Lyle too, I think, about this," said Marie. "She knows a great deal about life, and she would sympathise, I am sure, with your son's desire to find some better occupation. Mr. Pembroke, perhaps, too, ought to know something of the world ; he has been a great traveller for so young a man. Have you heard of him, Mrs. Cramp?"

"No, miss."

"He is in Durewoods, on a visit to Miss Lyle, now. He is the son of a very old friend of hers, who is dead. He must be about Natty's age—a little older perhaps, and he is about Natty's height. I like him very much. I have been with him in the woods to-day showing him all our beautiful spots, Mrs. Cramp, and that is the *reason I was so late*, and kept you waiting so long."

“Oh please, Miss Challoner, don't name it,” the polite Mrs. Cramp interposed.

How Nathaniel Cramp wished she had not named it! How dark his horizon suddenly grew! In the woods all day with a young man—a stranger; a gentleman, no doubt, who would dare to despise any fellow man who could not boast of rank, and a stranger who had travelled all over the far lands which he, Nathaniel Cramp, so yearned to see! For him, poor Nat had been kept waiting all that time. Alas, what wonder! He was not a gentleman; he had not travelled.

“I—I beg pardon, Miss Challoner,” he said, “I haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance.”

“No, Natty, I know that; but I am sure he would be glad to make your acquaintance, and to tell you anything. But perhaps you would rather not?”

“I think, Miss Challoner, I would rather not.”

“You are very independent, Natty, I see. Well, I like you all the better for it; only I thought that perhaps a young man about your own age, who had seen the world—and he is not a tremendous person, a bloated aristocrat, and that sort of thing, as people call it, don't they? Still, you don't like it. Very well, but you don't mind my speaking to papa?”

“You are very kind, I'm sure,” Nathaniel began, “and I can't express my thanks, but then”——

“Natty's very much obliged, Miss Challoner,” the prudent and propitiating mother hastened to interpose; “and I know he'll be only too proud of anything you can say of him to your papa. You may say he's a good young man, Miss Challoner, and has been a good son and a comfort to his mother. Your papa will be glad to hear that of him, I know.”

“Indeed he will, Mrs. Cramp, and I could have believed it even if you had not told me. Well, Natty, perhaps you will leave it in my hands? I'll take good care of your spirit of independence, for I like it; but you must let me speak to papa about you. I am quite determined you must not be a hairdresser. Please let me have some share in helping you to find work more fit for you.”

“Oh, Miss Challoner, Natty can't be too thankful, he can't say what he feels.”

“Who can, Mrs. Cramp? One should be a great poet, I suppose, Natty, to say all that he felt; perhaps even great poets can't always do it. But you must both come and see me again before Natty returns to London.”

So Miss Challoner talked on to stop all expressions of gratitude, and so she pleasantly bowed her visitors out, if bowing them out be not indeed an unreasonably formal mode of describing her frank and friendly way of dealing with Nathaniel and his mother. She was perfectly sincere and good-natured in every word she said to them, and was filled with a determination to do something which should put Natty in the way of making his fortune. She was in great spirits, and was longing to do good to somebody; to help in making somebody happy, because she herself had been so happy that day. There was much in Christmas Pembroke which impressed her sympathetically, and her whole sensitive nature vibrated to sympathies. She had always yearned for some friend about her own age, and she had now a vague, sweet hope that Christmas Pembroke might prove the long-looked for friend and brother of her regard. For she led usually a lonely life enough, this poor Lady Disdain, as some of her acquaintances called her; and she wanted some one to think about, and now and then exchange ideas with. Therefore she was for the time very happy in thinking that she could serve Natty Cramp, and that she would probably like Christmas Pembroke much, and could concert with Miss Lyle some way of serving him too.

These two young men ought to have been very happy when so handsome and so clever a girl had set her heart on serving them. Christmas Pembroke, of course, did not know of her kindly purpose. She could not offer to speak of him to Sir John Challoner, and find some occupation for him. Yet, some words which she had heard from him made it clear that he was not rich, that he had his way to make, and although his way would, of course, be something much more lofty and brilliant than poor Natty Cramp's, yet she was not quite without a hope that she, too, might be able to influence it. That, however, must be thought of carefully, and Miss Lyle must be consulted. But to Natty Cramp she could talk out, with no concealment, about his prospects and what she hoped and resolved to do for him.

Meanwhile, the object of all this kind purpose accompanied his mother silently as she left the Hall. Natty was not happy. Even if he had not heard of the stranger with whom Marie spent the earlier part of the day, and of his travels, he still would have felt dispirited and broken down. The very kindness of Miss Challoner's manner, the warm frankness with which she talked of speaking to her father on his behalf, oppressed him. His position was made so clear! How different things seemed when they were looking over the photographs, and *he told her of this or that great personage whom he had seen, and*

she listened ; she really did listen. Since then the disillusion had been terrible. That was delicious poetry ; this was dry, grim prose.

“You ought to be very much obliged to her, Natty,” his mother said, as they came out on the road ; and there was a sort of remonstrance in her tone, as if she would imply that he had not shown himself sufficiently obliged.

“Mother, I am obliged to her.”

“Don’t you think she is a dear, darling girl ?”

“We do not know her,” Nathaniel answered, coldly. “People of our station cannot know her.”

“Why, Natty, how you talk ! Nobody could know her better than I know her—bless her !”

But Natty remained silent, and his mother, wondering at his manner, could only sadly conjecture that his holiday was dull now down there, and that he was already longing to be back in London.

That night Nathaniel Cramp again wandered from his mother’s cottage, and tried to divert his thoughts by smoking a cigar on the pier. The night was soft and warm, with faint promise of a later moon, and even still some tinge of light low down by the horizon where the sun had sunk. Natty lounged along the pier and listened to the waves, and looked up at the sky, where a star here and there was shining, and he chafed inwardly that there was not a storm—a wild, driving mass of clouds scurrying across the sky before the wind, a scared and ghost-like moon, and a wreck. Something Ossianic would have been in keeping with the temper of his soul, and with what seemed to be his fate. He would have liked a wreck, and to stand there and see a spar drifting on the water, with a white arm clasping it, and a pale face pressed to its tossing side ; and then to have plunged into the waves and breasted and battled his way to the aid of the victim, just as her relaxed hands were loosing their hold ; and to have saved Her or died with Her—for, of course, it would and must be She ! Or he would have liked to die anyhow. Death comes in with delightful ease and welcome in the dissatisfied dreams of robust youth. Nat would have liked that he had perished in some heroic effort to do something in the sea, and that his body had been washed ashore—and that She might hear of his fate. Suddenly, however, he remembered his mother, and thought how sorry she would be and lonely, and he made up his mind rather sadly that he must scheme out his dreamings so as to absent him from felicity awhile, and in this harsh world draw his breath in pain. Then he wished that he could see a ghost ; that some dread messenger from

another sphere would come to him, and by his presence make Nathaniel Cramp a different being from ordinary men. If anything out of the common would only happen—anything, anything, so that life should not go on as it had done before the eyes of the *châtelaine* had rested kindly on him.

He was now at the seaward end of the pier, communing, poor fellow, with his own absurd, fantastic thoughts, and becoming, in his egotistic extravagances, akin with all the heroes and all the fools. He turned round, and was walking slowly inward, when he saw a spark of light in mid-air, just before him. It was nothing supernatural, however, only the light of a cigar. Presently a man came along, smoking. Natty would have avoided his fellow-being just then, but on a long and very narrow pier, when one stands at the seaward extremity, it is not easy to avoid a new-comer. Natty stood still and looked at the sea, in the hope that the promenader would simply walk to the end, turn back, and go away. But the promenader with the cigar stopped too and looked over the sea. There was a moment of silence.

"Will the fine weather hold?" the new-comer asked, speaking right out, in a frank and social sort of way.

"I should think not," Nat answered, slowly and gloomily; "I should say, certainly not! A storm is coming. There will be wrecks!"

"Do you think so? I shouldn't have thought that. Do you learn that from the red light on the horizon?"

"There is," Nat solemnly said, "a lurid light on the horizon."

He was thinking of his horizon.

"And you think that threatens a storm? In this latitude and in such weather I should never have supposed that. But I dare say you know this place?"

"I know it," said Natty, "too well."

The new-comer—it was only Christmas Pembroke—looked at him with a little surprise.

"It's a beautiful place," Christmas said. "I don't think I ever saw a more charming place. I think a man might be very happy here."

"Happy? Here? Is any one happy anywhere? What is it to be happy?"

"I have been very happy here," Christmas said, with a pang going through him as he thought how soon he should have to leave the place; "but I don't live here. You do, I suppose?"

"No; I don't live here. I don't live"— Anywhere, Nathaniel

was going to add, but he checked himself, and merely added, "I don't live here now."

"Will you have a cigar?" Christmas asked, presenting his case.

"Thanks. Much obliged. You're very kind, I'm sure. I've smoked my last," and he laid a melancholy emphasis on the word "last."

"You can light it by mine. I haven't any matches left."

Their heads approached each other, and their faces were for the moment illumined by a little throbbing circle of fire. Natty saw a young and handsome face with a moustache, which moustache, he owned, with a thrill of pain, was much better than his own. The little aureole of fire in which both their faces were circled for a moment, like the faces of the wan pair in Love's aureole, whom Mr. Dante Rossetti tells of, flashed now a sort of revelation on Natty's soul.

"I—I beg your pardon," he suddenly said, drawing back, and stammering with excitement; "but did you say that you were a stranger here?"

"Certainly—yes. So I am."

"You came down, perhaps, yesterday from London?"

"I did. To be sure, I remember now. Didn't I see you in the train?"

"It doesn't matter," Nat exclaimed. "Enough that I saw you! Perhaps you are staying at Miss Lyle's?"

"I am staying there," said the amazed Christmas. "Why do you ask? Have you any objection?"

"Take back your cigar—I want none of it! Take back your cigar!"

"My good fellow," said Christmas, coolly, "people don't usually take back lighted cigars which other people have begun to smoke."

"Then let it perish!" Nathaniel exclaimed, and he flung the cigar wildly out to sea, and stared with excited eyes.

"Let it perish by all means; but the next time anybody offers you a good cigar let me advise you to make up your mind first whether you mean to smoke it and be civil before you take it in your hand. Now may I ask who you are? No, though. I don't want to know. You are the rudest and most uncivil person I have ever met. But I suppose you have been drinking."

"Drinking!" Nathaniel cried. "Drinking! It's false! You insult me! It's a lie!"

Christmas made an angry movement, but he checked himself in a

moment, reflecting that he had to do with some absurd country bumpkin who was probably half tipsy.

"You are a remarkably odd and eccentric sort of young man," Christmas said quietly; "and I should strongly recommend you to go home at once. There are no police here, I suppose, or you would run some risk of being locked up."

Christmas turned and was about to walk away, when the excited Natty interposed:

"No you don't! You don't get off in that sort of way, without apologising to me for the words you have used. Apologise! apologise! or you don't leave this spot!"

He seized Christmas by the breast of the coat. The young man not knowing now whether he had to do with a genuine maniac, flung him roughly off with a push—a very strong and sudden push, though certainly not a blow. Christmas was far stronger than Natty, and Natty staggered back, slipped, recovered his footing, plunged again awkwardly, and at last, to Christmas's utter consternation, tumbled backwards off the pier into the water. A wild cry came from Natty as he disappeared into the dark and heaving sea. Christmas sprang to the edge. Happily the tide was full, and the fall was not much. In a moment Christmas saw a wild, pale, affrighted face with its eyes starting appear above the water some yards away; and that moment he flung himself into the sea.

Christmas had learned swimming in seas where people grow as familiar with the water as with the land, and he saw at a glance that the owner of the affrighted face could not swim a stroke. He had taken in, too, at a glance the whole situation. There must be a very strong current seaward to have carried Natty so far from the pier in an instant, but, on the other hand, there was a great iron ring attached to the pier, and once get to that and all difficulty would be over. Let the sinking man blunder his worst, and clutch and cling his awkwardest, Christmas thought, he could manage that, as he dashed into the water.

It seemed remarkably cold, even for night, in summer, and Christmas for a moment felt himself borne vehemently outwards, and could see nothing. One confused second, and he found himself entangled in Nathaniel Cramp's bewildering legs and arms.

"Don't cling about me too much," Christmas roared, "and I'll get you in! Don't drown us both!"

Nathaniel had full consciousness, and tried hard to be heroic. There was not indeed one atom of the coward about him, but Alexander *the Great*, if he were in the sea and could not swim, would have

found it hard to keep from clutching anybody who came to save him. Natty positively did try. He made almost superhuman efforts of will that he might not grapple round his rescuer. That was a moment never to be forgotten—the darkness, the noise of the waves, the water dashing over his head, the helpless feet plunging wildly for a foothold, the agonising effort not to clutch at the rescuer, and the seemingly endless endurance of the trial. Christmas seized Natty by the neck with one hand, and then with one or two desperate, exhausting efforts dashed at the ring, missed it, and both went down; came up again, still holding his prey, saw the ring once more, apparently dancing up and down before him, and clutched it firmly this time.

“All right now,” he said, cheerily; “we’re safe enough. See if you can’t scramble up my shoulder and get on the pier.” He was beginning to form a better opinion of his companion’s sanity from the manner in which the latter had behaved himself in the water.

Natty scrambled up pluckily and easily enough, and then, kneeling on the pier, held down a hand for Christmas.

“Take my hand; do take my hand!” he exclaimed.

“If I pull you over?”

“Give me your hand,” Nat screamed.

Christmas caught his hand, and for a moment they very nearly did go over. But Nat stuck fast, and in another second they were both on the pier dripping and puffing side by side.

“Will you ever forgive me?” Nat pleaded, heedless of his river-god condition. “Can you ever forgive me? I beg your pardon again and again. I was a savage and a beast. I don’t know what took hold of me.”

“I’m glad I was able to take hold of you,” said Christmas. “Never mind about the rest,” and he began to laugh.

“But I didn’t mean what I said. I didn’t indeed. Something put me out, and I thought—— I don’t know what I thought. Do forgive me.”

“No matter now,” said Christmas. “We must get away from this; then we can talk.”

“But you do accept my apology? I am not like that—— I want to be like—like a gentleman. Will you shake hands? Do!”

“To be sure I will,” said Christmas, holding out his dripping hand. “Fellows who have clasped hands as we did just now ought to be good friends. But, I say, you know this place; can’t we go

somewhere and get ourselves dried? Is there any sort of inn or public-house? I can't walk home to Miss Lyle's in this state."

"Come to my mother's," said Nat eagerly, delighted to be of any service. "It's quite near, and we'll have the place all to ourselves. She'll be in bed, and there's a fire."

"Come along," Christmas said, right joyously; and they ran along at full speed.

The high powers had heard Natty's prayer in part. He had been in the waves, but he had not rescued anybody. His body had been brought ashore, but not dead; only wet. He had had an adventure, but it was not romantic or heroic.

(To be continued.)

A SCRAP OF CRIMEAN HISTORY.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

WITH the fall of the Redan the war was virtually over—Paris became a veritable city of fire, and its effervescent populace rejoiced as only the population of Paris can. There was a grand rendering of *Te Deum* in the old cathedral at Notre Dame, and Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, went to listen. Salutes were fired from the Invalides. In these rejoicings England had her share. Her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria sent over to the Crimea her congratulations and thanks to the British army. Bells were rung and bonfires were lighted. Whole oxen were roasted and notable ale was broached. And whilst all this was going on a certain literary effort was being made under the shadow of the broken fortresses of that dreadful Sebastopol. The effort was made by one unused to efforts of that kind—a certain stalwart Scotchman, a sergeant of engineers, by the name John Ross. This stalwart Scotchman, having somewhat distinguished himself on several occasions, finds himself asked by his superior officer to reduce to writing the history of those occasions, and whilst people at home are effervescing and bonfires are blazing he sits down to obey orders. I have the result before me at this minute in the shape of three folios of blue foolscap paper, covered somewhat closely on both sides with a stiff and careful handwriting. Following date “Sebastopol,” our stalwart Scotchman writes: “Sir,—in answer to your request. I send you a statement of my proceedings during the times I have been brought under Public Notice, and to the best of my recollection as it happened in reality.”

That we may see with Sergeant John Ross's eyes as nearly as may be, we will, if you please, review the situation together, and discover what is happening in front of the Redan before that 21st of July, 1855, when the sergeant first finds himself on the way to Public Notice.

The hardships of the Crimean winter are long since over and gone. Mr. Russell has escaped the fate threatened by trenchant military authorities, and remains unhung. He remains unhung, indeed, to such effect that he awakens those gentlemen of England who live at home at ease to a sense of their responsibilities, and of the

army's needs. So the troops are now better clad, better lodged, and better fed than through those two shameful winters. Last winter a certain gallant private dragoon of my acquaintance sallied forth at night with four others into the Turkish camp and thence conveyed (convey the wise it call) the body of a dead porker to their own encampment. Thus were Mussulmans saved from sin, and divers hard bitten English soldiers kept alive. Bosquet and his lively Zouaves have made their splendid dash at the Mamelon, and have taken it, and have lost it again, beaten back by the brandy-inspired defenders; and once again, with Brunet and his reserves behind them, have dashed forward and swarmed the heights like the most active of monkeys, and fought like the pluckiest of Zouaves, as they are, and have seized the fort once more. Another nimble dash of French infantry has taken the white works. Sergeant John Ross has been out the night before this glorious day, and he and his men have been peppered at considerably. But on this day, thanks partially to the engineers, the British troops have driven the Russian riflemen out of that long row of pits in front of the Redan which has so long held them from the fort itself.

The first great reverse to the allied armies has also befallen, and the unlucky error of General Meyran, who mistakes a shell for a signal rocket, results in the crushing defeat of a well-concerted attack. Poor old Lord Raglan has succumbed, ten days later, to the combined result of disappointment, fatigue, and anxiety, and has been carried off by cholera. There is a gloom on the British forces, and Simpson, the new commander, is broken in health. But for all this, and more, preparations for the grand bombardment of the 17th August go on briskly, and on that 21st of July already quoted Sergeant John Ross goes out into the front with a party of two hundred men. "The first," writes our stalwart Scotchman, with regard to those Public Notices of his, "was on the 21st of July, 1855. I was sent with a party of 200 of the line between Our 4th Parallel and the Russian advanced Trench, which afterwards became our 5 Parallel." Of course it afterwards became our fifth parallel, Sergeant John Ross! How should it not when you and that plucky, hard-working two hundred of yours had thrown up shelter for the British rifles between four and five? "I had two sappers to assist me, and after it was Dark I marched my men into the 4 Parallel, each man carrying one tool and one gabion with him. I there halted the Party, and taking the 2 sappers with me I went out, and Traced the Approach." Whilst the sergeant and two sappers are out there the enemy throws *in a random fire* through the darkness. "I then marched my party

out of the 4th Parallel in single file, to prevent confusion in the Dark. And as soon as each man came to his place one sapper placed his gabion for him, the other sapper pointed out the place that was to be left for a birm and set him to work, and so on in succession.—And on the extremity of the approach and a joining the Russian Trench for about 40 yards their was nothing but Rock.” The sergeant has an evident right to set a capital initial to that word, I think. “However, I placed the gabions on it and sent to the Depot, and gat a number of baskets and had the earth carried from a distance of 60 or 70 yards, filled the gabions, and had cover sufficient for the miners to work in the Trench the following Day.

“Lieutenant Bryan, R.E., was officer on duty that night. He assisted me towards morning, and was highly satisfied with my night’s work”—as considering the fact stated in the first line of the next paragraph he ought to have been.

“We was exposed to a heavy Fire of musketry and also round Shot During the time we was at work.” The sergeant makes more of musketry, in an orthographical sense, than most men; but of musketry actual, and not orthographical, he makes as little as any of us, it would seem. “The Russians could here us very distinctly, but the Night was very Dark and they could not see us, and they could not occupy the advanced Trench at the time as we was in possession of the Quarry.” So far the sergeant’s quaint and simple manuscript, which does more truly than Othello “a round unvarnished tale deliver.” The best of our later comedians has, indeed, made Captain Jack Poyntz remark, and possibly with some truth, that “Othello was a nigger and didn’t mind bragging.” Bragging is not in our stalwart Scotchman’s line, but he cannot resist the temptation to indulge in just one little innocent bit of self-gratulation: “I thought nothing more about that night’s work until I seen it in General Orders a few Days afterwards.” What appeared in General Orders was a statement to the effect that a special report had been forwarded to the Lieutenant-General Commanding-in-Chief by that same Lieutenant Bryan, R.E., who had been pleased with the sergeant’s work on that 21st of July; and that for the zeal displayed in the work an award of two sovereigns was made. It is a question upon which I am only able to speculate, but it is not difficult, perhaps, to fancy one of those sovereigns being “blued” (to use the orthodox military expression) in the sergeants’ mess that evening.

The “afterwards” vaguely given as the date of the British possession of the fifth parallel is no longer deferred than the morrow; but the advance goes on slowly. The Russians fight well, and their

enormous stores make them careless of waste. To rake a space of twenty yards beyond the glacis all day long for the sake of hindering the most trivial operation is quite a common business [with them. Ammunition seems, in fact, almost as plentiful and almost as valueless in the eyes of commanders as the bodies of the Russians themselves. And so, over this advanced trench of the Russians, "which afterwards became our 5 Parallel," there goes on a terrific struggle from the rising to the setting of the sun, and afterwards. The French forces in front of the Malakoff are pushing forward also, and have advanced to a seventh parallel, within a few yards of the fortifications. Prince Gortschakoff and General Todleben stand prepared for an assault, and momentarily expect it. Like men who are wise as well as brave, they make it possible to fall back if need be, and whilst the Allies creep nearer and nearer, the enemy occupies himself in the construction of a huge raft bridge across that arm of the sea which lies behind the forts. But the fact that they are prepared for retreat makes them none the less willing to fight, and on the 16th of August they are down in the valley of the Tchernaya, and over the Traktir Bridge, and have fallen on the ranks of the French; but only to be repulsed with enormous loss. Those Zouaves get to work again in their own light and lively manner, and when, by the force of their impetuous onslaught, the Russian ranks are broken, and the flying troops crowd the narrow bridge, the Zouaves take to pitchforking them over with their bayonets—a triumph of warlike art over which one enthusiastic, but anonymous, chronicler raises pæans of great joy. On the evening of this utter rout the discomfited Russ lies within his fortresses, and the Allies literally slave to get things in order for the projected grand bombardment. Sergeant Ross is to the fore again, and this time on more dangerous duty. Let us refer again to that quaint manuscript: "The 2d. time I was awarded was on the 24th August, '55. I was sent in charge of one hundred of the Line as a working Party and 6 sappers to assist me. We was to prolong the advance upon the Redan. After Dark I marched the men into the 5th Parallel. Remained there until I had seen Captain Woolisley, of the 9th Regiment, who was then acting as an assisting Engineer, and told off with me to superintend that portion of the work." The gallant sergeant has made a very pardonable blunder here. That Captain Woolisley, of the 9th Regiment, is no other than Captain Garnet Joseph Wolseley, of the 90th Regiment, who having been left for dead among a heap of slain and wounded on the 7th of June, is already again on duty. He and the sergeant have encountered before this evening. *Their first and last meeting, until now, took place on the glacis in*

front of the Redan, where they went up side by side, the sergeant carrying a scaling ladder. The very air seemed death that day, and the fort breathed forth fire and iron. The storming party was literally torn to pieces. Dead men lay thick as leaves in Vallambrosa before the walls of the fort were half-way gained. And Sergeant John Ross deposes that Captain Wolseley turned round, "as cool as if he'd been at mess," and remarked that this wouldn't do; and advised the sergeant to get back again. That advice the sergeant very willingly accepted, but Captain Wolseley stayed behind to get back his men. and refused to budge until he had such as were left of them in full career to the shelter of their own trenches. "When he arrived," the sergeant continues, "he told me what was to be Done. And also told me to Distribute the men to the best advantage, and said he would entirely leave the work to me as I had so much experience of it. I then went to the Field officer of the Trenches and got a covering party of 20 men. 8 of them I kept in the Trench as sentries. The remainder I crept out with Individually and placed them as scouts and gave them Instructions how to act should they here the slightest movement of the Russians Forming, and also cautioned them how to act when there was any fire-balls light near them, not for to get up and run, but to roll themselves a little distance from it." Certainly not for to get up and run, Sergeant. Fire-balls are not pleasant neighbours, but we will pledge our manhood not for to get up and run. "I then set a portion of the working party to fill Bags with earth in the fifth Parallel, and the remainder of them I told off to carry out on hand Barrows the Bags as they were filled, to me and the four sappers, as we set the Gabions and emptied the earth into them as they brought it to us. And the Gabions for some time was knocked down almost as fast as we put them up, by the Mallecoff Battery, and at times the air was quite eluminated with light-Balls burning around us. They were sent from the redan, and a Continual Shower of Musketry was kept up from the Redan During the Night." This is sharp work, Sergeant, but we are pledged not for to get up and run whatever happens, and we of the British army have a knack of sticking to our word in such matters. The Russians know what this means, Sergeant, and they are bent on having you and that one hounded men of yours away from those gabions if possible. For Prince Gortschakoff is even now apprehending that tremendous serenade for which you are tuning the instruments, as it were; and that astute General Todleben, who has exhausted the devices of military genius on the defence of the forts, knows full well what danger lies in *your* approach. "I advanced 25 gabions, then

marched the whole of the working Party into the approach, strengthened the work that had been commenced, and opened the Trench in front of the gabions that we had set and filled with earth. And during the time we was at work I had only two men of the Line killed and a few wounded, and one sapper wounded—that was Lce. Crprl. Wm. Baker. I had a great deal of trouble to keep the working Party in the Trench, But I gave them good encouragement, and was at all times in the most exposed place myself. Captn Seedley, R.E., was the officer in Charge of the Trenches, and he visited me once During Working hours.”

For this piece of work General Simpson is pleased to award John Ross the sum of three sovereigns ; a point on which John Ross comments thus :—“I was quite Astonished when I hard it read out in General Orders the following day.”

From the 24th of August to the 5th of September that kind of work goes on. On the latter date all things are ready for the terrible chorus to which the “Continual Shower of Musketry” from the Redan may be accepted as the prelude. On the 3rd of September there is held a meeting of the officers of the engineers and artillery of the allied forces, and it is decided that a three days’ bombardment shall be entered upon before the grand final assault. Ammunition is falling somewhat short, and General Pélessier grows dubious, desiring to await the arrival of the store-ships. Neil and Bosquet are eager for the assault, and wish to have the thing over at once, being in no mind for a third winter in the trenches. And the winter is coming up this way rapidly. The nights are already bitter, and the troops have learned to dread the cold more than the mortal enemy. The chief attack is relegated to the French, and the British officers have no objection to any time that may be fixed. So the hour of noon of the 8th September is chosen for the assault, and the meeting breaks up to make preparations for the cannonade which goes before it. But on this very evening from Malakoff and Redan the enemy sallies out in force for one more hand-to-hand struggle. Sergeant John Ross is in front labouring there in the dusk when the Redan contingent comes at full swing towards the British trenches. There is no time to run, and no chance to fight, and the sergeant drops on his face close to the wall of the trench in which he is working. Over him, pell mell, with savage cheers, the Russian force passes, line after line leaping that narrow trench. The musketry fire is hot and incessant. The British forces are awake and ready. The tide of battle sways now this way and now that, but Sergeant John Ross is behind it, between enemy and

enemy. So, like a wise sergeant, he lies still and makes no sign until at length the Russian army comes surging back in great disorderly masses. They cheer no longer, but are running for it, and a British "hurrah" rises from the trenches, and a hot fire follows the discomfited assailants. The sergeant honestly confesses to a feeling of some discomfort during this engagement. But no harm ensues to him, save once and again a chance tread from some heavy-footed Russian—an indignity which the sergeant is fain to pocket without remonstrance. But when the last disorganised line of the enemy has hurried back to the protecting fort, he rises, and with much caution makes his way homeward, and narrowly escapes being shot by a vigilant English sentry. Meanwhile the French have also beaten back the force despatched against them, and the enemy has made his last sortie from those fated fortresses of his.

On the 4th of September the Allies prepare for such an infernal serenade as the ears of man have never listened to before. The artillery band includes 820 instruments, whereof the rude throat of each is competent to counterfeit the immortal Jove's dread clamours. What sort of chorus they can raise in unison is beyond all speech. But on the morning of the 5th they open out with a tremendous crash. Man goes beyond nature. No volcano ever yet sent forth such wide-ranged floods of fire. No thunder ever yet so roared. No such hell as this has ever until now yawned on earth. Surprised, dismayed, confounded before this terrible attack, the foe draws away his guns from the embrasures, and takes shelter in his bomb-proof houses. All day long heaven and earth shake with the tumult. By mid-day the clear autumn air is denser than a London fog, and the men who work the guns are grimed black with smoke and powder. From the far side of the harbour the enemy in reserve can see the great cloud of smoke, and can hear the thunder rolling in one terrific and continuous growl. So for the next day, and the next. Prince Gortschakoff, who is a soldier, and not a writer of Carlylese, talks of this enormous cannonade as "a fire of hell." In their official report the engineers of the British forces rise far enough from their usual British official stolidity to employ a strong adjective, and they write of it as "a terrific cannonade." Even when night falls there comes no rest—no quiet. The mortars open fire, and in the light of the shells the place bombarded is clearly visible. The first night affords perhaps as grand a spectacle as his Lesseeship ever yet placed upon the boards of the great Theatre of War. In that arm of the sea which lies beyond the forts and below the distant town there are still floating several Russian men-of-war.

To one of these a shell—from the French batteries it is conjectured has set fire a little before sunset, and now it blazes out grandly. The distant town stands out ghost-like, the black waters quiver with the reflected fire, and against the red light of the sky and the upward-rolling flame of the frigate are clearly lined the battered earthen ramparts of the forts. A gorgeous spectacle, eliciting cheers from the besiegers, who work the better in the light of it, and pound away remorselessly.

On the 7th staunch Bosquet, summoning the general officers of his corps, shakes hands with them and tells them "I have long known you to be valiant soldiers. I have every confidence in you. To-morrow Sebastopol will be ours." Staunch Bosquet is nearer the truth than most modern prophets, but possession is deferred for one day longer than he anticipates. The French take the lion's share of the work here. It is theirs to attack the Malakoff, and they go out for the charge quite gaily. There is something significant of the national characteristics of the two peoples in the fact that whilst the Gallic officers go forth in full uniform and be-decorated and what-not, the English officers are dressed anyhow; one gallant leader appearing in a red cotton nightcap, and the Commander-in-Chief himself buried in a very homely cloak indeed, in which he strives to hide himself from smoke and dust, as he sits patiently in the trenches. The hour of assault is the noon of the 8th September. It is arranged that no signal shall be given, and in order to ensure a simultaneous rush the French officers in command meet at headquarters and set their watches together. A heavy cannonade is still kept up, but Prince Gortschakoff sees the Sardinians forming and suspects an assault. He is, however, so battered by the great guns that he can form no defence, and at the time appointed the French, who have until now lain *perdu* in the earthworks, dash forward with a splendid impetuosity, and charge the Malakoff. Colonel Lebrun has for this last five minutes been standing there in the trenches watch in hand. As he looks up and restores the watch to his pocket, the word is given, and the troops, like hounds let loose, are away over the broken ground in front of the fort, and before their first wind is lost are inside, and for the moment masters of the situation. Zouaves, Linesmen, and Chasseurs are there; and General MacMahon, foreseeing no German war, no captured Paris, no indemnity paid to a triumphant Germany, no Septennate, no squabbles of Right and Left, no semi-royal semi-presidential tour through France, is there also. The Russians rush back to shelter and pour out a withering fire. This must be silenced, and MacMahon tries a certain

ough-and-ready method known to the Algerines. His orders are wiftly given and swiftly executed, and in a few moments heaps of empty gabions are thrown about the Russian defences and fired. The musketry fire is at once silenced, but a greater danger declares itself. It is believed that the ground is mined, and if this be true MacMahon may find himself hoist with his own petard with a vengeance at any moment. So the men are set to work to put out the fire they have just kindled. They set about this task by throwing earth upon the blazing gabions, and in doing so they come upon electric wires laid in the ground and communicating with the Russian magazines. These they cut with great expedition, and stand saved from that danger. But now everywhere the battle rages, surging this way and that. Reinforcement on reinforcement pours into the tower and floods its great keep, 60,800 square yards in area. The Russians fight like the brave men they are, but are gradually driven out through the narrow gorge at the rear of the fortifications, until a mere handful only is left. There is a stampede among these, and the fort is cleared of all save dead and dying enemies. The message of victory is carried to Pélissier, and in a moment the British flag is floated on the Mamelon. This is the signal for the English attack, and Sir William Codrington sends on his men at once. But he has woefully miscounted the chances, and Colonel Windham goes out at the head of one poor thousand against the overwhelming forces of the Redan. That little handful of scarlet and that other little handful of dark green dash into the open. Handcock and Hammond and Unett, gallant officers all, are mown down with scores of other gallant fellows before they reach the fort. Grape and round shot are sent in among the little advancing force like hail. Four-and-twenty scaling ladders have been sent out, but only six reach the walls. With one shrill yell the broken crowd climbs the ramparts and tumbles somehow or other inside the works. But that desperate race of two hundred yards has taken the wind out of them all, and they can do nothing but fall down behind the inner earthwork and fire. Windham is here exhorting them to come out and charge that breastwork within the fort behind which the enemy is now thickly clustered under the command of the cool and wary Pawloff. But they will not come. They have been used to fire from cover, and they stick to their old ways. It is from no want of pluck, but simply from force of habit. They suffer severely for it. Windham sends back three messengers to General Codrington for reinforcements. Not one of those messengers lives through the all-devouring fire *which sweeps the glacis*. At last he himself goes on

this desperate errand, but only to find the trenches so choked with men that the general cannot form them. So the splendid handful can do nothing but endure a glorious defeat. Pawloff brings forward twelve to one or thereabouts. They stand up to him in a hand-to-hand fight for half an hour. They are thrown from the ramparts and beaten into the ditch by mere force of overwhelming numbers. Still with that dogged savage bull-dog pluck which marks the fighting Briton, they climb back again and fight it out, holding on teeth and eyelids. Pawloff, possibly feeling himself not quite strong enough at twelve to one, brings up two field pieces and smashes into the troops who lie weltering there in the ditch. Even the bull-dog pluck of the fighting Briton cannot stand this, and the fighting Briton thereupon, individually and collectively, betakes him to his own trenches with what speed he may. And even whilst he flies the fighting Briton has his revenge. For the thick masses of Russian infantry crowded upon the ramparts make great play for the British guns, which roar out from the trenches in a second after the chance is seen. But once more in the history of British arms, British valour has been unable to atone for British official stupidity, and the Redan remains untaken. Windham's gallantry is unrewarded by success, and defeat attends on the most brilliant exploit of his life.

I have before me as I write a print which is intended to commemorate that splendid lead of Colonel Windham's. That courageous soldier is represented in a frantically theatrical attitude, with his hat in one hand and his sword in the other. This print is perhaps more enormously impossible than the infamous picture (known in its cheap German lithograph form to the cottagers of these realms) of Napoleon crossing the Alps. Had Windham ever seen it, it might have added a yet deeper sting to the pain of undeserved failure.

Among the many who fell in that disastrous and ill-managed attack was one poor young sapper who had won the liking of Sergeant John Ross, and he lay midway between the Redan and the advanced trench of the British forces, with his lower jaw shot off. The sergeant missed him and was sorry for him, but every day men missed their friends at that time and were sorry for them, and there an end. After the great battle and that three days' incessant bombardment serene Nature reasserted herself. The night was calm and clear. The air was mild and the stars shone peacefully. Sergeant John Ross venturing his head above the earthworks once or twice found matter for wonder in the fact that no Russian sentry *thought it worth while* to put a bullet at him, and being by many

attles made suspicious of every possible ruse, suggested to his men that they would have to fight for it again before long, and warned them to be on the alert. Still standing there, and thinking of that poor young sapper and his probable fate, the sergeant was aware of a great blaze of light and a sudden dull boom at the rear of the Malakoff which told of an explosion there. Not long after came two other great bursts of light and two other sudden dull booming sounds between the Malakoff and the Redan, and the sergeant, suspecting something, went to the hut of the officer in charge and expressed his opinion that the enemy was evacuating the forts. The officer pooh-poohed his notion. "Nonsense, Ross! It is caused by the explosion of our shells. But if you see any more of it come back and let me know." So the sergeant went back to his post of observation and waited there awhile. The idea grew more and more upon him that the enemy was deserting the long-besieged fortress, and moved half by this belief and half by a desire to see if that poor young sapper could be found, he turned to one of the men in his charge and told him that if any officer should ask for Sergeant Ross, the said Ross had gone to the front to see if he could find the two sappers who were missing.

From this point let the sergeant's quaint and simple manuscript tell its own story once more.

"He says to me, Be careful. I went Direct to the 6th Parallel. Our sentrys and advanced Picquet was stationed in the 5 Parallel. I had no trouble in passing them as they never interferd with a Sapper in the Trenches, gone where he may. On the 6th Parallel I seen an Artillery officer looking very earnestly over the Parept. I passed him and went to the end of the Trench it was almost in a direct line with the assailant angle (salient angle?) of the Redan. There was a great number of the wounded Laying in the Trench that had crep in during the night. I inquired of them if they had seen any of the Russian picquet lately, they told me that they had been withdrawen during the fore part of the evening. I then inquired if they had seen aney wounded Sappers Laying outside they told me their was one Laying under the abitee (abattis?) I then creep out by the end of the parallel and Directed my course towards the assailant angle of the Redan. It made the very hair of my head Stand on end as I creep along amangest the Dead and heard the groans of the wounded. When I was at a little Distance from the abitee their was an explosion went up in the Redan. I lay still for a few Seconds and the earth and small stones Dropped round me in all directions. I then proceeded to the abitee where I found

Sapper Caswell and a Sergeant of the Rifels laying. I spake to them and gave them a little flask which I had with some Rum and water in it. They told me that the Russian Picquet was with Drawn in the fore part of the night. I told them I was gowing to look into the Redan, and if all was right I should be back in a short time and get them taken in.

"I then proceeded towards the assailant angle of the Redan, when I came to the Ditch. I lay a short time and lisaned, but I heard nothing but the groans of the wounded. I slid myself down into the Ditch, and creep up the Parept until I came to the mouth of an embrasseur. I looked into the Redan, but seen no one. I was afraid to gow in by myself for fear of being taken Prisoner by some straglers. I did not stop more than 2 minutes at the embrasseur. I had no Difficulty in getting into the Ditch, as there was a great quantity of earth had been trodden into it During the Day by the Storming party, and I returned from it with a great Deal more Confidence than I advanced—for I run crouching from it until I got into the 6th Parallel, and I then went Direct for the Engineers' Hut, and on my way I met Srgt. Laundry in the Quarrys. it was then to the best of my knowledge from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 to 1 o'clock. I told him what I had Done, and he came into the Captn's. Hut with me, and Captain Demalzees, and Lieut. Demerzicc, the Sergeant, and myself and a few sappers went into the 5th Parallel and got a party of the line, about 12 in number, and we went out to the Redan. On our way I let them see where the sapper and the Sergeant of the Rifels was Laying. I put my great coat over the sapper, and Lieut. Demerzicc took off his pea jacket and put it over the Srgt., and sent back some men to find stretchers to carry them in on. We then went up to the Redan, and a Srgt. of the line and me was in front, and as we got over the Parept we seen a Russian—one of them that had been left to explode the magazines. We seesed him and sent him into our Trinches with a guard. Lieut. Demerzicc, R.E., run into the Redan at the time. We did not stop above 10 minutes, for their was explosings going on close by us. I Brought out two Russian muskets with me when we came out. Captn. Demelees was standing at the Ditch writing a note with a pensil to send to Head Quarters. Srgt. Laundry was with him. The Captn. would not allow the Troops to gow into the Redan at that time, as their was explosings gowing off at intervals all along the Russian Line of Works and also in the Redan. We all withdrew, and Lieut. Demerzicc and me went to the sapper, and they had not come back with the *stretcher*, so we got a Plank and carted him on it into the S

Parallel and laid him beside a fire until the stretchers would come. Sergeant Laundry got the Srgt. of the Rifels carred in. Then their was parties told off for carring in the wounded. When we got down to the Engineers' Hut, Captn. Demelees requested me to give him one of the muskets I got, for to present it to Sir Colonel Campbell. He was Field officer of the Trinches that night. I gave one to the Captn. and the other to Lieut. Demerzice. They were the first trophies from the Redan. Captn. Demeliees sent me with the one I gave him to Sir Colonel Campbell and also a note with it."

So closes Sergeant John Ross's manuscript. Sir Colin Campbell was newly down there at that time with his Highlanders, intending to reattempt the fort on the following day, had not our stalwart Scotch sergeant discovered the nakedness of the land before him. Peace was concluded in the spring, and in the summer of 1856 Sergeant John Ross was one of that first three who received from the hands of Her Majesty the Queen the plain bronze cross which is the highest meed of valour. That cross among half a dozen brighter medals hangs in a little glass case in John Ross's neat front parlour in Pentonville Cottages, and John Ross himself, still stalwart, albeit somewhat grey, does duty in the adjoining gaol as Clerk of the Works there. Divers people have had the credit of doing what he really did, and it seemed to me worth while, since I had this quaint and interesting manuscript before me, to tell after this lapse of time the true story of the occasions on which Sergeant John Ross found himself—most deservingly as it seems to me—brought under that Public Notice which he invests with capital initials in the first paragraph of this article.

THE TRAMMELS OF POETIC EXPRESSION.

BY ARTHUR CLIVE.



A GREAT American poet has refused to employ the conventional medium of modern poetic expression. That Walt Whitman is a great poet is now almost universally recognised, and that a man of strong poetic feeling and profound literary culture should have deliberately chosen to express himself in plain prose without invoking the aid either of rhyme or rhythm in any of its forms is, I believe, a very remarkable and significant fact.

It cannot be said that Walt Whitman's choice of the medium which presented least difficulties was the result of an indolent or slovenly habit of mind. His poetry has been polished and elaborated to the last degree, and evinces at every point that the loyalty of the author to his own work is unimpeachable. The unmetrical character of his poetry can be attributed to nothing else save the deliberate choice of the writer and to his conviction that metre is an unfit vehicle for the expression of his thoughts and feelings as a poet. Accordingly we have in Whitman the first modern instance of a great poet deliberately bidding farewell to metre, and, like a boy who has flung aside his corks and bladders, trusting himself boldly and with confidence to the powers and capacities of his own undistorted mother-tongue and the plain and natural speech which men employ in their intercourse with one another. This question accordingly presents itself for determination—Is Whitman right, or is this a vain-glorious display to which nature and the intellectual conscience of mankind will not attach their sanction?

I am much surprised that no one has up to the present entered, with any attempt at comprehensiveness or profundity, upon the consideration of this great question. I believe that I am now breaking up virgin soil that has felt no plough before mine. The labours of a single mind can do little towards the solution of the vast problem suggested by this remarkable circumstance; but if I can turn for awhile the minds of men of letters to an examination of the issue raised, I believe that the results will be in the highest degree *salutary and mark an era in the history of our literature.*

If Whitman labours under a perverse error great evil will be wrought, for young poets, endeavouring to imitate a pernicious model, will be drawn aside by a powerful example into a vicious and inartistic style calculated to sow the seeds of decay in poems which might otherwise be immortal. But if Whitman's strong sense has leaped to the right conclusion, if rhyme and metre are but the artificial supports by which the weak imagination of man was upheld during its infancy, and if they are as unnecessary to the poet of an advanced age as corks and bladders to a stout and practised swimmer, would it not be well to acknowledge the fact freely and universally, and so preserve our coming poets from adopting artifices unworthy the maturity of the literary artist?

It is fit that this question should have been raised in the first instance by a genuine singer. From the mere critic the problem would have been an impertinence. Critics are a great deal too apt to exceed their province and attempt to give laws to those whom they should reverently follow. No one lays down laws for nature, or determines for the stars how they shall travel, or makes rules for electricity which it shall follow, on pain of incurring the anger of the legislator. There is no saying to the wind, Blow this way and not that. We have but to make a reverent investigation of the laws according to which the winds have been felt and seen to blow. But in this case the critic does not exceed his province. A great poet has actually refused to write in rhyme or verse, and what he has written in prose he terms poetry. This is an important phenomenon, on which I take my stand and by virtue of which I enter boldly upon a discussion of the value of metre.

Is Whitman the first poet who has written in unmetrical language, expressing therein his highest thoughts and feelings, so that we may say of him that in his rank as poet he wrote prose, that he sang in language indicating no recurrence of the ictus which makes what we term metrical language? I do not believe that he is. It is plain that Plato was as great a poet as he was a philosopher. Yet even for his highest and most soaring flights of thought and imagination he employed unmetrical language. Still, it may be said that as the scheme of all his great works was didactic and philosophical he would naturally select the mode of expression which was best suited for teaching and illustration, and that, though his mind at times rose to the ethereal region of sacred enthusiasm and lyric frenzy, he could not disturb the integrity of his work by a change in the form of his language. Yet if metre is the natural expression of poetic thought, How happens it that as his mind rose to the lyric mood, as his

thoughts soared heavenward, his language did not naturally and gradually assume the character of the thought, as the bird that soars or desires to soar beats its wings the faster? There is no escape from the conclusion of this argument save by denying—what no one who has read the great master would dream of denying—that Plato ever did reach the high poetic level of feeling and thought. If metre is the natural expression of poetic thought, as the thought rises into poetry the form of the language will change with the change of the thought. Believing that metre is an artificial mode of speech, I can understand how Plato became a poet without writing in metrical language.

Again, if ever there was a book instinct with that exalted lyric passion which we term poetry it is the Book of Job. It is the loftiest expression in existence of the Titanic mood—the highest intellectual representation of the rebellion of the human mind against the eternal laws of the world—of the strugglings and blasphemies of the caged spirit of man against the bars of Fate. The theme, when by circumstances strongly suggested to a powerful and poetic intellect, produces thoughts of the loftiest character. Our own Byron drew from these chords music that shook the soul of the world. But the Book of Job is the greatest—immeasurably the greatest—of all literary expressions of the Titanic and rebellious mood. That book is written in prose.* The author might have written in metre, but he preferred prose. In the face of this mighty exhibition of the strength and grandeur of the human intellect labouring upon the sublimest of themes, uttering its thoughts of pathos or majesty in the simple speech in which men pray and mourn when their hearts are stirred, Are we to conclude that metre, with its regular and artificial recurrences, is the natural form of expression into which poetic thought resolves itself? No man mourns or prays in language which falls into lines of equal length, and in which the ictus is regularly preserved. But to this the reader must assign its fullest significance: if custom has determined that any artifice or ceremony must be observed upon any particular occasion, custom alone is powerful enough to compel even the greatest men to fetter

* See Arnold's "Handbook of Hebrew Antiquities." The poetry of that people was wholly free from metre, whether syllabic or accentual. The mnemonic artifice, sometimes employed, by which the first letters of each verse in a poem formed some distinct letter-system after the manner of our acrostics, the frequent duplication of the idea, and the utterance of thought in distinct and unconnected jets or bars of speech, cannot be considered as attaching to it a metrical character.

themselves with the embarrassing obligation, no matter how absurd. Many a great Hebrew believed that his contrition was not acceptable to God if he did not appear before Him with dirt and ashes upon his head. Custom is all-powerful upon great occasions as well as small. In modern literature custom has said that a poet shall express his feelings in metrical language, and the poets have complied. From the fact of their compliance no argument whatever in favour of metre can be deduced. Had custom resolved—as at one time indeed seemed probable—that in every line written by a poet there should be an alliteration, the poets would have obeyed. It shows how completely the poet is the product of his age—it proves nothing as to the question of the essentiality of metre in poetry. Shelley, with that massive good sense which the exquisite beauty and subtle grace of his poetry have concealed from the eyes of the world, saw clearly that metre was an artifice and would never last. In the “Defence of Poetry,” the most splendid prose composition of our century, he clearly intimates that rhyme and metre are but an accident of poetry, and that there is no vital connection between them; and then he goes on to say that the prose of Lord Bacon and others has a sweet and satisfying rhythm of its own. Yet such was the force of circumstances that he condescended to harass his own tameless soul, and worked in chains, like the rest of his brethren—chains imposed by Custom—a social idol which Shelley never lost an opportunity of denouncing and ridiculing, and that in language which showed that he too was one of her devotees.

To demonstrate that I am not mistaken as to the extraordinary literary merit of the Book of Job, I may be permitted to quote the opinion of Mr. Carlyle, who declares that neither in the Bible nor out of it is to be found the equal of this book. I will not go so far. That wild wailing over the inevitable, though natural to man, is not the noblest work to which the intellect can be given. No words that are lost in the air, no seed sown upon the sea, is worthy of praise like this. Still it is a great work, and in its kind, as the expression of the infinite spirit of man waging vain war against the bonds which render its actual results finite, it cannot be said to have an equal. Let me quote one of its despairing cries—a cry wilder than the wailing of the wind wandering through the dark over the world:—

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said,
There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard
it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow
of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify

it. As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months. Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none: neither let it see the dawning of the day: because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes. Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly? Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck? For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept then had I been at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves: Or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver: Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

If thoughts such as these did not compel the writer to use metre, if metre is the natural expression of poetry, then is the statement of the poets that they are inspired and held by the feeling that prompts their song a lie, which we should never listen to with patience again. But the fact is that metre is artificial, difficult, and unnatural; and the poet is obliged to school and discipline himself before he can employ it.

Once a particular mode of composition has become fashionable, especially if it is difficult, the chances are that it will last a long time. Dugald Stewart used to say that a Kantian upheld the superiority of the sage of Konisberg because he was unwilling to admit that he had spent years of intense application in learning a false system. So a man who by labour and application has made himself a master of rhymes, and beaten upon his brain by years of hard hammering the laws of the ictus, is loth to give up his superiority on this account and to set himself on a level with the rest of mankind. The result of labour is always dear to man. It would require a great effort on the part of Mr. Swinburne to admit that prose was upon the whole superior to those metres and rhyme-systems which he has studied so closely and illustrated so splendidly.

It is curious that in the kindred art of music a gradual change has been taking place such as I maintain is occurring or destined to occur in the evolution of poetic literature. The simple tune represents metre; the sonata the unrestrained poetic spirit yielding homage only to the laws that are eternal, and not adapting itself to the stampings of any men's feet. In the tune we see the regular recurrence of the same notes. There is a bar, and then another slightly resembling the first; then another changing a little more, and then *the conclusion*, strongly recalling the effect of the first. Or there is

a contrast between the first and second, and another between the third and fourth, and a similarity between the first and third and the second and fourth. At the same time the ictus is strongly apparent. The time is made to be marked by some stroke. On the other hand the sonata soars and wanders, and obeys no such small laws. The correspondences and contrasts are more in the spirit than in the sound. One of these modes of music is free, the other is chained; one is tameless, the other is a slave; one is a remnant of barbarism and of the childhood of the mind of man, the other is the product of its maturity; one is rhyme and metre, the other is a grand rhythm sounding in no sphere prescribed by man.

What is also likely to tend to the permanence of this convention of metre is the fact that so much good poetry has been actually written in that form. We know that Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley wrote in language which was not only metrical but rhymed. Are we to depart from the manner of such great exemplars as these? We repeat an ode of Shelley's, and say Is it possible that this would be better expressed if it were written in bald prose?

The fact is that any utterance of the human mind of a high order has this appearance of perfection, whether the language in which it is cast is metrical or unmetrical. To make good this assertion, I shall submit to the reader a few passages of perfect prose. In the dry rubble of the "Essay on the Human Understanding" I find this beautiful gem:—

"Thus our ideas, like the children of our youth, often die before us, and our minds resemble those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the imagery is effaced by time and the inscriptions moulder away."

Could this beautiful passage be improved in sound or meaning if in place of this simple majesty and unaffected pathos it were written in lines of equal length, with rhymes jingling at their conclusions, or in blank verse and its unbroken succession of shorts and longs? As the words stand they are simple, they come before us in the majesty of truth and nature. Yet, too, they have in them their own sweet rhythmus, but not that which is found in the rules of any prosody. Who shall give laws to the poets? Is every new creation of the soul of man to appear in the same garb and walk in the same way as all its predecessors? We are wise enough, most of us, to see that no book of *etiquette* can prescribe manners—that it is men

who make manners, and that it is the best manners to be natural and simple, and for each man to follow his own nature.

The passage just quoted is not of a very high order; it is truthful, beautiful and pathetic, but it is slightly didactic, it is not pure poetry. It seems what it is—a part of a lecture. Take another:—

“You shall not contemplate the flight of the grey gull over the harbour, nor the mettlesome action of the blood horse, nor the tall leaning of the sunflower upon its stalk, nor the appearance of the sun journeying through the heavens, nor the appearance of the moon afterwards with any greater satisfaction than you shall behold him.”

This passage occurs in Whitman, and refers to the naturalness and simplicity of the genuine poet. With the fine rhythmus of this sonorous speech compare that of the next:—

“Who is this, that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness mighty to save.

“Wherefore are thy garments red and thy feet like him that treadeth the wine fat?

“I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me, for I shall tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.”

If you compare the passage quoted from Whitman with the first part of the second quotation as far as “save” you will find a resemblance in the rhythm. But in Whitman it is more perfect. At the same time we must recollect that it is not Isaiah that we are reading, but Isaiah translated. In all probability these sublime and terrible thoughts appear in the original with a majestic music. The rhythmus which the two compared passages possess is that of a succession of sonorous and energetic bars of poetic speech, concluded by a long, slow, sweeping roll of sound: “With any greater satisfaction than you shall behold him.” A great cataract of rhythmic speech that springs from ledge to ledge, and then foams along in peace over the plain.

I do not quote Isaiah for a specimen of perfect language. The passage is evidently ill translated. Still it is very fine, and the music of the first portion magnificent and satisfying.

The energy and grandeur of the images are so great that the poet could not fail to express them in rhythmic language : to reproduce the music as well as the thought is impossible in a translation. The thought must spring again from its seed, must be incarnated as a genuine and vital product of a new poet, before it can be embodied in language that will represent its intellectual beauty ; and this cannot be, for Nature never makes any two things on the same pattern, nor do any poems resemble one another. Even when composed under similar circumstances by intellects resembling each other in the main characteristics, and upon the same theme, they differ radically and possess each an individuality of its own. But prose, even poetic prose, is far easier to be translated than metrical compositions, for it has always more nature.

It must be remembered that any instances which I can supply of rhythmic prose are necessarily of a very meagre and unsatisfactory nature. There cannot be poetic prose of a high order save in a nation whose poets express themselves in that mode of speech. Of the four nations who have left a really great literature, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, and the English, the first only did not lay upon the backs of their bards and prophets the heavy burthen of metre. Consequently, amongst all the latter nations the poets when they soared were metrical, and only wrote prose when they moved upon the earth expressing common thoughts addressed to the lower faculties of common men. It would have seemed as absurd to them to express poetic thoughts and feelings in plain speech as to grow lyrical and pour out their hearts before an astonished dinner party. Solitude and the soul for poetry ; society and dinner-tables for wit and the imparting and receiving of information. As strongly marked a distinction as this natural one has been drawn artificially by the custom of the Greeks, Romans, and English, so that the singers have never poured out their higher feelings in unshackled language. Such specimens as I am able to present are only the *disjecta membra* of our poets. Milton, whose giant spirit, like his own model of human prowess, burst asunder as green withs every galling and unjust bond that a Philistine world endeavoured to fasten upon the vigour of his free limbs, would at times, even when working at the common mill of polemical warfare, and in that medium of speech which by the consent and requirement of society was allocated to such vulgar tasks, break ever and anon into one of those glorious exclamations, tremulous with sacred

passion, winged with a mighty music, such as posterity will take good care never to let die :—

“Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after slumber and shaking her invincible locks.”

But especially in his Latin prose, where the conventions of society were less strongly felt, did he raise himself from the earth upon those strong wings which belong as his right to every man who is simple of heart and speaks as nature directs him, who does not try to paint the lily or force the divine muse to walk in the steps taught by a dancing master. But a man cannot be in all things ahead of his times. Milton was the first Englishman who wrote glowing, unstrained, impassioned prose, but he could not fling away altogether the support of metre—that preserving-belt of feeble swimmers—and trust himself to his own buoyant spirit and strong and practised limbs. To wish anything Milton ever wrote different is impossible. But I do wish sincerely that in addition to the poems he has left us he had composed one in prose. His great powers, his noble harmonies would have revolutionised English literature, and our great modern poets, upon whose minds simplicity and plainness of speech would have had their own invigorating effect, might have attained something of that moral effectiveness and far-reaching imaginative splendour that characterise the works of the great Hebrew bards. But Milton did advance a great step. In the maturity of his powers, in the ripeness of his judgment he trampled upon and insulted the literary fetish of rhyme. In his preface to the “Paradise Lost” he deliberately condemned the employment of this meretricious ornament, and declared that it afforded no delight to an ear that loved real harmony ; and when Dryden craved his leave to carve asunder and tie up into his wretched couplets the divine splendour of the “Paradise Lost,” Milton exclaimed contemptuously “Let the young man tag his rhymes.” Yet even though Milton did adopt the blank verse system, he yet still further lessened its metrical character by ignoring its division into lines. To chop up thought into neat blocks of equal length was not to the mind of Milton. The “Paradise Lost” might be printed like prose without injury. Its musical character is iambic, and that only. The lines have no conventional conclusion or commencement. Read the following passage taken from the first book—observe how it loses nothing by being printed in prose :—

“Thus far these beyond compare of mortal prowess yet observe

their dread commander: he above the rest in shape and gesture proudly eminent stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost all his original brightness, nor appeared less than archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured, as when the sun new-risen looks through the horizontal misty air shorn of its beams, or from behind the moon in dim eclipse disastrous twilight-sheds on half the nations, and with fear of change perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone above them all the archangel; but his face deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care sat on his faded cheek, but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride, waiting revenge."

It will be noticed here that Milton went much farther towards an adoption of the unfettered simplicity of poetic speech than is conveyed in his neglect of rhymes. The ear receives a sort of rude and uneducated pleasure from a succession of sounds divided into equal periods. I have known schoolboys divert themselves for half an hour at a time by stamping and clapping hands to the rude rhythm of Kentish fire, which consists of three strokes, the first strong and slow, the second fast, and the third resembling the first—a choriambus I believe the prosodists term it. Thus the genus boy amuses himself in his barbarous simplicity and love of mere noise, careless of what the noise conveys. Sir John Lubbock tells us that chimpanzees are often discovered in their forests, seated all along the trunk of a fallen tree, belabouring it with sticks, and uttering joyous cries. I think it highly possible, if not probable, that Kentish fire is their favourite rhythm. Thus boys and chimpanzees are right in amusing themselves and delighting their undeveloped minds, and thus men ought not to amuse themselves. Thus Milton refused to amuse himself and his readers, for the division of poetry into lines is nothing but a longer form of Kentish fire—nothing but a succession of sounds of which Kentish fire forms the last three. The educated mind of the literary man is able to retain in his memory a succession of twelve sounds, the concluding three of which form the delight of boys and chimpanzees, and so he amuses himself by repeating over and over again these monotonous divisions of empty noise, and then discourses learnedly of harmony and numbers. We cannot expect Milton to be three centuries before the rest of the world. He relinquished lines and rhymes, but he stuck to metre and the syren beauty of the iambus, with a loss to mankind and to his own reputation which we shall not be sensible of till a generation of great singers, pouring forth their souls in unfettered speech, have taught the world that there are strings in the poetic lyre which have never yet been

touched — sweet melodies and mighty harmonies sleeping there still as in the heart of the still sea and the unstirred forest.

For an example of a grand harmony, I desire again to quote the great prose-poet of America :—

“The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me. He complains of my gab and my loitering. I, too, am not in the least tamed ; I, too, am untranslatable. I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.”

How this could be improved by being cut into equal strips to the measurement of the heroic verse-yard, and hung up in couples, gay rhymes tinkling and jingling at their ends, I myself do not see.

As an example of rhythmic speech of a weaker and sweeter sort, I take the commencement of the “Pilgrim's Progress” :—

“As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep. And as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open a book, and read therein ; and as he read he wept and trembled, and not being able any longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying ‘What shall I do to be saved?’”

For the sweet and searching rhythmus of these beautiful words it would not be easy to find a parallel. John Bunyan also endeavoured to give vent to his fervid spirit in an emission of Kentish fire, but I need not say that he never succeeded in setting the world aflame in his metrical character.

It must be always remembered that no fine passage of prose which I may quote, or which can be anywhere discovered, except, perhaps, in the original Hebrew, can be fairly looked at as an exemplification of the powers of prose. For as I have already said, the great poets have not written unmetrical speech, save by accident or for vulgar purposes, and so the latent music of the unfettered tongue is rather a matter of faith, or of inference by analogy, than of demonstration or of proof by achieved results. Therefore I am obliged to recur again for instances of the kind that I require to the poetry of the ancient Jews, always weakened through translation, but which through the horizontal misty air of the modern and Teutonic vocabulary glows

with the fire and splendour of its divine origin. Though the following passage is celebrated, I see not why it should not be read once more as an exemplification of the powers of simple speech, and its strong harmonies contrasted with the feeble cadences of metre :—

How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou has said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shall be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet.

Thus through a translation gleams the grandeur and majesty of great thoughts and splendid images.

I believe I have never seen anywhere an exhaustive or philosophical examination of the Hebrew literature, or an attempt to account for the immeasurable superiority which has been conceded to it by the love and reverence of mankind. This concession cannot be attributed to the belief in its supernatural origin, or to its having been attested by miracles and signs. This might procure for the Bible an outward reverence; it would never account for that deep love and instinctive homage and reverence which it excites in the human heart. The explanation is to be found in the perfect sincerity, the divine simplicity of that literature, and in the instinctive knowledge that its words are as natural as the sound of the wind, as the light of the sun, as the shrieks of the sinking ship as the wild waters close over men and women in their agony. The Bible is true as no other book is true. The tempest does not howl to

a preconceived harmony, the stream does not tinkle to any set tune. Genuine as Nature herself, the Hebrew bards let forth their wrath, their adoration, their love, in thoughts as free as the blowing winds, as free as the wild streams in the hills; their great words have a great music that will not be measured by any prosodist, whose flying glittering feet leave no prints upon the passionate and delighted brain across which they flee, bearing aloft their load of divine thought which alone attracts the fascinated gaze of the soul.

Modern literature has had a history which points unmistakably to a future influence exercised over the minds of men comparable to that of the Hebrew bards and prophets. It is more and more becoming the organ through which high moral natures address themselves to the improvement and elevation of man. It is the poets of the commencement of this century who have done most towards the education of the intellectual youth of these times. Shelley and Wordsworth, and Byron and Coleridge are intellectually the parents and schoolmasters of the young men of the present day. The desire to influence the mind of man will inevitably urge poets to break through the flimsy barriers which metre sets up between them and the hearts of men. The anxiety to be truthful and genuine and telling will overcome the desire of prettiness and the spurious love of beauty which alone support metre. It is idle to deny the fact that poetry as at present written is highly artificial, and is felt to be so by everybody to a greater or less extent. How many ardent intellectual men of middle life have we known who have been deterred from the study of our great modern poets by the unnatural form in which they expressed their thoughts! Every day we meet clever men who say they do not care for poetry. They feel that if a thought is true, if a passion or a sentiment is genuine and sufficiently strong to impel the poet to speak it, he, if an honest and unaffected man, will express his thought or pour forth his feelings as nature prompts him, and not in the involutions and distortions of rhyme and metre. Metre is the great stumbling-block which in the present day prevents the world from drawing near to its poets. That is the cracked and twisted trumpet through which the voice of the poet comes quavering and ineffective, upon the ears of mankind, whose heart would leap up to hear in unadulterated accents the words of simplicity and truth.

When literary men believe in the importance and dignity of their labour they will despise such wretched artifices. When the brethren of the Holy Land came before a king and said "I have a message from God unto thee," they walked into his presence lik


men and prophets, not like that craven and conceited monarch who came before Samuel walking delicately. As they lived and spoke so they wrote, and their words penetrate like sharp arrows into the inmost recesses of the human heart, barbed spikes of thought and passion that the hand of Time can never tear from the bosom of the world.

The evils of artifice and affectation do not end in themselves, nor can they be confined to those particular modes of affectation in which they originated. They spread and wander over the whole soul. Even in the conduct of men and women we observe the pernicious effect of a mannerism. I believe that all our modern poetic literature has been more or less tainted with affectation, and I attribute it to a great extent to the fact that its outward form is artificial. There is in it a great deal of the spirit of "Go to, let us compose a poem," a great deal of sluggish stateliness, a want of ease, naturalness, and sincerity. A recurrence to Nature and plainness of speech on the part of those who are our teachers and guides is imperatively called for. If poetry and the poets do not make us better men, I know not what right it and they have to exist. If the object of the poet is to improve and exalt, surely he should address us in the most natural and straightforward manner. And as to harmony and numbers, of this I am sure, that a great music flows naturally out of great thoughts and is inseparable from exalted passion. This, too, I will say, that music is an accident, and by no means the soul of high thought and feeling, and of what we term poetry. The soul of the poet walks on wild ways regardless of all things, driven of winds of which she knows not whence they come and whither they go; and wherever her path may be, there melody and divine numbers are too.



PARIS AND PEACHES.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

OUR Parisian may be content with a humble dinner an inordinate amount of soup, with a soaked crust an exhausted bit of beef; a plate of vegetables, and a little wine, un-Homerically mingled with water. But he must have his "dessert," and the apex of a Parisian dessert is a peach; be it unripe, be it stale, be it suspicious in any way. Gentility obliges, and "the sister of the pomegranate" is introduced, as a fashion rather than as a taste, with the cheese. There is no denying the epicurean science of the French, and particularly of the Parisians, among whom, according to their flatterers, M. Dumas included, Lucullus dines with Lucullus every day, and, therefore, no reason exists why a picture should not be drawn, as it has been drawn, in a way rendering paraphrase unnecessary, of a *Magasin des Comestibles*—all kinds of fruit—fish, meat, heads of roebucks; game, stuffed turkeys, cheeses, pies, potted meats, grapes, and the eternal peach, rich, round, and exuberant of bloom.

Long familiarity with this weakness induced two questions—why this peculiar appetite? and whence is it satisfied? The oracle pointed to Montreuil. Thither I proceeded. It was early in the autumn of last year. I visited the peach orchard nearest the French capital, just when the fragrant fruit—rosy towards the sun, white against the wall—was being gathered. Travellers tell us that the rose-gardens of Persia "make faint with too much sweet," and, beyond all doubt, a perfumer's laboratory overwhelms the sense; but a peach orchard, in the last days of autumn and the first of winter, is something like what might be imagined of a violet distillery sending up prodigious clouds of prussic acid vapour. You reach Montreuil from Paris in a very little time, and in the hospitable lodges of the managers its statistics are laid out: six hundred cultivators of this fruit alone, six millions of peaches yielded by the Aladdin-like orchards every year; five millions of them sold and eaten in Paris alone, which is scarcely less greedy after the Persian fruit than it is after oysters. I have seen goose-fair at Nottingham, cucumber at Leipsic, boot fair at Mayence; but I never saw such a monotonous wealth of one produce heaped up as in peach-gathering time at Montreuil.

M. Otto assures us that if those peach-walls were extended in

ight line they would traverse several miles ; yet they are straight
ugh, in all conscience, already—a dreary basin of limestone ; a
ring sun descending upon interminable spaces of plaster ; a picture
less interesting than that of the fig-gardens at Argenteuil, where I
e seen the artful husbandmen sophisticating the live fruit with
ps of olive oil, or the cherry-gardens of Montmorency, or the
dens of Tours, drooping with plums, “ready to melt between an
nt’s gums.” The peach-gardens are, in plain fact, as Loudon
cribes them to be, square or parallelogram enclosures, the
ls covered with plaster an inch thick, and planted on
h sides—with vines on one, and peaches or apricots on
other ; and, in the unemployed spaces, not a tree or
lower is allowed to trespass on the soil. But I see the hand-
ts loaded, the juice bursting through those rough and ruddy skins,
hourse dividing a purple-tinted sphere of sweetness with the
ocent creature clinging upon his arm. A long-nosed naturalist,
ying you are a special correspondent, descants, with a little
ntion of his own name, upon eatable kernels, flat peaches from
ina, chocolate-flavoured peaches, and peaches that can be brought
fruition in pots. I listen, lingering among the heaps of nectar
iting only a touch to convert it into wine. I enjoy, and instantly
get the enormous, the tumid, the manufactured apricot growths of
estern America. There is a little orchard not far from Munich
ich is far more suggestive of a visit to Montreuil, among the
nelters,” the “Magdalenes,” and the “Mignonnes.” Embarrassed
I was once at Haarlem to distinguish between the superb variety
strawberries—many of them unconquerable except by two bites—
was as nothing in comparison with the riches stripped from the
alls of Montreuil, the very footways of which flowed with fragrant
ice. You trod upon “Early purple,” you were giddy with the
Head of Venus,” the “Nutmeg” became oppressive, it was possible
o scent the “Blood peach” fifty yards off ; there were peaches re-
sembling oranges, and peaches inoculated, as it were, from the
damson ; and all I can say is that if humanity could intoxicate itself
upon fruit it would be in these Hesperides, grafted upon Europe,
from Persia. Yet nobody ever eats a peach at Montreuil. You fly
into raptures and are rebuked. “These, monsieur, make the natural
food of wasps, red-spiders, and blue-flies.” So, in the wildernesses of
America, newly planted. “Sir,” they say, “we fatten our bacon upon
Double Troys and Normans.” Still, the picture is pretty. Two or
three days before the grand gathering commences hundreds of women
and children are in the white-washed orchards, picking off wrinkled,

blotched, and mildewed leaves, cutting away canker and gum, exterminating earwigs, and looking out for minute fungi. Now, confessing to a little scientific instinct, I must also admit an inclination towards poetry, even in a peach yard. It seems so commonplace to hear those brown-limbed women talking loud slang while they fling the fruit from branch to basket at Montreuil, never dreaming of all the lovely idealisms associated with the *raison d'être* of Noyau. I pass them by. I see and taste the "Beautiful and good," "The Columbus," "Crimson-cheeked," the "Honey-ball," and, in a private corner at Montreuil, they show me what are called by the Americans curious or ornamental varieties. Very few examples of these are shown in the common French orchards. I saw at Montreuil specimens of the double-blossomed scarlet, "Weeping," and other varieties; but they count for very little in the market. The true, the "Imperial" peach, however, is a fruit of the first order, and celebrated in history. Rymer's "Federa" contains an anecdote of a peach then called a nectarine—which, instead of a stone, concealed the stipulations of a surrender. In "Guyot," too, is a tale of how the blossom of this tree restored amity between two sovereigns otherwise implacably in arms one against another. And Baker declares that so terrible was at one time the reputation of the peach that it became another name for poison. Let it be confessed that three or four hours recklessly enjoyed among these orchards may possibly not conduce to present health; but, on the other hand, I can aver that I have been equally ill at ease after unlimited liberty in the strawberry and currant gardens round about the Hague, bright and heavy-bunched as they are. The reason is suggested in a quotation from Fuller, made by Dr. Otto, in his "*Breudevincts Forder vilige Dirkninger paa Menneskets Legeme og Aaand*," whatever that may mean: "Moderation is the silken string, running through all the virtues."

Now, as I have said, your Parisian, excepting in the more starry circles, is more in imagination, or rather vanity, than in reality, an epicure. There is only one family dish that he really knows—a dish of meat, after a drowning of soup, with carrots, turnips, a bunch of leeks, and a bit of garlic, flanked by a long loaf, called from its shape a flute; and then your dessert two brown apples, a peach, and a fragment of cheese, long forgotten in the dairies of Brie or the caves of Roquefort. Asparagus is not more essential in summer than peaches are in winter to a little Parisian feast at St. Germain's or in the less classic neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. And nothing astonishes a stranger more than the abundance

and luxury which seem to be made out of so little. Those indigo-coloured prunes; those pomegranates; those pineapples; those cocoa-nuts, are purchased by people of very mediocre means; and, all the while, the French capital has a reputation, by no means unjustified, for dearness; whereas France, as a rule, is the land of domestic economy, as the "Meditations" of even Brillat-Savarin himself would go to prove. For, he says, "water is the drink natural to man, and the only one proper for him." He excepts a few, but Alphonse Karr adds, in his name, "*Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum.*" "Let those who have fed on fresh figs," rejoins a commentator, "think what it is to have a mellow melon or a bursting peach for dessert." Bah! you might as well talk of ananas, bananas, and hot-house pines. Such is a foreign philosophy. In the meantime, we do not repudiate the European peach, leaving America to press wine, to extract pickle-sauce, to obtain whisky even, from out of this fruit. Paris, upon the whole, knows better; it plays with its dessert, and is satisfied; and peaches at a penny each from the October gatherings are scarcely less welcome than the velvet "Nivettes" of Montmorency, or the pink-veined bloom of Macon. The stone of this fruit, it is said, is more effectual to quench thirst than the coolest and purest of water. There is another, lemon-shaped and coloured, also grown at Montreuil, which will not keep a week. At the end of a few days, no matter whether the atmosphere be cold or warm, damp or dry, it leaves no more than a remnant of shrivelled skin upon the shelf. In all of this science I was inducted by masters of high accomplishment in the little extra-Parisian village, so flowery in the spring, so fruitful in the autumn; and while upon so exquisite a mission, what wonder if I went slightly beyond it, indulging in two or three pears—lumps of perfumed butter, transplanted from Belgium, gold and yellow "Bishops," tasting like rich wine; "Little St. Johns," with a ripe anana flavour; and "sweet Charlottes," most unlike their name. Nevertheless, the peach harvest was the glory of those last September and first October days; and I can very well imagine how the fruiterers and feasters of Paris have relished, during these autumn and winter months, their cheap dessert. For the fruit is good till the spring comes again, and your "peach at two sous" is tolerable, with cheese.

A FEW MORE OLD DUBLIN RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE KNIGHT OF INNISHOWEN.

BRIEFLY in my paper on "Dublin Political Satire; Satirists Forty Years Ago,"* I referred to the trial of Browne and Sheehan for the article on "Black Saturday" in the *Comet*. Between Mr. Holmes, the brother-in-law of poor Robert Emmett, who defended Sheehan, and Dr. O'Connell, who held the brief for Browne, some hard words passed during the consultation as to whether or not Sheehan should plead in extenuation his extreme youth and his moral guiltlessness of the article, of which Browne was the sole author—words that are said to have made a deep impression on the minds of each of the famous barristers. O'Connell appealed to Sheehan to cast aside the notion of repudiation and stand or fall with his editorial colleagues, and Sheehan yielded to the appeal.

"Very well, young gentleman," said Mr. Holmes; "if you throw yourself under the wheels of your political Juggernaut, your own look out; your blood be upon your own head."

O'Connell took the allusion to the Indian idol as personal. Many days before, the trades unions, joined by myriads of citizens of Dublin, had given him an ovation through the principal streets of the city, in which he appeared on a triumphal car adorned with allegorical figures, and the *Evening Mail* characterised the whole affair as a piece of party fanaticism under the title "Juggernaut."

"It were better," said O'Connell, "to undergo a dozen imprisonments than destroy his own self-esteem and forfeit the esteem of his country. And it's not, after all," he drily added, "as if the offence were *rebellion*."

"Oh, dear no," replied Holmes; "only sedition, which is rebellion without its courage."

"He must go through it, or be disgraced," said O'Connell, raising his voice to an angry pitch.

"Let him, by all means, poor boy!" retorted Holmes.

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1874.

has never hung his hat upon a prison peg yet. You don't happen to remember, amongst your light reading, Sterne's starling, Mr. O'Connell?"

"Very well I do, and another gaol-bird nearer home, who couldn't get out either!" was O'Connell's answer given with a sneer and a characteristically mischievous twitch of his wig.

The unkind allusion needs an explanation: Holmes, when very young, had been detained for about a year in the Dublin Newgate, at the period of Emmett's execution, having been suspected of being privy to his unfortunate relative's mad attempt to upset the established Government by force of arms and bloodshed. He was let out, however, without trial, the Government officials not having been able to produce evidence against him.

"Gaol-bird!" exclaimed the old barrister with bitter emphasis; "take care, my towering eagle of Derrynane, that you're not a gaol-bird yourself yet, and that, old as I am, I may not live to return you the compliment!"

"Perhaps you *may*," said O'Connell with a laugh.

Ten years later O'Connell was tried and condemned for endeavouring, by unjustifiable and inflammatory language, to bring the Queen's Government into contempt, and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and £1,000 fine. O'Connell passed out from the court, and placing his foot on the step of the carriage which was about to convey him to Richmond Penitentiary, he quoted Byron's couplet to a crowd of barristers and others who were cheering and shaking him by the hand:

I think I hear a little bird that sings
The people by-and-by will be the stronger!

"Is it a *gaol-bird*, Dan?" asked old Holmes, who by some strange chance was at O'Connell's side at the moment when he made the quotation.

I heard the anecdote from one of O'Connell's solicitors not long after the occurrence, and my informant added what ought not in justice to be omitted. O'Connell had always regretted having allowed the unworthy taunt to escape his lips. When it was uttered, but for the great Dan's well-known "vow" against ever fighting another duel after he had shot D'Esterre, Holmes would, certainly, have sent him a hostile message within an hour, for it was his boast to the last that he never gave nor took an insult.

It was not long after the trial of the *Comet* editors that this sturdy old barrister was severely reflected upon in the *Dublin Pilot* for some matter connected with O'Connell, at whom Mr. Holmes seldom lost

an opportunity of having a fling, and the consequence was a challenge. Barrett, of the *Pilot*, who was a rough-and-ready speaker, and one of the most trenchant of the Irish editorial writers of his day, preferred maintaining his cause on the popular platform or at his desk to anything in the shape of a deadly weapon upon the field of honour. He could not, moreover, he said, in discussing the matter with the challenger's friend, who had waited on him to demand a meeting in the Phoenix Park at early dawn next morning, or an apology before the sun went down that same evening, make "an apology of such an abject nature as Mr. Holmes demanded. "Then," cried the hostile envoy, who was one of the most determined fire-eaters on the Munster Circuit, "there's nothing for it but an exchange of shots with more where that came from, till you change your ideas—if you live so long!"

"Is there no middle term?" asked the editor.

"None that I can see, sir. You must apologise, or fight."

"Well, then, by Saint Bridget of Kildare, I'll do neither the one nor the other!"

"And why not?"

"In the first place," said Barrett, "no man with a spark of honour would write such a cowardly and disgraceful apology as you demand for your principal, and in the second place, if he were to shoot me I should compromise my creditors"——

"Your creditors!"

"Yes—my creditors. I owe them £500 at the very least. Lay me see—there's my paper merchant on Merchants' Quay, to whom I am indebted a couple of hundreds. My printer, never less than half that sum. Stamp-duty—say fifty. There's my clerks, my son editor, my old housekeeper, who wouldn't wash me, lay me out, and wake me, if I left her unconsidered. Then—poor man!—there's my tailor!"

Mr. Holmes's friend, who knew nothing in such matters besides the code of honour, was almost speechless with rage and astonishment.

"Sir!" said he, when he recovered the power of articulation, "you shall hear more of this before you're much older!" and strode out of the editorial *sanctum*, moving his arms about as he went down the stairs like Vandenhoff in "Coriolanus," describing with unique violence the feat of "fluttering the Volscians."

In half an hour the fiery gentleman returned to the *Pilot* office with one of the most extraordinary propositions from his principal ever heard before or afterwards in the history even of Irish duelling.

ng more nor less than that Mr. Holmes, taking into con-
the apparent reasonableness of Barrett's scrupulosity on
ct of his debts, had drawn his cheque on the Bank of
or £500, which was very much at his opponent's service.
o set about discharging his obligations forthwith, and to
friend to arrange for a meeting the very next morning.

itor of the *Pilot* was overwhelmed with such generous con-
, and declared that his right hand should wither before it
trigger against such a generous Paladin. He would not
accepting the cheque, but would apologise in the hand-
anner; and he kept his word in the *Pilot* that very

ell, on hearing the story from Barrett shortly afterwards,
heartily, and said "What a fool you were, Dick, not to have
: money and gone out; Holmes is too blind to hit a
"

ory went further, to the effect that shortly afterwards a
own swell, very much in want of cash, wrote a challenge to
es, grossly insulting him, and offering to stand his fire for
oney. The offer, I need hardly say, was not accepted.

's droll affair of honour was surpassed in real Irish fun by
took place in Dublin some twenty years previously, in
ie celebrated fire-eater and champion of the Dublin
on, D'Esterre, afterwards shot by O'Connell, came out in
ray to pay old debts," and had his overstrained notions of
urned into successful ridicule by an honest plain-dealing
ther-wit and common sense. D'Esterre had been one of
gallant officers in the Navy before he became a Dublin
chant, in which business he embarked about the beginning
entury. It would appear, unfortunately, that he did not
ctly commercial habits into his new order of life. When he
me to paper the discounter of his acceptances might safely,
ral rule, deduct, with the interest, the price of the "protest"
and even leave a margin for the cost of the writ, which
quire to be threatened at least, if not served, before the
would be attended to and satisfied. One day Billy
well-known bill-broker, of great wealth and equal shrewd-
offered, as he sat on his accustomed window-sill in the
l of the Commercial Buildings, a bundle of bills for discount
chant who had taken them in the way of business. It was
an's boast that he instinctively knew bad "paper" by the

"There's bad 'paper' in your lot—I can perceive, sir, without taking the trouble to look over it *seri-ah-tim et lite-rah-tim*," remarked Billy, who had been originally intended by his pious Galway parents for the Church, and had in his boyhood a decent converse with the preliminaries of the classics.

"*Fœnum habet in cornu*," he continued, "as a body might say to a spavined horse. You had better remove it, if you *playse*, sir, before I have anything to say to you; for I wouldn't touch it with a pair of kitchen tongs, much less dirty my hands with it."

"I am astonished to hear you say so, sir," said the merchant, "and would you be pleased to mention what it is in my hand that encounters your objection?"

"Why, a certain acceptance signed H. D'Esterre, and, if you must know my opinion, I would not advance the value of a brass button on all that a jackass could draw on the same security."

"Good heavens! and why not?"

"For a *rayson* I have, and nobody knows it better than Mr. D'Esterre himself," answered Kirwan.

As Mr. Kirwan was sitting alone after dinner the same evening, enjoying his pipe and his glass of punch over one of McGhee's latter leaders in the *Evening Post*, or, just as probable, one of Dan O'Connell's earlier speeches in favour of Catholic emancipation, the servant came in with a card from Colonel Henry.

"Who's Colonel Henry?" demanded Kirwan.

"Faith, and it's myself doesn't know him from the man in the moon."

"Rowl in the Colonel; and lay another tumbler!" said the master of the house.

Colonel Henry, a tall and gentlemanly-looking man, of middle age, was ushered in.

"Mighty glad I am to see you, Colonel, whatever you've come about," said our host; "but before you begin I would advise you to mix a tumbler of that excellent *Johnny Power* that's forenent you. If you take it off at once, it will pull you through the opening part of your business pleasantly and comfortably; and then you can mix a second at once to prepare you for contingencies."

Colonel Henry having taken Kirwan's advice, so far as mixing, but not suddenly absorbing the liquor, opened his business with all the grandeur of a perfect Sir Lucius, as in days long gone by Jack Johnson used to enact the part, not Tyrone Power.

The Colonel very much regretted that it fell to his lot to have deliver a hostile message to a gentleman of such respectability

Mr. Kirwan from one equally respectable and estimable as Mr. D'Esterre. He repeated the injurious and insulting expressions which the gentleman whom he had the honour of addressing had made use of in speaking of his friend during the day to a certain merchant in the Commercial Buildings, and which had travelled the round of the city before nightfall. He pointed out moreover the utter impossibility of Mr. D'Esterre allowing such an outrage on his name and character to be uttered and sent forth to the world without demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman.

"Then, Colonel, honey, come to the point, and just tell me what it is that you want," demanded Kirwan.

"An apology or the alternative."

"Which means that I must eat my words or fight?"

"Most decidedly."

"It can't be done for the money."

"For the money?"

"Yes, for the money. I'd be glad to accommodate you, my dear Colonel, in any way in my power; but the money stands in my way most completely and entirely."

Colonel Henry looked bewildered. Kirwan's *argumentum ad crumenam* was evidently beyond him. "What money?—whose money?" he exclaimed.

"Why, *my* money, to be sure; the money that your *respectable* friend Mr. D'Esterre owes me this last couple of years—nothing more nor less than a cool hundred, independent of interest and expenses. I lent it to him at first not as a matter of business, but on his pledged word of honour that he'd return it to me at the time he promised; and, upon my honour and sowl, he hasn't done so from that day to this."

The Colonel doubted what he had to do with the money question.

"Everything," said Kirwan, "in the regard of your not having the ghost of an argument on your side when you ask me to apologise or fight."

The Colonel still could not see it; but his opponent very soon made him, in this wise. He'd be a liar and a coward to apologise, or in any way retract what he had said and still felt of D'Esterre, so long as D'Esterre chose to act dishonourably towards him; and to go out and fight him would be to act like the biggest fool in existence. "Blood-an'-'ouns! Colonel," said Billy, "do you want me to fire against my own money? On the other hand, if D'Esterre hits me he'll send me to the devil after it; and you know the Scripture says that 'out of hell there's no redemption!'"

"Very true indeed, and by no means an unreasonable way of putting it," observed Colonel Henry; "but," he added, "will you, if I satisfy you on the money question"—

"If you pay me—that's the chat!" roared Billy.

"Pay you—certainly; that's what I mean; but will you then fight?"

"Like a Trojan, Colonel," cried Kirwan; "anything to oblige you, anything for peace and quietness."

"I shall see you to-morrow morning again, Mr. Kirwan," said the Colonel, rising and formally bowing to his host, who vainly endeavoured to make him take another jorum, "just to show that there was no animosity between them."

"You'll have your friend ready in the morning, when I call?" asked Henry, as he turned for the last time.

"That's my intintion," responded Kirwan, "and all my world my affairs settled."

Colonel Henry did not see the face of inimitable drollery that Mr. Kirwan assumed as he uttered the last observation, for his back was turned, and he was half-way down the hall-door steps, hailing a passing carman.

Next morning the gallant bearer of the cartel was at the house of the challenged party, who received him most graciously.

"But your friend, Mr. Kirwan? I don't see the gentleman whom I expected to be presented," exclaimed the Colonel, looking not a little surprised.

"Layve that to me," Kirwan remarked very coolly. "Business before pleasure, if you please; have you brought my money? let's settle that before we proceed to the sintimental part of the matter."

"Certainly," replied Henry. "Here's a hundred pound Bank of Ireland note at your service, which discharges my friend's obligation."

"And here's a receipt for that same, with an apology for your friend, which he and you would be the most unreasonable men alive not to accept and be thankful."

"What, then! you don't intend to fight, after all?" exclaimed the Colonel, on hearing what appeared to him an extraordinary declaration, and perceiving the perfectly ridiculous result which his grave embassy had at length been brought to. "You won't fight?" he repeated.

"The divil a bit! Colonel honey; and that's as sure as my name is Billy Kirwan. I unsay all I have said of your friend, and apologise to him and you in the handsomest manner."

can't just at this moment see," ruminated the baffled envoy, "my principal is to come out of this affair creditably in this affair!"

He comes out of it with flying colours; for his fellow citizens think more of him when they hear he has paid his debts than if he had shot Billy Kirwan!"

The celebrated bill-broker of the Dublin Commercial Buildings brought this, at first sight, formidable looking affair to a successful conclusion, according to his notions of common sense and personal honour. Even in a duelling age, and by a fire-eating generation, people said when a quarrel took place, and a money question was at the bottom of it, "Settle the latter first and the former afterwards"; and before running a debtor to the wall, "Take Kirwan's advice and don't fire against your own money!"

Turning to my recollections of Samuel Lover as a satirist, it is not so soon now to divulge the fact that in those early days, before he came a great man in London, the author of "Handy Andy" used not only his pencil as a caricaturist, but his pen as a literary satirist. Everybody remembers Lady Morgan, who died at an advanced age only a few years back, retaining her fine and spark-mental faculties to the last. Few of us there are, even amongst our youngest readers, with any pretensions to acquaintance with the light literature of our age and country, who have not been happily entertained with at least the chief of her lively fictions as well as her brilliant sketches of life and travel. At the same time it must be acknowledged that even the best of her works were not without certain eccentricities, the chief of these being the habit of mixing her otherwise agreeable diction with foreign phrases. She called her Lady Polly Glot, a title which she enjoyed amongst the wags of Dublin till the end of her life, and which, sooth to say, far from offending, pleased her ladyship exceedingly.

Lady Morgan's house in Dublin was as celebrated in its way as the Bouillet or Holland House, being the resort not only of the leading Whig intellect of the Irish metropolis, but of the accomplished and agreeable of every shade of politics—officers of the garrison and of the Viceregal household, the judges, the bar, leaders of the medical profession, such as Crampton, Cusack, Stokes, Romilly, &c. My lady was most sedulous, moreover, in her invitations not only to any of the London dramatic celebrities who visited Dublin professionally, but to any others in any line of the direct or implied; indeed, to anything individually or collectively of the shape of a decent presentable lion, good to talk, to talk to, or

to be talked about. If Barnum had attended at the Rotundo in days with his Red Indians, Aztecs, the Bosjesmans, the Siamese or the Double-headed Nightingale, you might safely bet you counter them at Lady Morgan's, where, be it understood, how they went not at their own but at her ladyship's price, which the honour of her invitation pure and simple.

Very shortly after the "Horn Book" had made its appearance "Valentine Post Bag" was announced for St. Valentine's Day by the same editors, and issuing from the same office. Its sale was extensive. The frontispiece of this witty little half-crown brochure, etched by Lover, representing Cupid with his bow unstrung, was away with the disengaged end of the bow-string a letter-bag from a passing postman of the morning, was an exquisite performance.

A story had gone the rounds of Dublin society that Lady Morgan had been endeavouring to catch the "Bohemian Brothers," a trio of picturesque-looking vocalists, who sang their German songs with very fine effect and drew large audiences to the fashionable concert-hall of the Rotundo. The shrewd foreigners, however, were not to be caught in this cheap and easy fashion. They refused to go to her ladyship's soirées except as a pure matter of business, their price being five guineas each.

Lover seized upon the incident and trotted out the harmless trio and her ladyship for such a bit of sport on Valentine's Day. Lady Morgan, who, rumour had it, was at the moment meditating a second fascinating epistle to the "brothers," made no further attempt to induce them to relax their rule in her favour; nor did she hesitate to tell Lover, whose authorship of the "Valentine" had leaked out, that she would dispense with his future presence at her receptions unless he repudiated all connection with the Comet Club and its publication. This Lover did in the *Dublin Morning Register* in a manner what cavalierly. Sheehan declared in the same newspaper that after its appearance that the repudiation was false, and declared that if it was reiterated his communication to Mr. Lover would be through the columns of a newspaper; and the statement was repeated.

Here are the lines, which will not be found in any authentic collection of Lover's works:—

LADY POLLY GLOT TO THE BOHEMIAN BROTHERS

Meine Brüder, *mei Frati*; mes frères, ἀδελφοί,
Or however *nommés* in all languages ye be,
More beauteous by far, than the cup-bearing boy
That succeeded that *Ladi* so like me—fair Hebe.

Wie gehts dir, chers frères, come stà, how d'ye do ?
 'Tis "refreshing" to have *Forestieri* among us ;
 To my capital, *Freilich*, you're quite *biens venus*
 For your being *unheimlich*, beats all that you've sung us.
 Your *moustaches*, so *distingués*—*mi fa palpitar*—
 Ye top-sawyer singers,—tenor, treble, and *Basso*,
 I don't mean *relievo*—*bijoux* that ye are,
Los Dios !—(I wish I'd a line here from Tasso).
 Then come !—in my little red snuggery rest ;
 Do you play *Ulysses*, and I'll play the *Syren*,
 While my (plaster) *Apollo*, by Owen once drest,
 Shall *en nudité* sport,—like the *Haidee* of Byron.
 Oh ! *à qui*, I would give you a lesson the while
 Where, *souvent*, I've instructed "divine" *Catalani* ;
C'etoit là, I taught *Braham* to sing "Said a Smile,"
 And made "that poor *Stephens*" *au fait* in *Mandane*.
 'Twas there I made *Comerford* quite *comme il faut*,
 There *enseigné* the artist his delicate touches ;
 'Tis there, where my *chayney* is all in a row,
 My *new friendships* I swear, and revenge my *old grudges*.
 To my Sunday soirées you'll be quite a relief ;
 (The *Dungarvans* and *Miltowns* are had in a trice),
 But if you refuse me, 'twill cause me more grief
 Than when *Colbourne* "*the wretch ! !*" sold my books at half-price.
 Then "absentee" *αδελφοι credetemi*,
 I denounce your denial, and doom as your due
 That quickly transported to *Sydney* you be,
 And *Sydney* will then be transported *with* you.
Deh vien'—at our charming *re-union* appear,
 (Anti union "riff raff" have not my estimation,)
 "The *Leinsters*," and some "select friends," will be here
 Who signed (at MY BIDDING) the famed "declaration."
 To my *Boudoir* (the one of *the Book*) come to tea,
 In glee we will revel, in waltz we will twine,
Bohemians—*Zingari*—*mes frères*—*chers amis* !
Jusqu'—*à la muerte*—your true *Valentine* !

To turn to the poetry of the *Comet*, one of the songs which had a
 Good run at the time when it was published, especially in the North
 Of Ireland and amongst the Orangemen themselves, who the English
 Reader must understand were, as they are still in that province, for the
 Most part Presbyterians as contradistinguished from Episcopalians,
 Was the following, which was sung at an editorial symposium by Phi-
 lander (Sheehan) to Buckthorne (Browne). The verses possess some
 value in an historical point of view, showing by their popularity at
 the time that the feelings of the Protestant yeomen of Ulster were
 as much opposed to paying tithes and Church cess as were those of
 the Roman Catholics of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught :—

In Clogher town, in the North far down—
 Like a whirlwind it did rattle—
 Met Tythe and Cess, and spoiled their dress
 One morn in bloody battle.
 The Orange boys with tuneful noise
 Went marching in good order,
 Till they met Sir Tythe with his ruffle blythe,
 And they smoothed his mushin border.

Of Church and State let knaves not prate
 To loyal men to fool them,
 The Orange Lodge won't bear such fudge,
 Though Stanley swears he'll school them.
 From this Twelfth Day no tythe we'll pay—
 No value we're receiving.
 Let every creed its preachers feed,
 And down with reverend thieving'

We'll toast and tell who burst the spell,
 Those loyal Orange brothers,
 Who bravely stood, in cause so good,
 To free themselves and others.
 Let tythes go down! Who fears the frown
 Of Stanley, the State Showman?
 We'll aid the cause, obey the laws,
 And hurt or harm do no man

Arise, Tyrone, that long lay prone,
 In mean, womanly slumber,—
 The dupe or slave of peer or knave,
 Your load was lordly lumber!
 From bright Strabane to Ballymagravn
 Shall beat but one pulsation—
 One strong calm beat of vital heat,
 To save a sinking nation.

In the midst of notes, recollections, and mementoes, such
 render an old man garrulous without measure, I find my self
 exhausted.

TRANSMITTING THE WAR NEWS.

I WAS not a war correspondent. My business was to take up my station at a point somewhere near the confines of civilisation between London and Ashantee, to receive despatches from our own special correspondent in Africa, and to send the news on from that point to the vicinity of Fleet Street by telegraph. This seems a very simple business, but there is an art in it, and the history of that art, in Europe, in America, in Asia, and in Africa, say from the outbreak of the Crimean War till the close of the recent operations of Great Britain on the Gold Coast, would form a very interesting, an exciting, and a not altogether unheroic chapter connected with the story of modern warfare. In comparison with a great deal that would appear in such a chapter my own little scrap of experience would not cut a very important figure; but such as it is it forms an illustration of a department of journalism about which the general reader knows little.

The special correspondent despatched to the Gold Coast began so to speak, by laying a trail on his way out. At every port he made such arrangements as seemed to him best for the safe receipt and prompt retransmission of his letters and his messages from the seat of war, and at Liverpool, Southampton, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madeira, St. Vincent, and Sierra Leone he left agents, several of whom were specially sent out from London for that purpose. It was the business of the agent to watch for the arrival of ships which might possibly bring news from Ashantee, and to retransmit the news-parcel or its contents, as the case might be, by the quickest possible conveyance or by telegraph, to the journal whose commission he held. The correspondent at the seat of war despatched his letter, by special messenger or trustworthy courier, to the agent at Cape Coast, who ordinarily forwarded it (per favour of the captain) by the next most available steamer to one of the stations I have named. Not always would the first boat to start from Cape Coast be the most expeditious medium of conveyance. In one instance in particular a letter from Prahsu for a particular journal was not despatched from Cape Coast until two days after other letters of the same date had left, but it was published in London eight days before the letters which were sent out in advance of it. It owed its advantage to the fact that the steamer by which it came ran faster than

the others, made fewer calls, and so just saved the English Government Despatch Boat to Lisbon, whence the letter was immediately telegraphed on; while the slower boat, having missed this same Government Despatch Boat at Madeira, carried its war letters through to Liverpool.

One word as to these Despatch Boats. The *Vigilant* and *Enchantress*, commanded respectively by Staff-Commander Cleveland and Captain Harris, were employed by Her Majesty's Government expressly for the purpose of meeting the African packets at Madeira, and conveying official despatches with all speed to Lisbon, to be telegraphed to the Foreign Office, the submarine cable now communicating with Madeira being at that time out of order and unworkable. The officers of these ships were good enough, with the full sanction of authority at home, to convey the letters of the newspaper correspondents as well as their own across the four hundred miles of ocean to Portugal, and the press and the public are indebted to them for by far the largest proportion of war news that reached England in advance of regular routes. The Despatch Boats arriving at Lisbon at any hour of the day or night would run direct up the Tagus to the Praco do Commercio, where the chief telegraph office is situated. Government despatches were immediately sent ashore to gain the all-important advantage of being first on the wire. Representatives of particular newspapers hurried on board to receive their letters, and raced ashore to secure second place in the order of telegraphing. Government messages were rarely long, and would not occupy the wire more than a few minutes; but with respect to newspaper intelligence, extending sometimes to the length of two columns, and occupying the wires for three or four hours, the case was very different. The handing of such a message to the English clerk in charge at the Eastern Telegraph Company's office two minutes before the message of a competitor might make all the difference between the delivery of the same at the office of the particular journal in time to appear next morning, and the delivery at an hour when it would be of no use till the following day, and would then have been anticipated. And when it is remembered that the cost of a single message would range between £50 and £100, it will be readily understood that no inconsiderable exercise of scheming was brought into play to secure the all-important advantage of being first on the wire. The story current of the device of a correspondent of a New York paper, who, having first got possession of a certain single wire, kept the machine occupied in the transmission of the *first chapter of Genesis* until his own despatch was written—whether

the incident is true or false—is a tolerably good illustration of the position. He who first engages the attention of the telegraphic operator has him at his service till the last word of his message is sent.

Such were the duties of the London journalists posted at Lisbon, and, as I have hinted, I was one of them. A few incidents will indicate the conditions of success and failure in such work, and the nature of the competition between the agents.

One day when the Despatch Boat arrived from Madeira with special correspondents' letters from Cape Coast, it transpired that communication by cable *viâ* Falmouth was broken, and the messages were to lie dead in the Portuguese office. Sometimes I was outmanœuvred and beaten in point of time or scheming by my rivals; sometimes I had the best of them. On the occasion of this broken cable I had the advantage, though there were messages handed in to the office half an hour earlier than mine. I was told, as had my competitors been, that the message could not be despatched until the fracture in the cable was repaired, and I left the office, like them, discomfited. But presently it occurred to me that notwithstanding the blank *non possumus* of the telegraph office, there might be some alternative method of getting the message on a stage, and returning to the office I pressed home the question whether it was absolutely certain that nothing could be done.

“Nothing,” said the clerk; “the Spanish land-lines are of no use during the war.”

“But is there no other possible route? Cannot you ‘hark back’ in any way?”

A new idea struck the chief clerk.

“Yes; if you choose to pay for your message *viâ* Malta, it can go here for retransmission.”

“Pay!—I’ll pay anything!”

“Then give me written instructions to that effect.”

Written instructions were given, and the message went; and when, some five hours afterwards, my friends the agents of certain other journals arrived at their hotel notes were awaiting them from the obliging manager of the Telegraph Department stating that if they wished their messages to go *viâ* Malta they must give written authority for the extra cost. Meanwhile my message had had some hours' start on the thousand miles electric race round by Gibraltar, Malta, and who knows where besides, and was already being “told off” in London, where it appeared in the newspaper to which it was addressed one day in advance of all other newspapers, and even of

Reuter's, whose Lisbon agents are particularly smart; and the news was particularly interesting and important.

Apart from the conditions of competition under which we worked, I must confess that I had no twinges of conscience upon overreaching my friends in this particular instance, for it was by a stroke of what at the time I considered to be rather cruel sharp practice that they had got those particular messages delivered at the telegraph office half an hour before mine. I was then a new arrival, and they, who knew their ground, had led me to believe that there was no hurry in getting on board the Despatch Boat, and that we should all go in a party for our parcels, while in point of fact they had made private arrangements with the lieutenant for their letters to be brought ashore with the Government despatches while mine, in default of such arrangement, would remain on board.

On the next occasion important news was brought to Lisbon by steamer direct from St. Vincent. The ship arrived at an early hour in the morning, and was detained in quarantine at Belem, at the mouth of the Tagus, a distance of five miles from the city. By special arrangement with one José Alvarez, who kept a small observatory, I had obtained first intelligence of the entrance of the ship, and long before Lisbon generally, and my rivals in particular, were astir, I was on the way to Belem, "all in a chaise and pair," which had been specially on order in expectation of this arrival. A solitary Portuguese guard was on duty at the Quarantine Office, and there, on the other side of an iron grating, was the ship's officer with all the letters in his possession, about to place them in an iron safe to undergo a process of fumigation before being sent on to the post-office at Lisbon.

"Could you not give me that one letter in the red envelope?" said I, well knowing that if it went through the ordinary course five hours must elapse before I could receive it.

"Impossible!" replied he. "They would put you in the lazaretto and subject the ship to a penalty."

I was turning away disappointed, when a solution of the difficulty occurred to me.

"You cannot give me the letter, but as it has not yet passed into the post-office, there is no law to prevent you from opening it and reading it to me."

"With pleasure."

"That, then, is the letter; you will find my name upon it, and the name of the newspaper I represent."

The packet was opened and read; the contents, which were brief

but important, I took down in shorthand; the letter was refastened, and I was walking with assumed calmness out of the office when two of my contemporaries, in breathless haste, rushed in—

“You need not hurry,” I observed. “You cannot get your letters. Will you come and have a glass of wine?”

They declined, as I expected. I repaired to an adjoining telegraph office, whence, with the aid of an interpreter whom I had taken down with me, the message was despatched fully five hours before we received our letters out of quarantine at the Lisbon post-office, where I waited with the rest to avoid suspicion.

When the news reached us of the battle of Amoaful, the most exciting of the whole war, a new expedient was brought into play. I had engaged a small tug steamer to go alongside the ship, and had instructed the man in charge, who was well up to the work, to get my letters if possible and then signal for me to go on board his tug. Not only had he got my letters, but the captain had handed to him those of a contemporary as well. To have taken these back to the ship would have lost half an hour of valuable time, so I ordered them to be sent to my friend's hotel. Unfortunately he had then gone down to the ship, and when he returned the night porter, who had gone off duty, had taken them up to his room, seeing them marked “Important,” and the day porter, who succeeded him, knew nothing about them. Thus it was that my message, which was a very long one, and cost £107 in transmission by telegraph, was first *en route*, and occupied the only available line until a late hour in the evening.

My friend had his revenge when, aroused one morning at two o'clock with telegraphic intimation of the arrival of a particular mail steamer, he was up and alongside three hours before any of us. The porter at my hotel had received a similar message at the same time, and with true Portuguese indifference had folded his cloak around him and fallen asleep with the message in his hand. I must confess that his diligence ever afterwards was remarkable.

It was necessary after this that the river should be watched by night whenever important news was expected, and I had watchers to report themselves at my room at twelve, three, and six, urged to punctuality by promises of brandy and water, and the certainty that in case of their failing to appear I should soon be alongside of them. Once the Despatch Boat got in at midnight, and knowing now that the letters of my rivals would be brought ashore I was doubly anxious to get quickly on board. A solitary old boatman only was to be had, but the tide was running fast in the direction of the place where the Despatch Boat lay, and by taking an oar and laying-to

sturdily in stroke with the old man we dashed over the bottom of the Tagus, through the lines of ships, and were soon alongside the boat. To have returned against tide would have involved a loss of time. We pulled straight ashore, and after scrambling up the steep bank I found myself on the high road four miles from Lisbon at one o'clock in the morning, with as much chance of getting to London as you would have at the same hour in the neighbourhood of London. By the light of a small lantern I was preparing to hand messages when by some extraordinary good fortune I heard at a distance the sound of wheels. Sure enough a cab, on its way from Lisbon, rolled up. I jumped in:

"Estação Telegraphica, Praça do Commercio. Vite! Vite!"

The boat carrying the letters of my friends the enemy would have pulled up against the tide to the Praco, and could not have gained much. The time occupied in transmission to London was very uncertain, and even at this hour, with a clear day available it was important not to be late. When I arrived my messages were ready to be handed in. One, and one only, of my rivals was there too, and passed his to the clerk first. The next moment I was handed back with the notification that it was not marked to go to Malta. Mine, which had been handed in immediately after, was directed to Malta, and of course obtained whatever advantage might be in precedence.

One more note and I have done. These messages, numbered sometimes as many as twenty at a time, were all handed in at the chief office, where an English staff was on duty; but in a corner of the Square was a small office, used chiefly for Court House purposes, but open to the public; and here, by previous arrangement, it was practicable to slip in a short message and get off while the clerks at the chief office were still busy receiving and arranging their mass of business.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, however, beat us all by sending his decisive advices direct to Gibraltar, and thence by telegraph to London.

Let me end, however, by saying that in all our rivalries we paper men at Lisbon were excellent friends, and it is partly a suggestion of one of them, with whom I made the journey, that I have ventured to lay before the public these incidental illustrations of the difficulties of getting and transmitting war news.

HANS VOGEL.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Ein ächter Deutscher Mann mag' keinen Franzosen leiden !"—BRANDER
"FAUST."

THE fight is o'er, the day is done,
And thro' the clouds o'erhead
The fingers of the setting sun
Are pointing down blood-red,—
Beneath, on the white battlefield,
Lie strewn the drifts of dead.

No breath, no stir ; but everywhere
The cold Frost crawleth slow,
And Frank and Teuton side by side
Lie stiffening in the snow,—
While piteously each marble face
Gleams in the ruby glow.

No sound ; but yonder midst the dead
There stands one steed snow-white,
And clinging to its chilly mane,
Half swooning, yet upright,
Its rider totters, breathing hard,
Bareheaded in the light !

Hans Vogel. Spectacles on nose,
He gasps and gazes round—
He shivers as his eyes survey
That wintry battle-ground—
Then, parch'd with thirst and chill with cold,
He sinks, without a sound.

Before his vision as he lies
 There gleams a quaint old Town,
 He sees the students in the street
 Swaggering up and down,
 While at a casement sits a Maid
 In clean white cap and gown.

Hans Vogel thinks, "My time hath come!
 Ne'er shall these eyes of mine
 Behold poor Ännchen, or the vines
 Of dear old Ehbrenstein!"
 He smacks his lips, "*Mein Gott!* for one
 Deep draught of Rhenish wine!"

Then swift as thought his wild eyes gleam
 On something at his side—
 He stirs—he glares—he sits erect—
 He grips it, eager-eyed:
 A Flask it is some friend or foe
 Hath dropt there ere he died!

To God he mutters now a prayer,
 Quaking in every limb;
 Trembling he holds it to the light!—
 'Tis full unto the brim!
 A flask, a brimming flask of wine!
 And God hath sent it him!

Hans Vogel's heart leaps up in joy,
 "*Dem Himmel sei Dank!*" he cries—
 Then pursing out his thirsty lips
 Prepares to quaff his prize,—
 When lo! a sound—he starts—and meets
 A pair of burning eyes!

Propt on a bed of comrades dead,
 His faint breath swiftly flying,
 His breast torn open by a shell,
 A Grenadier is lying:—
 Grim as a wolf, with gleaming fangs,
 The Frenchman glareth, dying!

White are his locks, his features worn
With many a wild campaign,
He rocks his head from side to side
Like to a beast in pain—
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
Again and yet again.

Hans Vogel, in the act to drink
And render God due praise,
Drops down his fever'd hand in doubt
And pauses in amaze,
For on the flask that Grenadier
Fixeth his filmy gaze !

Hans Vogel smiles, " Here lieth one
Whose need is more than mine !"
Then, crawling over to his foe,
" Look, Frenchman, here is wine !
And by the God that made us both
Shall every drop be thine !"

Hast thou beheld a dying boar,
Struck bleeding to the ground,
Spring with one last expiring throe
To rip the foremost hound ?
Terrible, fatal, pitiless,
It slays with one swift bound.

Ev'n so that grizzly wolf of war,
With eyes of hate and ire,
Stirs as he lies, and on the ground
Gropes with a fierce desire,—
Then lifts a mighty carbine up,
And lo ! one flash of fire !

A flash—a crash ! Hans Vogel still
Is kneeling on his knee,
His heart is beating quick, his face
Is pale as man's can be ;
The ball just grazed his bleeding brow,—
" *Potstausend !*" murmureth he.

Hans frowns ; and raising to his lips
 The flask, begins to quaff ;
 Then holds it to the fading light
 With sly and cynic laugh.
 Deep was his drought—sweet was the wine—
 And he hath drunk the half !

But now he glanceth once again
 Where that grim Frenchman lies—
 Gasping still waits that wolf of war
 Like to a beast that dies—
 He groans athirst, with open mouth,
 And slowly glazing eyes.

Hans Vogel smiles ; unto his foe
 Again now totters he—
 So spent now is that wolf of war
 He scarce can hear or see.
 Hans Vogel holds his hand, and takes
 His head upon his knee !

Then down the dying Frenchman's throat
 He sends the liquor fine :
 " *Half* yet remains, old boy," he cries,
 While pouring down the wine—
 " Hadst thou not play'd me such a trick,
 It would have *all* been thine ! "

Hans Vogel speaketh in the tongue
 Of his good Fatherland—
 The Frenchman hears an alien sound
 And cannot understand,
 But he can taste the warm red wine
 And feel the kindly hand.

See ! looking in Hans Vogel's face
 He stirs his grizzly head —
 Up, smiling, goes the grim moustache
 O'er cheeks as gray as lead—
 With one last glimmer of the eyes,
 He smiles,—and he is dead.

MADemoiselle DESCLÉE.

BY CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

IN the stage, as well as in every other branch of art, the line of demarcation between talent and genius is signalised by a tendency on the part of the spectator to give up criticism for profound observation. A great player, properly speaking, is beyond criticism of capacity: he has mastered all the difficulties of his art; he has learnt all the tricks, *ficelles*, and effects which a good actor cannot dispense with, and a child learns his A, B, C before he can read; all these means of art he puts to the service of his genius; and as there is no room for the vulgar criticism of his proficiency as a stage holder, one can only observe the manifestations of his genius. There are not many great names on the stage who are worth observing. M. Got is one; Faure is another; and Mr. Irving might be classed with them if he were more highly cultivated. Among the ladies I see none, now and Mademoiselle Desclée is no more. A year and a half ago she came to London, passed before the English public like a vision, and vanished away never to be seen again. She appeared, as it were, and conquered before any one was quite aware that the battle was engaged in between the caprice of *dilettanti* and the hitherto unrevealed individuality of one of the most powerful and strange actresses that ever lived. And just as her return to England was being looked for, it was heard that she was in the agonies of death. To some of those who had seen her but two months before in the magnificent sublimity of her talent, the news was as painful as unexpected; others, who had given close scrutiny to the nature of her genius—who had understood the peculiar connection which obviously existed between the temperament of the actress and the ideal characters she personated—were pained, but little surprised; for it was evident that the more perfect she became, the nearer she was to death's door. London had Desclée's last breath, and short as was her sojourn here, it left so deep and lasting an impression that it is worth the while to devote a few pages to one whose short career and brilliant success offer more than ordinary elements of curiosity. She was a new comer, and yet she distanced all rivals; she was young, and yet she was by no means precocious; she was not pretty, and yet she was irresistibly fascinating; she exhibited all but an entire absence

of studied correction and elaborate refinement, and, nevertheless, she was innately more correct, more refined than the most admired actress of the Théâtre Français; and, on the whole, was as much of a sphinx as any great and mysterious artist that ever acted, composed, wrote, or painted.

When I saw Desclée for the first time, my impression, I confess, was not one of extreme admiration; and I may even say that I retired from the theatre with a vague feeling of discomfort, which, when I tried to explain it at the moment, altogether puzzled me. I instinctively felt that her acting was of the highest, but I was quite at a loss how to express my appreciation of it. When I came to analyse this general impression I found that it was caused by the extreme originality of the actress. One likes and expects to see and hear something to which one is accustomed; and when one's conventional ideas and complacent expectations are suddenly bewildered by a sight absolutely new, one experiences the momentary helplessness of judgment I speak of. One needs to become familiarised with originality before one can have a fair notion of its value, just as, if the simile can be used, one must eat truffles several times before one gets to like them. When I saw Desclée again, surprise began to give place to admiration, and the more I saw her the more my admiration increased. I have no doubt that this process of mental criticism was that of most spectators. But at the same time the feeling of pain persisted, and even increased in an equal measure with admiration. To me it appeared really too evident that she was, as it were, shedding her heart's blood, and that with every outburst of passion, with every word of anguish and despair that M. Alexandre Dumas' heroine uttered by her lips, she cast in the house a particle of her life. One felt that such acting must soon kill the actress. When one thinks of the shattering results on mind and frame of one single violent emotion, it is easy to analyse the havoc a nightly repetition of such tumultuous conflicts of the soul must have produced on Desclée; for she had the wonderful and fatal privilege not of impersonating but of *being* the characters to which she gave fire and life. Now if she had played in pieces of which the dominant impersonation belongs more to the passion of the heart than to the passion of the nerves; if she had been Marion de Lorme instead of La Dame aux Camélias, Desdemona instead of Frou-Frou, Donna Sol instead of La Princesse Georges, the effect on herself would have been far less prejudicial. There are passions that elevate and passions that kill. Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo have moulded characters of sublime purity, that can be approached, analysed, and represented without that eternal blight to the heart and soul which

we try in vain to efface after seeing or reading the plays of Dumas *filis*. The former present man and woman such as they are in their highest nobleness and virtue; modern playwrights of the French stage form before us the lowest and most scaring types of humanity. But Desclée was linked to Dumas' chariot of triumph; she was doomed by her life, disappointments, and natural gratitude, to the man who had procured her a first decisive success. She was ever giving vent to the morbid utterances and pathological dramas which the grim author of "La Dame aux Camélias" has always delighted in tracing. To follow the progress of M. Alexandre Dumas' plays was sufficiently desecrating for the outsider; to play them and to feel every shade of what they implied must have been deadly.

The great actress was, in fact, of a nature too sensitive, and far too eager to enter into the skin of the author's impersonations, to have recourse to the artificial means which dramatic artists, and even the greatest among them, are naturally compelled to call to their help if they wish to spare themselves for a long and fruitful career. This was the cause of her unparalleled success, and also of her early death. When she appeared on the stage every lurking idea of mere interpretation of a play by a competent actress disappeared; and so did the foot-lights and almost the recollection that one was in a theatre. It seemed as if a side of a house were removed by some cynical Asmodeus and a page of life were unfolded before you which, by some supernatural agency, you had the privilege of following. Everything in Desclée was impulse, naturalness, and profound truth. Diane de Lys, with her lightness of humour and heart, indistinct notions of right and evil, charming wit and graceful bearing, was before you in flesh and bones. The *artiste* seemed to understand the character better than the author himself, and with native taste and exquisite *finesse* she rendered all the shades of the temper of a whimsical, impulsive, yet artistic creature. It was felt that a woman could not possibly be more fascinating than she made herself. A thorough Parisienne in nature, Desclée was essentially feminine in the true meaning of the word. She displayed the soft worded causticity, the subtle shrewdness, the exaggeration of passionate feelings, the sudden fierceness and tremendous powers of contempt which belong to the sex; she had no typical gesture, no academic *pose*, and no fixed and conventional manner of expressing certain things. The range of her gestures was infinite, and such was the extreme versatility of her intellect and the choiceness of her sense of *nuances* that not one of them resembled another. She rendered a situation in different ways according to the impression *she was under at the time*, and she had a variety of methods of

expressing the same phrase on different nights that was most curious to observe. Never were two things more unlike than two identical performances of Desclée. With all these unique qualities, which made up such an original *ensemble*, Desclée's personal appearance had nothing that might be called strikingly prepossessing. Her aspect was strange, and one had an intuition that an uncommon woman was in presence. The mouth was large, and not graceful; the face shaped in a long oval, the chin very sharp, and the eye wide open, and with a strange, fixed gaze about it. But not until she opened her lips and the muscles of her face began to move was any particular effect produced, it was then perceived that her voice was rather weak, and of not very agreeable quality, and that her face could assume every shade of tragic expression, as well as every coquettish pout of a volatile and wayward girl. Nothing could be more charming than her capricious gaiety in the first part of "Frou-Frou"; more striking than her mobility of feature in the drawing-room scene of "Diane de Lys", and more tragic than the intense dramatic effect she infused into that somewhat absurd situation of Sardou's "Maison Neuve" where the heroine tries to conceal from her husband's sight the corpse of a man who is not dead. Whatever the morality of M. Alexandre Dumas' plays may be there is no doubt that they are powerfully and wittily written; but the author was all but completely eclipsed by the actress, and when the spectators retired after a performance of "Le Demi-Monde" or "La Princesse Georges" they thought more of Desclée than of Dumas. But the dramatist unwittingly took his revenge, for if Desclée made Dumas' creations live they paid her back by killing her.


Another impression was derived from Desclée's acting; but this was quite personal to the actress; and since she is no more, and as I do not see how I could explain the origin and causes of a dramatic genius which suddenly and spontaneously manifested itself after a long series of failures on the very stage which a few years later was to be the scene of her triumph without alluding to her private life, I may as well mention it at once. Such proficiency as hers, it was felt, could not have sprung from study, observation, and application; her natural faculties must have remained dormant until they were roused by the gall of experience. Her life must have been stormy and erratic, her passions tumultuous and conflicting, and her deceptions many. She was too really the heroine of Alexandre Dumas not to have herself passed through some of the phases of the existence of that heroine. I trust my intrusion on a delicate ground will not be *misunderstood*. Whatever Desclée's life might have been, she was

t, in my opinion, a whit less respectable. The morality of women genius cannot justly be judged by the ordinary standard; few among them have been virtuous in the exact sense of the term, and never enters the mind of the most stiff-collared critic to blame George Sand, or Catherine of Russia, or Christine of Sweden, or Apho, for the peculiar nature of her temperament. By heart and disposition Mademoiselle Desclée was one of the chastest and purest of women; but she had embraced a career and a mode of life which, so far as France is concerned, offers temptations and is strewn with abysses such as few women can either resist or avoid. I remember now with a feeling of grief how she told me the sad tale of an actress's career in France—to what tests an *artiste* has to submit to arrive at success; how it is materially impossible for her to follow an honest path by reason of the disproportion that exists between her emoluments and the expense in costumes she is compelled to incur; how she played Frou-Frou a hundred nights, paid at the rate of £20 a month, while her toilettes cost her double the amount. She said all this with sorrow, and seemed to recollect the events of her past life with the remorse of one who feels that certain blemishes can never be effaced. In a rather poorly written pamphlet of M. Emile de Moline's on Desclée, he describes the first period of her life as happy, peaceful, and prosperous. This is not true—at least if I may trust what I heard on the matter from Desclée's own lips. She complained bitterly of members of her family, and even made against them charges which I need not allude to. At any rate, there can be no doubt that she received an education of the most accomplished kind; but she was allowed to develop a fastidiousness of taste which leads a woman to evil when she does not possess a fortune to satisfy it. She was taught every *art d'agrément*—music, drawing, dancing—and, in fact, she became the fittest creature to spend thousands a year. But when Aimée Desclée attained a high state of intellectual and mundane culture the natural complement of money was not forthcoming; far from this, a reverse of fortune deprived her parents of their means of livelihood; so she was compelled to adopt a profession. The ambition of most small French bourgeois soars no higher than seeing their children on the stage; indeed, it is quite a passion with them to be able to boast that their son or daughter belongs to the company of a theatre, and thus they satisfy their own petty vanity. Aimée Desclée fell a victim to it, and she was sent as a pupil to the Conservatoire, although nothing in her nature betokened a particular aptitude for histrionic art. She studied under Beauvallet, the well-known actor and professor of declamation, and in 1855—that is, when she was nineteen—appeared at the

Gymnase Dramatique, at a salary of £50 a year. Curiously enough, the manager of the theatre was the same M. Montigny under whose protection she earned her future laurels. But her *début* was more than a lamentable failure. All the critics killed her with that "faint praise" which is worse than downright hostility, and M. Montigny began to regret the £50 he had so liberally bestowed on the beginner. She tried and tried again, but all to no purpose, she was cold, stiff, lacked expression, and, on the whole, was the very impersonation of mediocrity. Her youth, and that natural bloom which the French picturesquely call *la beauté du diable*, hardly redeemed her absolute nullity. She must have been very bad indeed, inasmuch as Parisian critics are always indulgent to children. When she personated La Baronne d'Ange, in lieu of Rose Chéri, in "Le Demi-Monde," the author, who eventually was to call her the greatest actress of her time, was so disgusted that the part was not long in her possession. Nor was she liked by her comrades. A virtuous girl is generally the object of ill-feeling from those who are conscious that she has over them the superiority of good conduct—a thing they at once envy and despise. The door was closed upon her at the Gymnase; she went to the Vaudeville and obtained a small engagement there; but she had now the reputation of a *cabotine*—that is, of a hopeless nonentity, and when she was again sent out of the Vaudeville as incapable the poor girl was forced to the acceptance of a travestied part in a *féerie* of the Variétés. She was now three-and-twenty, and the prospect of life was dreary and dark. She was dismayed, poor, and miserable; gifted with tastes far above her means, she found herself cast away from every stage, with misery staring her in the face, as the consequence of her honesty. Then commenced her sadder days, although she exchanged poverty for the gilded existence of the *demi monde*. She gave up her old habits and her hopes of success, renounced the stage, and plunged into her new existence with the recklessness of a poor affrighted creature who thinks the world is leagued to drive her into perdition. She became little more than a *petite dame*, and led the fast feverish existence of her like, among whom smothered conscience raises its voice perhaps more often than one thinks. Desclée travelled from the Seine to the Neva, had a house in Paris, a carriage, horses, and all that is sometimes supposed to be needed to constitute happiness. She wandered from Homburg to Spa, from Spa to Baden. Her mind was diseased, and this was manifested by her eccentricity; she had plenty of protectors if she wished, but not a single friend; and the recollection of her *unstained past* seems to have been a constant attendant.

This ruthless squandering of her valuable faculties can only be

accounted for by a profound aberration of mind; for if Desclée's genius as an actress was yet to appear, she showed by some admirable letters she wrote to her acquaintances and the sparkling wit which enhanced her conversation that she possessed literary aptitude of no common order. Sooner or later, however, the finer side of her nature was to resume its moral ascendancy. Desclée tired and sickened of the life she was leading, and she had the fortitude to discard it at all risks. This, no doubt, was highly creditable to her in all respects, considering that it is easy enough to slip from virtue to vice, but very hard to return from vice to virtue. Desclée returned to Paris, and applied everywhere in vain for an engagement, until she was well nigh again reduced to the extreme verge of desperation. She then thought of becoming a nun (an idea, by the way, which she retained ever afterwards). A kind-hearted *impresario* appeared just in time to prevent the execution of this design. The engagement he proposed to her was anything but brilliant, and the art she was expected to express was not of the loftiest kind. She was to go to Italy, and defray the delights of native admirers of "cascades" and cayenne-peppered plays. But a serious difficulty occurred, says one of her biographers: she could not dance the *cancon*, and that was principally what she was expected to do. Desclée went to the balls of the Quartier Latin, mingled with students and *grisettes*, and, thanks to their lessons, she mastered this last sublime effusion of modern choregraphy. It is difficult to imagine the aristocratic, the refined Desclée, whose grace and distinction were so much admired, hobbling about to the tune of an Offenbachian fantasy. Yet it was so, and the *cancon* was the serious *début* in a foreign land of an *artiste* who soon was to reach the highest sphere of her profession.

Some years elapsed, and Paris was yet unaware that the wretched little actress who had made such a notable failure, such as many others do every month on the stage, would return transformed and resplendent with talent. Symptoms of the event occurred, however. A Frenchman or two, returning from Milan, said they had seen a French actress who really deserved better than the scenes she played in and the houses she played to. Another, homeward bound from Naples, shortly afterwards declared that the French theatre of that town possessed an actress who ought to be heard in Paris. The oblivion of Desclée's first *fiasco*, and even of her name, was so complete that few could remember where she came from. Those who recollected her smiled incredulously, and could not believe that the jackdaw had turned into a swan. The truth was that something short of a *miracle had taken place* beyond the Alps. Desclée had gone. 

Italy to act low farce, as a third or fourth rate *artiste*, and two years had not elapsed before the Italian public raved about and grinned jubilantly at the French overlooking such a talent as it was now its exclusive privilege to appreciate. The exiled actress appeared first at Naples, and filled minor parts in minor plays. But some strange revolution seemed to take place within: she was another woman, and dormant genius awoke in her breast. Her erratic life, her disappointments and mental sufferings, had revealed new chords; she had seen what life was, and it was now within her power to render what she had felt and felt still with intense reality. Strange indeed that her dramatic power should have required the stimulant of violent emotions to break the outer crust and manifest itself! But nevertheless it was so. Hers was a genius which, like those mysterious plants which suddenly bloom forth under the influence of artificial means of growth, required abnormal circumstances and morbid experience to attain maturity. She pleased the Italians, and with extraordinary rapidity she took possession of the most difficult parts and rendered them in her own striking manner. The plays she instinctively preferred were those of Dumas *fil's*, "Diane de Lys," "La Dame aux Camélias," "Le Demi-Monde." From Naples she went to Florence, then to Turin and Milan; her reputation increased until her celebrity throughout the peninsula passed the frontier and reached France. The time for her return, however, was not yet come, and the Italians were little disposed to give her up so soon, knowing that if Parisian egotism appreciated the *artiste* there was no likelihood of seeing her again in the country where she acquired her first fame; and she continued the idol of Italy until she was induced to accept an advantageous engagement at a Brussels theatre.

It happened that M. Alexandre Dumas was in Brussels when Desclée was drawing full houses at the Galeries-Saint-Hubert. A friend of his asked him to come and see her, assuring him that the pilgrimage was worth his while. Dumas was rather sceptical, for he vaguely remembered Desclée's former failures in his own plays. He was extremely surprised when he saw Desclée giving an interpretation of "Diane de Lys" such as he had never witnessed before. He was so much struck that after inquiring whether the Desclée who was acting before him was really the Desclée of former days, he went behind the scenes, tendered his warm congratulations to the actress, and promised to procure her engagements at the Théâtre du Gymnase. On his return to Paris he urged M. Montigny, Desclée's former manager, to secure her services, and at last, in 1869, *Desclée* again challenged Parisian criticism before the footlights of *the boulevard*.

Public disposition was not particularly favourable to her on her first appearance, for the Parisians do not believe in tardily developed genius. Her success, however, was unexceptionally brilliant. When the French admire they admire sincerely, and it was no fault of theirs if the new comer had vegetated so long before deserving commendation. Before six months had elapsed MM. Meilhac and Halévy wrote a play expressly for her. "Frou-Frou" as a work of intrinsic value is far from good, and the joint collaborators were fortunate in finding in Desclée an *artiste* who could conceal the superficial lightness with which the character of their heroine was traced. When "Frou-Frou" was produced the whole of Paris flocked to the Gymnase; but it was the actress, not the piece, that the public went to see. The most eminent critics agreed in pointing to Desclée as the first actress of the French stage. "And now," wrote Jules Janin, "if you wish to have my opinion on Mademoiselle Desclée I must say that she is the most astonishing of women. She began by acting comedy wretchedly; she dallied, without grace or wit, in the steps of an admirable and regretted actress, Madame Rose Chéri; and now she unexpectedly returns from exile triumphant and superb, and full of disdain for the weakness of her past career. When she arrived, it was asked what she came for. She returns, *pardieu*, to make a revolution, no more nor less. She returns to show us unforeseen innovations and incomparable effects. She is a Proteus. It would require the brush of a great painter to present her such as she is. She is a shadow, a ghost, a woman—and so unlike others. It is useless to try to follow her. She escapes and deceives observation, imitates, pleases, charms and fills us with uneasiness. Her eyes are large, fiery, brilliant, and piercing. She is neither too tall nor too short. Her deportment is easy and graceful. Careless in speech, provoking in silence, active in action, elegant in gesture. But what now? She changes and loses her temper. She shrieks, threatens, and appeals. One almost forgets to applaud. Her joy is real, doubtless, and her tears are real tears; but do not trust these sudden fits of gaiety and spontaneous expressions of grief. She is the veritable personification of caprice. . . . 'According to you, then,' people will say, 'Mademoiselle Desclée is the first of our actresses?' I do not know and do not care; but what I do know is that she is the only real actress we have."

Such was the general tone of criticism, and it may be seen that it was sufficiently enthusiastic. She continued making great hits until the war interrupted her run of success, unparalleled in the annals of the French stage. Desclée was abroad when disaster overwhelmed the French armies; she immediately returned to France, and with a

pluck and patriotism not usually to be found among actors, she entered the ambulances, and strove to the utmost to make herself useful, while the greater number of her comrades fled the country and amused foreign audiences while their compatriots were fighting for their lives. The siege of Paris came to an end, but not the hardships of France; civil discord followed foreign strife. Paris rebelled, and Frenchmen turned their weapons upon each other. Most theatres were closed; the Gymnase was one of the few houses that remained open while shells came crashing into Paris and the beautiful capital was full of cries of war and echoed with the clash of arms. Desclée was one of the few who had the courage at the bidding of the manager to appear on the stage while all this awful tragedy was going on. An obus fell on her house, and narrowly missed her. Perhaps it would have been better for her then to die than suffer the protracted agony which preceded her death.

Hardly had the traces of street fighting disappeared, when the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" stepped forth, and having with pedantic gravity and candid arrogance expressed an opinion that Frenchmen were rotten to the core, he obligingly volunteered to write new plays with the object of conducing to their regeneration. Immorality, corruption, and indecency, quoth Dumas, must be put down and abjured; so he wrote "La Visite de Noce," which transcended anything immoral, corrupt, and indecent that had appeared on the stage during many years. "La Princesse Georges" came also in due time. In both these plays Desclée was the great attraction, and she rose higher than ever. "What an actress!" exclaimed M. Sarcy. "What power! What fascination!" Paris was now quite in love with Desclée, and M. Alexandre Dumas was so eager to get the best out of her that he wrote play after play with feverish activity. Already Desclée's health was giving way. Such triumphs, such excitement, such work were too much for her nerves. But she strenuously persevered, as if she knew that her passage in the world was coming to an end and she wished to leave behind her as many tokens of her genius as she could during the few months she was yet to live.

Her last creation was "La Femme de Claude." This was in 1873. Desclée appeared in the character of a monster such as the morose son of one of the most jovial writers that ever lived could alone invent. I say invent, because M. Dumas' creation of Claude's wife does not exist in nature, it was the impersonation of the type he had sketched in "L'Homme-Femme" - a libel on a woman, an outrage against the human race. The play was a deserved failure, but for Desclée it was the finest hit of her dramatic career. She

struggled, as it were, against the repulsive character she had to sustain and after the name of the author had been received with icy coldness, the actress was recalled over and over again. It was her last appearance before the Parisian public, and this final performance was the greatest thing she ever did.

It was now the turn of England to see her. She came to London under the auspices of MM. Pitron and Valnay. She only remained a month, and no French visitor was treated with greater regard by the English public than she was; but her *repertoire* was sadly shortened by the competent or incompetent authorities. Was it owing to her malady, which had now reached an advanced stage, and which produced in her unwonted excitement and abnormal lucidity, that she never was more powerful and thrilling than in these last performances of her life? The reception she met with at the Princess's Theatre charmed her, and when she went away it was with the understanding that she should return in the course of the following year. She had not been gone many days when she experienced the first pangs of death. "I sink just as I was reaching the port," she wrote; and a few days later she expired. She was thirty-eight years of age.

Her place is still vacant; nor is it likely that it will be filled for some time to come, if it is filled at all. Desclée was unique; she had no model, nor can she be imitated. Other great actresses may appear, and be paramount in their own way, but none can be like her; and it may be added that it is not desirable that any should be like her. Her originality was trenchant, her capacity was supreme; both, however, were the result of the great actress's temperament and adventures; and in her art there was something which, as Jules Janin rightly said in the fragment I have quoted, begot uneasiness. It may have been produced by the essence of the particular characters she enacted; or it may have come from the nature of Desclée's genius, penetrated as it was with the spirit of her impersonations. We often experience the feeling in connection with a perfect work of art that howsoever beautiful and harmonious it may appear to us, we do not wish that it should find imitation; and for that feeling, or rather for that instinct, we cannot furnish a cogent reason. So it is with Desclée. But for all that her dramatic achievements were magnificent and her art was supreme.

AL LYN SAHIB.

BY FRANK PERCIVAL.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IV.

But what thing will be left to me but fire?
The fire of fierce despair within my heart,
The while I reap my guerdon for my part.

W. MORRIS

IT has been quaintly said by somebody that God, in His wisdom, took no piece of Adam's head for the formation of Eve, who would then have had over-much intelligence; He took no portion of the legs, lest it would have been impossible to restrain her from rambling; but He took a rib—a piece near the heart—so that she might be all love.

And perhaps it was for this reason—they being “all love”—that Mrs. Bagot and Emily were so much more concerned on Enone's account than were her father and uncle.

It was of course the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Bagot to feel that his brother now shared in the responsibility, this being at all times a burthen to be relegated by him to other people's shoulders with the utmost possible amount of inconsiderateness and despatch. His appetite, therefore—Dr. Johnson's test of sympathy—was not materially affected. And the flood-tide of dinner having turned, the Captain, by some stray shot, or possibly with malice prepense, got hoisted on to his pet hobby-horse—the operations in Scinde in 1849, in which—and especially in the battle of Chillianwalla—he was supposed to have greatly signalised himself.

Now, Mr. Bagot, who had been laboriously reading up “Dacoitee in Excelsis” for an occasion like the present, considerably to the Captain's surprise soon came “down upon” him on the subject of the Oudh annexation, which he affirmed to be “in direct opposition to the law of nations.”

“Quite the contrary,” took up the Captain, warmly; “it was not legally carrying into effect the Treaty of 1801.”

“Precisely; but Article 8 of that treaty provides that in case the

governor-General should be compelled to resort to the exercise of such authority, he will endeavour so to maintain the native institutions and forms of administration as eventually to facilitate the restoration of the assumed provinces to their rightful Sovereign."

"Granted. But the British Government could not ignore, as you are disposed to do, the fact that the rightful Sovereign was a wretched creature, wholly given up to the society of singers and the lowest grade of his debased Court, and utterly indifferent to the ruin occasioned by his recklessness; whose territory had been suffered to lapse into ruin and confusion, its judicial proceedings to become corrupt, inefficient, and shameless, and its standing army one of incapacity, licentiousness, and disorganisation. This being the state of things, the British Government had clearly no alternative but to act as it did."

"I deny that this was the state of things. Lord Wellesley in 1801 ventilated the idea of annexation, and the suggestion was never again allowed to be lost sight of. Statements such as you refer to were simply put in circulation with the object they have since been persistently employed to promote—the seizure of the country by the East India Company as soon as circumstances should favour annexation. They are altogether irreconcilable with the unimpeachable testimony given at various times by Lord Moira, Bishop Heber, and Lord Hardinge. While, as for the Sovereign, it has been part and parcel of their policy to malign him. Not only did he apply himself assiduously to the management and administration of his dominions, but he had received a liberal Eastern education, he possessed the most cultivated tastes, was well versed in ancient and modern history and literature, and has besides written many useful and popular works, which are to be found in most of the libraries of Europe."

"You have looked only at one side of the question. Considerations of this sort require too special a knowledge of Indian affairs, and involve too great a complexity of statements, to permit of their being dealt with in this cursory manner. It is to be hoped you don't belong to the cackling clique who ascribe last year's mutiny to the annexation of Oudh."

"The probabilities are in favour of the 'cackling clique' arguing correctly. It is by no means likely that the Bengal army should have remained quiet and uninfluenced by the circumstances of oppression and discontent attendant on the confiscation of Oudh. To my mind a host of causes gave rise to the Sepoy disaffection, but this was undoubtedly one of them."

The Captain looked contemptuous, and disdaining further discussion, remarked :

"Enone has grown very much like her mother lately. You consider her *carte* a tolerably good one I conclude?"

"Remarkably good," said Mr. Bagot, who had not half done with India, but who, as usual, found himself eclipsed by the magnificent Phœbus.

"Surely we shall have a letter from her to-morrow. I thought you said Saturday was the day fixed for the marriage."

"So it is. Every preparation is made—and the thing is altogether past my comprehension."

"It is her own affair, this marriage, of course? There has been no—no undue pressure anywhere—on Eustace's part I mean?"

"If there has I don't know it. I will ascertain what Emily thinks in the morning. It certainly is most strange."

"Strange!—it is perfectly unaccountable. If she had been badly treated I could understand it. Still I think there must have been some mismanagement somewhere, some mal-apprehension on her part about something. But then she might have relied on me, and waited till I came. Look at it as you will, it is most provoking."

"Archibald, I loved her as my own daughter, and never to my knowledge made the least difference between them. And I am sure Margaret did not. And she is the best of girls. What I most wonder at is that she should cause us all this anxiety."

"That girl, Henry, who came to her death—it must be Alyn's niece, as far as I make out."

"Not exactly. Owen Glenelg married a widow. This was her child by the first husband. Is Alyn still in India?"

"Went the way of poor Caroline, I expect. I was told on my way back through Cawnpore, that he had been seen with her on the morning of the embarkation. I don't believe he would leave her; he was as faithful a fellow as ever lived, although he had some queer ways. What is his brother like?"

"He is sober enough on duty—I never heard a complaint of him in that way—but towards evening, I am told, he is apt to get a little too much. Hughes, his wife's father, keeps the 'Three Bells,' and they are generally to be found there, both he and his wife. Poor Mary! she had not a very comfortable home."

Eustace had early escaped to the drawing-room, and taking up a book, had for a time remained apparently buried in its contents. As it happened to be a volume of "Machiavelli" it was not very wonderful perhaps that scarcely a leaf was turned. And yet he

must have read and pondered over the philosophical page to some purpose, for doubts had arisen in his mind whether in truth the world were not merely a great arena from which God is absent, in which conscience has nothing to do, and where every one must manage as well as he can, all actions being morally indifferent in themselves and to be judged relatively to the skill displayed and the amount of success secured. "As a rule people thought differently," reflected Eustace, "but what if they were wrong and this man right?"

CHAPTER V.

Do you believe in dreams ?

Why, yes and no.

When they come true then I believe in them ;

When they come false I don't believe in them.

LONGFELLOW.

HAD any benighted individual suggested to Captain Bagot that he was superstitious, or disposed to be influenced by a dream, he would have regarded the suggestion as an insult ; yet not the most ardent believer in mysterious tokens and warnings could have done more than he did on the strength of a mere dream.

He was no sooner up next morning, at his usual early hour, than he despatched Hayes with a message to Perry, asking at what time the inquest was to be held. And as at breakfast, when he announced his intention of going thither, no one offered to accompany him, he strode alone to the beach, whence taking a boat he was soon on board the schooner *Rhodes*, where lay all that remained of poor Mary Glenelg.

Naturally enough Miss Bagot's strange disappearance had already become one of the leading topics of the day. It was a subject that afforded as much interesting speculation as the death of Mary Glenelg. So no sooner did it become known that Captain Bagot was on board the *Rhodes*, than this speculation took the form of an inquiry as to whether it were so certain after all that the identification had not been altogether a mistake.

Those nearest fell back so that as he approached none intervened between him and the disfigured, bruised creature they were at that moment assembled to "view."

His gaze was not of long duration. Turning away with ill-suppressed disgust, he asked himself how he could have been so insane as to imagine that this poor man's child could have any

interest for him. Not even to himself would he acknowledge the shadowy source of his doubt and disquietude.

Medical testimony, by establishing the fact of the poor girl's unhappiness, favoured the idea of suicide. The jury were for some time disposed to adopt this view. But, in the absence of material evidence, an open verdict was returned. And the Indian officer, as unsympathetic now and as impassive as a statue gifted with locomotion, dropped into his wherry.

At the moment of putting off, however, Perry, who had not been prepared for so prompt a departure, hastened, with a few words of explanation that were quite inaudible, to let fall into the boat, almost at the Captain's feet, a small parcel.

Statuesque dignity not supposing it possible that this unceremonious conduct was addressed to him, the package lay until it was picked up by the boatman, who handed it over to the Captain on landing.

Knowing as he did that Perry had had no news of *Genevieve* before proceeding on board the *Rhodes*, Captain Bagot not unnaturally felt to the conclusion that the parcel contained nothing of interest for him. And with an impulse rivalling in haste an oyster's desire to be eaten, he opened the parcel; and, much to his astonishment, found in it a likeness of his daughter, and a fine cambrie pocket-handkerchief embroidered with the unmistakable initials "G. B."

Dreadful thoughts arose. Could it be possible that a daughter of his should fall thus low? Fearing to meet him, her earthly father, what if she had changed clothing with her *protégée*, the boatman's daughter, and taken refuge in the death that should present the greatest obstacles to identification. Had he not seen how much stress even her own mother (as it was supposed) had laid upon the different articles of clothing? Ah, could it be that Destiny had in store for his name so foul a blot as this?

Mechanically he retraced his steps. Boats to-day were doing a brisk trade. Getting into one that had just landed its cargo of jurymen, he was presently to be seen treading the schooner's ill-burthened deck.

Seeing him approach, Mr. Perry, who had fully taken in the meaning of the statue scene, characteristically asked himself, with a perspicuity that disdained elegance, "What's up now?"

He was not long kept in ignorance. This last bit of Fate's whittling had reduced the Captain's pride to infinitesimal proportions; and by degrees every vague idea or dim perception, every gloomy impression or fearful contingency, was laid bare to the gaze of the *plebeian sergeant*.

At first Perry even doubted, knowing the importance that had of necessity been attached to her dress.

But after a moment's hesitation he scouted the idea with disdain, as unworthy of "Miss Noney Bagot," than whom, according to him, "there was not a young lady in Wales better liked or more highly respected."

But it was necessary now to convince the Captain. Going once more towards the ill-fated girl, they examined her hands, which, as it happened, both for shape and fineness of texture, might have belonged to a Phryne or a Cleopatra. Her hair, moreover, though matted with weeds and impregnated with sand, was far from being coarse; and the upper part of her forehead, which alone had escaped injury, looked broad and white as that in the daguerreotype before them.

The Captain succumbed to the evidence of his senses, and, leaning on the taffrail, wept audibly.

Poor Perry did not like it, and proposed fetching Mr. Bagot.

But this was easier said than done, that gentleman's mission in the world being to shirk everything unpleasant. Emily got herself robed and ready on the instant. But Mrs. Bagot forbade anything of the kind, suggesting to Eustace instead, that if his father did not intend going he must.

And the young gentleman of fine feelings, seeing no way out of it, was bound to acquiesce. Dashing into the dining-room, he drank off half a tumbler of brandy, and shouting to Perry to "look sharp" if he meant coming, strode off.

Perry kept him in sight, and that was all, until it was needful to get seated both together in the boat. Not sharing the Captain's idea that the subject of the inquest had anything to do with Cœnone, Perry had chosen to be quite uncommunicative in his mission to Plas Madoc, and saw no reason why he should be otherwise even at this juncture.

So that it was scarcely a pleasant surprise to the expectant bridegroom to be informed, on reaching the *Rhodes*, that he had come to bear witness whether or not this poor battered lump of clay were all that remained of his affianced wife.

Indignation served him nothing. Remorselessly her father thrust before him her likeness and pocket-handkerchief, telling him that they were found in the pocket of the deceased.

He shook with agitation, but denied emphatically that this was Cœnone.

"How then," asked the Captain of Perry, "do you account for these things being in her pocket?"

"Just step this way, sir," said the astute official, in an undertone, "and I'll tell you."

And he greatly increased the distance between themselves and Eustace.

"Perhaps you don't know, sir, that Mr. Eustace there, used pretty often to go out with this poor girl? It was mostways after dark, and it may not have been since he was engaged. But a good many people have seen 'em together—I have myself. And it seems to my mind likely that now it is got known he is going to be married to his cousin, she got jealous-like, and perhaps bought the likeness at Woodcock's; they had one on show, I know, and I mean to go and see about it as soon as I get away from here. Then as regards the handkerchief, it may have been left in the boat at some time or other, or perhaps at their house; people often go up there to give orders. Or through some work, maybe—she did a deal of work, I am told, for the Miss Bagots, poor thing. Poor child, her worst enemy could not say she was idle."

"Then you don't think they can have been taken from my daughter since she left home?"

"No, I don't, sir. Miss Emily says they bathed at ten o'clock; and though she don't remember looking at her watch afterwards, they could not have gone where they did and back under two hours. Now, allowing an hour for the bath, that would make it one o'clock when she saw her cousin last. And they say when it was picked up by the *Rhodes* it had lain in the water seven or eight hours. And more than that, sir, there was no time for the handkerchief to get soiled afterwards, and a lady like Miss Bagot wouldn't have had one like that in her pocket."

"God grant you are right. I rather wanted to see this boatman Glenelg. Whereabouts was he at the inquest?"

"He wasn't present, sir."

"Not present! But surely he ought to have been."

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, he kicked up such a row when he came aboard last night, and didn't forget to let on about Mr. Eustace there, that out of respect to the family I kept him away."

"But could you do that?"

"Not rightly, sir, I couldn't. But there aint no harm done. Her own mother was here. And now I shall go straight to the 'Three Bells' and pitch into him right and left for not being here. He'll tell me 'twas to-morrow I told him, I know. But I shall soon set that straight. Them as lets a lie, like drink, slip down their throats, can't *always* expect to be treated like honest folk. You don't dare tell

the truth to a madman ; and what's the difference I should like to know while it lasts ?”

“ And about my daughter, Sergeant ? Something must be done ; what is it to be ?”

“ I have set everything going I know of, sir ; but I cannot help thinking she is just gone to see some friend, and is perhaps fell ill.”

“ But she could write.”

“ Do you think it is likely, then, sir, she has got to hear anything about Mary Glenelg and Mr. Eustace, and has gone away on that account ?”

“ Is *that* what people are saying ? Then let him look to it. Thank you, Perry. That's a hint may be of some service. Good morning.” And Eustace, dropping after him into the wherry, congratulated himself heartily on that phase being over.

CHAPTER VI.

Only those who in sad cities dwell
Are of the green trees fully sensible ;
To them the silver bells of tinkling streams
Seem brighter than an angel's laugh in dreams.

W. E. CHANNING.

IN the northern portion of the Valley of the Dove, well sheltered beneath the Great Axe Edge, stands the castellated mansion of Alfreton Towers. Built in the reign of Henry VI. by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, then Lord Treasurer, it was at the commencement of the civil war garrisoned for the Parliament, but fell to the Earl of Newcastle towards the close of 1643.

It was then made a royal garrison, and withstood a siege of considerable length, but was ultimately forced to surrender, on the approach of the Earl of Manchester's army, after the battle of Marston Moor.

The old mansion appears to have been inhabited as recently as 1770, since which time the greater part has been pulled down, and the old materials used to build, between the old site and the small but rapid streamlet of the Dove, the present handsome structure.

Surrounded on all sides by bleak barren heights and long-extended moors of gritstone, dark with the foliage of fern and heather, its solitude in the pre-excursion days of the early part of this century was but little invaded.

Not so, however, the ubiquitous artist. Behold him, faithful to

tradition, even here. But not with the pomp and panoply of his art displayed, for the soul of the artist is disquieted within him.

Yesterday, beneath the hot August sun, he worked for hours, transferring to his portfolio "bits" of the architectural adornments for which the Towers is famous. And now, with the most cherished sketch still unfinished, the bit over the doorway, he finds it obscured from view by a big frightful structure fondly supposed to represent a porch.

"Beastly provoking! And such a monstrosity! What is the meaning of it all? By Jove, here they come with another. They must have gone mad, and are all going to hang each other. It looks more like a gallows than anything else."

And sending a deep sigh after those coveted objects of his love the alluring and hard hearted quatrefouls and roses, he sallied off in search of Samuel Anstey, house-steward and major domo, whom he more than suspected to be among the group gathered round the prostrate "gallows."

Even so.

"Preparing for grand doings, it seems. Family coming home? I wish they had waited a day or two longer."

"There now, did ye ever! I think they've waited a deal too long as 'tis. It's five year and more since the old lord and Lady Egla went, and nigh upon eight since we set eyes on his lordship that is now. I'm tired enough of waiting. Getting everything in order, year after year, expecting 'em, and nothing ever coming of it. Haven't you done them ere what's his names, sir?"

"Well, no. How soon do they come? To-day?"

"To-day! lor, no, I should think not, with them arches as bare as a robin. I've had a 'mazing amount of trouble to get 'em done that far in the time, seeing it was only two days ago I got the letter. But lor, it goes against the grain like to call that thing a letter. Do you know much of them foreign fellows, sir? Talk of magpies, I never knew one that didn't beat twenty of 'em hollow. I've heered 'em often, so as the horses' legs didn't seem safe in the stable. But just put a pen in their hands, and stopporology comes over 'em like a twist o' the neck to a cackling hen. Now just look at that thing for a letter"—handing the artist the obnoxious document. "As I told Oakham, why, it ain't worth the postage. Nor why my lord couldn't write to an old and valid servant hisself, instead o' setting a jabbering French valet to do it, is more nor I can make out. Forty year come Michaelmas, man and boy I ha' lived at the Towers, an' if my lord thinks to be putting an upstart Frenchman over my head,

why, I shall just have something to say to my Lady Egla about it, that's all. She ain't the one to let me be put upon, for all she's been away so long, I know. A favourite o' mine? I should just think she was. And I'm very much deceived if there is much alteration in her. Good stuff never changes. Like once, like always—that's her little ladyship all over. Bless her! how she did cry the morning as they went away. No; she never wanted to go, that was one thing. And then again, she says to me, her eyes brimful of tears all the time 'You will look after my poor doves, won't you, Anstey? and dear old Lion? He's shut up now in my room, but please let him out when we are quite gone. I—I didn't want to see him again.' And she sighed so, as if her heart would break; she as used to be all life and merriment. And, lor bless you, if I wasn't to keep the lawn in front of the housekeeper's room strewed with bread crumbs for robins and sparrows. And she'd have kept on for an hour longer if the old lord had let her, for there wasn't a live thing about the place but what she was as fond of it as a hen of her chickens. The last word she said was to take care of Lion, and then she just leant back in the carriage, and couldn't speak again for crying. But she wouldn't be long getting over it, for, as I said before, she was always as blithe as a skylark, singing and whistling from morning to night."

"Whistling! An odd accomplishment that for a young lady, isn't it?"

"Well it ain't what they'd larn at boarding schools, I suppose; but she just used to whistle to her pets at first, and then Master Norman, he laughed at her and used to ask her if she called *that* whistling. And so I suppose she got to practise it like. But, lor, hers warn't no more like anybody else's whistling than a hurdy-gurdy is like her harp."

The painter had utilised the time supposed to have been given to listen to this tirade in filling his pipe. Not that he meant to light it while in the grounds, but the time—the precious time—saved after quitting them was worth anything; nearly a minute's waiting at the gates of Elysium clean avoided. But this source of delightful anticipation being exhausted, he found himself voting the talking machine at his elbow a confounded nuisance, and speedily grunted "Good morning."

But Samuel Anstey, house steward and butler, with the dignity of forty years at the Towers supporting him, had no notion of letting his victim off thus easily.

"Half a minute, sir. I want to know what you think of the best place for that other arch. It strikes me it would perhaps look better here."

"I think so decidedly. This is the place for it, if anywhere. You won't move that by the door, I suppose; to my mind it looks rather as if it were trying to get inside."

"Well, I had my reasons for putting something there; that's what it is. I wanted her little ladyship to see it when she was *out* of the carriage. You think it is too close, and she'll laugh at me. Well I dare say she will; she laughs at most everything. And I ask for nothing better than to hear her. But not at withered boughs. Not if I know it. They must look as fresh as new-shelled peas; so I don't mean to have one gathered till the morning. I know what I should ha' liked. You see this thing altogether is my own idea, and them foreign chaps as are coming may see by it as I'm the head man here. Yes, what I should have liked would have been just some of them wild flowers and big fern leaves. But, lor, my legs 'ud never scramble about such places. And if I send Jenkins, he calls 'em weeds, and don't bring 'em a bit what I want."

"Doesn't appreciate your taste, eh? Or perhaps it is the Lady Egla who likes them?"

"Likes 'm! I should just think she did like 'em, too. Pearson may cut her the very best bookey he has got in his green-houses, and she'll seem pleased with 'em, and order Seward—that's her maid—to put 'em in water; but just let her get a bunch or two of violets or primroses, or them bits o' blue flowers, and if she won't stand for hours together, I've heard Seward say, putting every tiny bit in separately, along with the common sorts o' moss that grows in the woods. And all the while there's the beautifullest likopodum in the greenhouse just o' purpose. But no, that won't do, she says; and there she'll stand over 'em ever so long. And, lor, when she's done they only looks much about the same as if they was a-growing. But it's no use thinking o' field flowers. I must do the best I can with what I can get out of Pearson. Going, sir? Good morning. You won't stay and finish the sketching then?"

"Well, no. Good morning. I hope your labour of love will be appreciated."

CHAPTER VII.

Take me to the hill-side, take me to the rill-side,
Where the scarlet pimpernel and starry daisies grow ;
Where the woodbine wreathing greets the zephyr's breathing,
Where the foam-pearls dance upon the ripples as they flow.

ELIZA COOK.

THE artist smoked himself into a good humour. And taking due note of this fact a stray idea came and whispered in his ear, "What if he should happen to come across any big fern leaves in the course of the day, would he obligingly get them, and let Anstey have the advantage?"

"Perhaps he would ; he did not know. There was nothing else to be done apparently. As well spend an hour that way as any other."

He was but half an artist, you see, turning aside for every idle whim. And as his eyes pierced the hedge-row, or peered over the mossy banks of the Dove, he fell to musing over the apparently unappreciated glories of Alfreton Towers, reverting straightway, as was the wont of this silly fellow, to some "who in sad cities dwell"—his patient but town-weary mother, and little sister Una.

"Una, too," he informed the circumambient air, "petted robins and sparrows."

That is to say, the window-sill of that young lady—all the wide domain she could call her own—was kept carefully supplied with bread crumbs ; and upon rare occasions, when pocket-money was no longer a thing afar off and unattainable, but a present, all-absorbing fact, the inestimable delicacy of an egg was added to the bill of fare. This of course she boiled herself ; and when, deprived of its shell it lay, without chip or flaw, revealed in all its white shining purity, Was ever little girl more proud of her first performance, or more elated than when, the egg having been chopped into small golden nuggets and scattered among the bread crumbs, a sparrow came and pecked and peered into the room, then pecked again and flew away?

Little maidens less experienced in the manners and customs of sparrow world would have looked upon this no doubt as a failure.

Not so Una.

"Mamma, mamma" (great excitement always upon these occasions), "one came and went away again ; so there will soon be a lot. He has gone to tell them, you know. Oh you cannot think what a funny little look up he gave, as if it was something too

good to be true. I do so wish I could give them an egg for dinner every Sunday. Would not that be nice? When Percy sells his picture I mean to ask him for sixpence, all for the birds. That will get four in the winter, if I go to the market for them; and I don't know how many in the summer, if it doesn't sell before. But, mamma, don't you think they would rather have *one* in the winter than ever so many in the summer? I do. There, see, mamma! Didn't I tell you so? Ah! Hush, please."

Percy's picture had not sold, neither in the winter nor yet in the summer; but though his heart had ached and been sore sick many a time with disappointment upon disappointment, he had striven hard to keep a cheerful countenance, and, when the money was not wanted for tobacco, had sometimes bestowed the price of sundry eggs upon his loving sister.

It was not without some bitterness that the painter thus mentally retraced the troubles of his life. But the sun *would* shine lovingly upon him (with just a suspicion of too much warmth perhaps), and the pure air *would* exhilarate him; and all the brightness and freshness around were bent on resisting to the utmost any symptom of morbidity and depression in their presence.

"Ah, what is that? Lady fern! In tropical luxuriance, or I'm a Dutchman. The old idiot's big fern leaves. Good, he shall have them, if only for the soft place he has kept in his worldly old heart for her 'little ladyship.' Here goes then. And bad luck to the fern and the foxglove that come in my path this day. Hold hard! Where are they to be stowed? I have it. Open your umbrella, Percy Carteret; and if you get that full you won't have done a bad day's work. You are mad, you know—mad as a March hare. But that is nothing new. Rather a new phase this, though. Hulloa, old boy! what would you say now if her 'little ladyship's' charming eyes should spot the daffadowndillies and ask who got them? By Jove! *Noblesse oblige*. That brother of hers—I don't like him, though. I'm pretty sure he's a tremendous prig, might condescend to give me an order for a 'small picture, cabinet size—Mr. Carteret, I have no room for anything large.' A fib, your lordship; and you know it. Plenty of 'wall' in your lumber-rooms. And that is the destiny you just now contemplate for my production. Or perhaps a portrait of the Lady Egla. Yes, that is better. With an invitation to stay at the Towers till it is finished. I am getting on. It is astonishing what an appreciation of true genius is to be found in the world! A gracious permission also to copy 'an interior' for my 'Home from the Arctic'; and a £50 note for present requirements."

About this time Common-sense woke up from her nap, and whispered "fool and dreamer" in his ears.

No need, he knew it well enough; though perhaps there was no harm in being reminded of it now and then; but the wish that was father to the wild progeny of thoughts found utterance in words nevertheless.

"Ah, mother! mother! and Una, darling. Would that it were so! To know that for once you had had the opportunity of gambolling yourself mad upon the sands, and gladdening poor mother's heart by the fullness of joyous life poured in upon you, would make life less bitter to me for evermore. This kind of thing will about do, I should say. Fill my small basket most satisfactorily. Hang it, this pipe has gone out again. I'm blowed if I'll light it till the 'basket' is full. So here goes."

And away he went, curiously enthusiastic—past purling rivulets and hanging woods, through rocky chasms and mazy tangled glens, till he had filled the much-enduring umbrella to overflowing.

Viola Lutea was there from the banks of the Dove, and Geranium Sanguineum, Polypodium Dryopteris, Pteris Crispa, and a whole host beside.

The passage of the Beauchief Arms, where our eccentric artist was staying, was too narrow for the overladen umbrella, and he came to grief at an awkward angle, and was fain to shout to his landlady to come to the rescue.

"Laws a mussy, Muster Carteret; be gwine to make pictures o' all of 'em?"

The landlady was ready enough to condone the litter on the strength of his staying on so much longer than she expected.

But Percy Carteret knew by experience what he had to expect if he gave any kind of reply. Instead he asked how long it would take to boil some of the kail that was rustling "Eat me, eat me," out in the garden.

He usually had a lucid interval about this time of day, and his question shows it must have been very lucid, considering the fact that he had never before thought of adding this delicacy to his meals.

There had been no lack of variety certainly. If he had ham and eggs one day, the relative quantities being reversed, he had eggs and ham the next. And Alexis Soyer could not more completely have diversified the cookery—burnt, underdone, and smoked—smoked, burnt, and underdone. It is astonishing the changes that may be rung in this way; especially when to begin with the eggs vary in

flavour, from the crude *morceau* just laid to that matured by a week's careful preservation in the kitchen cupboard.

Satisfied that matters were now in train for his usual luxurious repast, Percy lit his pipe, and presently fell to gossiping with his landlady.

The destiny of the "weeds and things" was discussed, and Dame Mayfield's tongue was set going by the news from the Towers like the clapper of a bell.

"The ould lord died out, theer, in foreign parts, beyant the sea. True enough 'twere. But for Muster Ansty to go calling her ladyship 'little.' It weren't no savver o' use. She be seventeen, if she be a day, seeing as how my Margery wur born the same year. Hah lors, an' so they's a coming home at last. Happen I moight go and ha' a glint o' Lady Egla an' all the foine doings."

The rugged stream might have flowed on till the millennium for all the heed Percy Carteret gave to it. He was lazily experimenting upon the effects to be obtained in the arrangement of his flowers, leaning back more than half the time in contemplation of them. A divertissement ensued, however, shortly, in the shape of a couple of pedestrians, bent on doing "the Peak."

They proved thirsty souls.

"Roads are dusty," he said to himself.

They smoked like chimneys.

"Hardly good fellows," he said. "The tobacco is bad."

They swore at the landlady.

"Patience is rare, and hunger terrible," thought he.

They spoke disrespectfully of the King, and Percy Carteret thought he would go for a stroll.

CHAPTER VIII.

L'aurore s'allume,
L'ombre épaisse fuit ;
Le rêve et la brume
Vont où va la nuit ;
Paupières et roses
S'ouvrent demi-closes ;
Par reveil des choses
Ou entend le bruit.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE wren and the blackbird were still hammering away at their "gloria in excelsis" in a thick ivy screen. Vegetation, fresh and fair

its bath of dew, sparkled its early morning praise, as the artist, er-laden, sought in the grounds of Alfreton Towers for some sign of activity so preternaturally rife the day before.

What had become of the house steward and decorator-general all this time?

Had he and his staff of workmen, with one consent, overslept themselves?

Or had the great event, the impending arrival, been postponed?

Triumph! There stood the gibbets, looking ghastly and expectant. Instead of floral than human occupancy, thought Percy Carteret. But when he was always bitter before breakfast, this young man!

And he expended much undue energy in pounding upon the massive Gothic door, determined to be oblivious of the pointed arch above, adorned as it was even with the well-known arms of the house: Argent a chief G, over all a bend, azure.

To his astonishment, the door being swung back noiselessly, he found himself asked his business in mellifluous Italian.

How, his Rome-ward longings had been of too ardent a nature to permit him to remain in absolute ignorance of her language. But the obstinacy of his English tongue had hitherto remained unchangeable.

By merely pointing to the flowers, which lay at the foot of the table, he suggested that they were for Mr. Anstey, and turned away—the truth must be told, totally disgusted at having made a fool of himself.

Not use, amico mio. The artificers take down them when you are awake. Monsieur Anstey will pay for them all the same.” Percy smiled a ghastly smile, bit his lip, and adjourned to his eggs and bacon.

Now the way of it was this: Mr. Samuel Anstey, exhausted with the most unusual expenditure of energy, had retired to bed exactly at a quarter to ten. This fact is undoubted, inasmuch as the last thing he did was to wind up the great hall clock, and to gaze lingeringly and lovingly upon the giants in full armour which supported it. That he left, wielding a formidable lance, he called Gog; and the other, resting on a long two-handed sword, Magog.

These giants were great favourites of his, and he carried them up to bed with him, metaphorically. Hence, probably, it arose that his dreams were of an ambitious nature. He dreamt he was being summoned. The Lady Egla, wielding the huge two-handed sword, stood at his shoulders, singing merrily all the while: “Rise up, Lord Mayor. And be quick and get me some supper, for I am

starved, starved, starved. Do you hear? I have never had a dinner fit for a Christian, since I went away."

Whereupon, hurling the sword into a corner with a crash, the young lady stamped upon the floor, and rapped the table so hard with her delicate little hands, that they fell off at the wrist, and—— and——

"Good Lord have mercy upon us, and keep the —— from us," ejaculated the steward, but half awake. "Whatever is the meaning of all that noise?"

Whatever it was, it was clear even to his baronet-bemuddled brain that it had a way of getting louder. So he proceeded to descend a flight of stairs or two, and to traverse the long gallery.

Sounds as of a sledge-hammer resounded beneath the arms of Cromwell. And half beside himself with trepidation and offended dignity, he shouts from the now open casement, in the oriel window :

"Who's there? In the King's name I command you to go about your business and stop that row. And if you don't I'll make you."

"Descend, quick. Open the door. Ecco milor. Look to the carriage near. Miladi to wait at her own door, davvero!"

Was ever individual in such a fix? This despot at the door without doubt was that hateful letter-writer. And he, Samuel Anstey, the real master of Alfreton Towers for years, must needs be required to attend to his first beck and call in Nubian costume. "Never!" The shock of another summons, however, more impatient than the last, accelerated both his movements and his thoughts. He perceived that the carriage, coming at a walking pace, was still at sufficient distance to enable him to dash open the hall-door and escape.

In so doing he committed the absurd mistake of attempting dignity and remonstrance.

Cutting all this short, the stranger said, "Perdone, friend mine, to incommode you so much. You mount now to your bed, and say to the rest of the house, miladi will want nothing till the morning."

And as Mr. Anstey, in his haste to don a more becoming costume, had already got on the other side of the ponderous baize door which shut off the servants' offices, stairs, &c., this unceremonious midnight intruder deftly locked it, put the key in his pocket, and looked out for the carriage.

There was still a little time, so he opened the doors of several rooms, and the light of the clear June night enabled him to ascertain somewhat of their appearance.

He had hardly made his selection, and wheeled a comfortable-

looking couch towards the fire-place, when he was met at the door by his master, who carried in his arms a closely muffled figure, weeping bitterly.

Depositing his light burthen on the sofa, Lord Beauchief knelt beside it, and endeavoured to soothe her grief—how vainly he, alas! knew but too well.

Felice had brought in a small carriage-lamp, with wraps, cushions, &c., and was now proceeding to create a fire. A creation it was truly, for ordinary materials there were none.

By magic also, as it seemed, he soon covered a table with wine, olives, *hot* chocolate, a dainty pâté, &c., received some further instructions from his master, and vanished.

Unlocking the baize door, he proceeded to explore, by the help of his lordship's directions, the sacred precincts allotted to the repose of the domestic portion of the establishment. He of course kept up the charter by opening some wrong doors. And he had an odd suspicion that upon one occasion he heard a scuffling upon the landing, and a sound like the sudden hushing of female voices as he approached.

The Raven's Nest chamber was certainly not easy to find. This name had been given it from the fact of the window being within a few yards of a projecting ledge of rock, on which, for many generations, the ravens had persisted in building their nest. It was regularly demolished every year, but they declined to take the hint.

Felice and the dawn found their way into the snug resting-place of Mr. Anstey about the same time.

“Monsieur, monsieur ; you wake, Monsieur Anstey ?”

Felice had a way of seeming respectful, even to the boy of whom he bought macaroni in the street, or at the corner of the Campo Santo, in his native town of Pisa ; but Samuel Anstey did not know this, and hugged to himself the delusion that he was being addressed as an illustrious Frenchman. He had made acquaintance with some prisoners from St. Domingo, twenty years or more ago, quartered at Ashbourne, and had then imbibed a high respect for the French nation, due principally to their philosophical good humour and inherent politeness.

The steward, mollified, feigned sleep no longer. And so great was his anxiety to make his visitor aware of his proficiency in the language, that he shouted with an energy sufficient to convince a wild cat of the urgent necessity for flight—

“Oui-e-e, m'soo, oui-e-e. Je levez vous. Vite, vite.”

Felice stood his ground manfully, and never moved a muscle.

"Ces choses là-bas, monsieur, dans les terres. Il faut bien les faire abattre aussitôt que miladi se lève."

What a falling off his stilts, as he is constrained to admit :

"Nonno, nonno, non comprenez. I am English."

"English are you? Why you not say so at first? Animo, my friend, your, what you call asches, get them down quick, quick, as miladi wake. E gran domaggio. One great pity. Decorate, they look beau-ti-ful. If milor had only known. Ebbene, he might have wait another day. But now—— to be down quick is wanted. You think so, monsieur; is it not so?"

The steward was as far as possible from thinking anything of the kind. What he would have liked would have been to carry out in all its integrity the original idea of the exterior decoration of the hall, and so demonstrate to his lordship the extreme Vandalism of his mode of arrival.

But though Felice's "Don't you think so?" looked harmless enough on the surface, there was an indefinable something beneath that meant "Look here, those things have got to come down. I say it, and there is an end of it."

Samuel Anstey, like a wise man, croaked assent.

"Milor requests the keys, the keys of the west wing; you guard them here?"

The keys were produced, duly labelled. And Samuel Anstey had not a word to say, no sign or sound of remonstrance. But, oh! the wrath that was accumulating in his heart against this despotic foreigner!

Eagerly throwing open the doors of the various rooms which constituted that portion of the left wing he had been ordered to get in readiness, Felice now commenced preparations in good earnest.

Pulling off his coat, he began as before by lighting fires in the two inner rooms, and then proceeded to ransack wardrobe and closet until he had provided every requirement of the huge canopied bed, and imparted to both rooms an air of comfort which made it a matter of mysterious wonder where this off-hand valet-de-chambre acquired the faculty.

It was some time before he could get enough light. Darkness had reigned so long that it declined to abdicate. The massive silver candelabra mocked his pressing necessity. A simple alabaster lamp alone proffered its humble service. The fire, therefore, was bound to supplement this limited supply, which it did with no reluctance, but with quivering breath, according to the light that was in it.

Having reported progress to his lordship, and received further orders, he adjourned, this time to a turret chamber in the east tower. But little arrangement was necessary here, and before even that could be accomplished, Lord Beauchief, valise in hand, appeared, and hastily despatched his quicksilver valet, with stringent orders not to leave the ante-room of the Lady Eglar, and if he detected any sound of recurring hysteria, to come instantly to him.

Felice's exertions had given him an appetite, and among the *bris* of his improvised supper he felt he could signalise himself. Moreover, there was a heap of things still in the hall. But his agility and quick wittedness overcame all difficulties; and when at six o'clock the workmen put in an imposing appearance he was by the side of Mr. Anstey to see that there was no tampering with his instructions.

Our young artist no sooner found that his occupation of floral decorator-in-chief was gone, than he determined to make the most of the next three days, and then return home and lose no time in putting his matured ideas of art—as he, poor fellow! considered them—into practice.

When he got back to his inn (it is as well to speak of Dame Layfield's residence with respect), which was not till he found himself faint with fasting, he found her volubility in full swing upon the subject of a traveller who, she said, had knocked her up at three o'clock in the morning.

“Why didn't you push your husband out of bed, and send him?”

“Wake un oop! I'd liefer he slept. I never reckons on un an' nothing, day or night. Well-an-ere, an' hadn't un got a beard!”

“It must have grown very rapidly. Why, his chin was as smooth as your sow's tail yesterday.”

“Nay then; but you're a gizzing at me, maister. My man hae a beard! I'd liefer make for church wi' a billy-goat.”

“I see. It was a billy-goat called you up.”

“He wur jest as foul. I tould un I hadna got a bed, but he could loll on the settle if he list. An', maister, if ye hadna been up an' out wi' the shirl-cock, ye 'ud ha' seed un, an' us ha' knowed what country he came from.”

“Why did you not ask him?”

“Birlady, an' jest didn't I! But it wasn't no savver o' use; he only waggled 'us head, till I reckoned next minute to see it whirl off his shoulders on to the floor—beard an' all. I tould un all about

the Towers, an' how as the family wur looked for this very from foreign parts; but he only wibble-wabbed his head more, an pulled —oh, sike a sight o' money out o' his pe paid me for his breakus', and sped away o'er the road to D

“How long ago?”

“Nor more than half an hour or so. If you'd been co way istancead o' from the Towers, you'd like to ha' seed us sike a mind for ye to see un.”

And as the despondent painter had happened to come and had met a man with a large, but not uncomely beard, settled satisfactorily to himself, would make a good King giving audience to Leofric, who was singing away merrily :

I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag still,
Nor would I be a Falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do :

it was more than probable Dame Mayfield's wish was though not in a way to slake her thirsty curiosity.

“Query,” thought Percy the painter, “whether the rogue knew what a tongue he had to encounter if he on his own. A born Saxon, I wager anything. Anything to the swells at the Towers I wonder. Midnight arrival! of mysterious stranger! *Se non e vero e ben trovato.* I I can say. What a beastly prig that Italian fellow was Knows Rome, I daresay. And perhaps thinks no more o do of Hungerford Market. Will my eyes never behold sky?—*Where's my pipe?*”

(To be continued.)

VIRGIL'S HELEN AT THE BURNING OF TROY.

(ÆN. ii., v. 570-590.)



COMPANIONLESS I wandered on, and glanced
From scene to scene, where fast by Vesta's fane,
Clinging, and still, and shrinking from all sight,
Helen, the child of Tyndareus, I saw
Clear in the brightness of the city's blaze.

Forefearing* all the Trojans' rage for Troy
Destroyed, and every Grecian and his wrath,
And her forsaken lord's revenge, she sate
A horror to my sight, on godliest ground,
Curse of her country, and my country's curse.
My soul is all aflame to wreak its wrath
On her for this my falling fatherland,
And pay the guerdon of her cursed guilt.
Alone unscathed, in triumph shall she see
Her Spartan realm, and her Mycenæ see,
Her parents, and her spouse, and children see,
With Dardan dames and Phrygian lords her slaves?
Shall this be hers, while Priam droops in death
Beneath the sword, while Troy still burns with fire,
And while the plains of Troy with Trojan blood
Have flowed and overflowed a thousand times?
This never—for albeit it wins no name
Of note to wreak her guilt on womankind,
Nor such a triumph bears one palm of praise,
Yet glory shall be mine, for that I quenched
Thy light of life, O thou incarnate sin,
And dealt the doom of all thy sinfulness.
Revenge shall be the rapture of my soul
That burns for blood, and burns to slake with blood
The smoking embers of my fatherland.
So wild my words, so fierce my flaming wrath,
When shone, as never to my sight, till then,
My tender mother in unclouded light,
(Brightening the gloom of night so bright she shone)
In majesty and full divinity
Made manifest, as to the habitants of Heaven
My hand she plucked, and held in her own hand,
And from her rose-like lips she spake these words.

T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.

* Virgil—"præmetuens."

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE whitewashing of the black sheep of history has become such a matter of course that people in want of a reputation for originality are driven to black-wash a few white sheep by way of a change. Here is an instance, taken from a volume lately published in New York: "Let the test of reason and judgment be applied: let the reader of these histories calmly scrutinise these statements and pause to consider what were the actions which are the theme of so much laudation, and the mist is dispersed, the incense disappears, and the character of shrinks into its really diminutive proportions. Well would it be for him if his name could be cast into the sea of oblivion, where his crimes and petty arrogance might never more be the subject of horror and contempt." Who will guess that, where I have left a blank, the author, an American citizen, has written the name of Christopher Columbus? For some reason, America seems to have grown ashamed of the lateness of her admission into international society. But because she is in want of a pedigree—as if one part of the earth were newer than another—that is no reason why she should be ungrateful for her formal introduction into historical circles. According to Icelandic Sagas, it is argued, one Leif Erikson, about the year 1000, landed and wintered in Massachusetts. His expedition to "Vinland," as the American continent was called by the Icelanders, was followed by many others, the last taking place in 1347. Now in 1477 Columbus, as he himself reports, navigated a hundred leagues beyond "Thule," an island that traded with Bristol. Thule is probably Iceland: therefore he must have heard all about Vinland from the Icelanders—who for some unaccountable reason must have kept their knowledge secret from their Bristol visitors—and so pirated the discovery from Leif Erikson. More strange even than the conduct of the Icelanders would be the fact that the enthusiastic Genoese, when pressing his arguments upon incredulous ears, should note absurd stories of mariners who had seen Tartary in the distance on their way to Ireland, and have suppressed the really important information he had gathered in Iceland. The truth seems to be that Columbus was scarcely less eager than his enemies to disclaim his title to originality.

His own memoranda prove incontestably that he would have quoted Northern traditions—if he had known them—as freely as Marco Polo and Mandeville. The book in question reminds its readers that Columbus “was but lightly esteemed in his own day.” Most really great men are: and it is not for what he *did*, but for what he *was*, that Columbus is counted a great man. Some eighteen months ago the violinist Ole Bull and a professor of Wisconsin University set on foot a movement to put up a monument to Leif Erikson as the true discoverer of America. I have not heard what became of the movement, but I am inclined to think that the fame of Columbus will withstand a great deal of fiddling. It is not improbable that America has been discovered many times, and probably—as in the case of Columbus himself—accident has the best claim to a statue. Only in the case of Columbus the accident happened to a great man.

By warrant under the late Tom Hood's own hand I am enabled, by favour of a communication from Mr. Bryan, late editor of the *Blackburn Standard*, and now of the *Kentish Gazette*, to set at rest for ever, so far as the wishes of the Hoods, father and son, are concerned, the somewhat moot question of the use of “Thomas” and “Tom” in speaking of the great poet and of his son. It appears that Mr. Bryan, in reviewing one of Tom Hood's “Annuals,” alluded to the possible confusion that might arise through the identity of the names of the father and the son, observing that the author of “The Bridge of Sighs” was commonly spoken of as “Tom” Hood. The late Tom Hood replied upon the point, saying: “My father's name was ‘Thomas’; he was never called anything else by his friends or nearest relatives, and he never signed anything else. Furthermore he objected to ‘and disapproved of being called ‘Tom’ by the literary gossips of the period. Now my name is and always has been Tom. I know it is very wrong, but as I was christened in a punch-bowl at a time when I was not expected to live much must be pardoned to an infant who began so badly. I sign my name *Tom* partly because it *is* my name and partly because it is not the trademark of Thomas Hood. Let me add that the publishers knew this so well that until I was able to ‘put my foot down’ they would not let me put my name to my novels as ‘Tom.’ You will see on reference to my father's books that they are all by ‘Thomas Hood.’ I would gladly give any money to the man who can show me my father's signature as ‘Tom Hood.’ Yours—may I say?—TOM HOOD.”

This note should be a sufficient hint to literary commentators henceforward to discontinue the practice, which is not yet wholly extinct, of referring to the writer of "The Song of the Shirt" as Tom Hood.

My notes touching the late Tom Hood and the memorials concerning him which appeared in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* do not quite finish here. I have been so greatly indebted to the reviewers of late for their kindly notice of my labours in this chair—or rather, I ought to say, for their generous appreciation of the work of the staff of writers to whom I owe all the success of the last twelve months—that I should not think of taking up the challenge, or of placing myself on my defence, on the exceptional occurrence of the publication of a word or two of disapproval of any particular article appearing in these pages. When one or two writers seemed to be of opinion that the subject of Mr. Lucy's biographical sketch was not entitled to so much honour and recognition, I was content to think that my readers in general would not be of that opinion, and that the presentation in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the information conveyed by the biographer and the literary portrait which he drew of the editor of *Fun* would be sufficiently justified by the interest with which the paper would be read. And when I found, as is sure to follow in the writing of biographies, and almost inevitably in the case of a man so widely loved as Tom Hood, that one or two friends of the deceased, jealous for his literary fame, thought Mr. Lucy had scarcely done him justice, I should for myself have been quite satisfied to hold my peace, having, as I believed, given full consideration to that point when I accepted the offer to write this memorial sketch. But Mr. Lucy believes that there are peculiar circumstances touching the only unfavourable references to his sketch which have appeared in the press, and since that is a point on which he should be allowed to speak for himself, I am very willing to give place in these pages of miscellaneous gossip to his letter.

"PECCAVI!" says Mr. Lucy. "I have sinned, and my self-abasement is the greater because it was the very effort to avoid error which has brought down upon me, not unjustly I admit, the terrible anger of the gods. If one wilfully, deliberately, and by an instinct of his nature commits an offence, he doubtless is prepared for the consequences should his crime be aggravated by being found out. But it is disheartening when one has tried to do the thing tha

appeared to him best according to his lights, and discovers that that very action, comparatively trivial though it may be, finally and fatally obscures his character. This exordium leads up to a narrative and a confession. Last month I wrote in a certain magazine a biographical sketch of a dear and gentle man who passed away with the last of the lingering green leaves and bright days of 1874. I was very much interested in my work, because one of the countless kind actions done by Tom Hood for young literary aspirants was, four years ago, done for me; because I had as collaborators Tom Hood's sister and others of his earliest and nearest friends; because I had made an exhaustive study of everything that Tom Hood had published; and because, as I read his works and recalled the leading events of his life, I saw under the cap and bells that the late Editor of *Fun* professionally wore a face weary with struggling against fate, and saddened by the thought that it would presently be covered up and its owner's name remembered only in connection with 'a comic journal.' Myself deeply absorbed by interest in the central figure of the sketch, I fear that I lost a due sense of the importance of some of the personal surroundings, and of my duty to them as a biographer. It was not that I had forgotten Mr. Sampson—who perhaps I should explain to readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has for some years past been a contributor of the excellent literary matter which appears in *Fun*, and who upon the death of Mr. Hood succeeded him in the editorship of that periodical. He had told me how he had 'nursed Tom Hood in his last illness,' and how 'Hood had by one of his last efforts scribbled an affectionate note to him.' This I frankly own I knew; but when I came to write I thought I should be best consulting the feelings of delicacy which, doubtless, were characteristic of Mr. Sampson if I treated this information as a private communication. I adopted that course, and with the most disastrous consequences. In the week following the publication of the article there appeared in *Fun* a severe critical notice, in which a gentleman who had the misfortune to be associated with me in the production of the biographical sketch was personally attacked and roundly accused of being 'a War Office clerk.' For myself, the size of my mind as an analytical organ was called into question, and a week later I was, upon further consideration, described as 'A Literary Ghoul.' Thus much in *Fun*, where a sense of responsibility and a consciousness of identity might be expected to impose some restraint on the writer. But writing in another journal Mr. Sampson throws off all restraint, and in a pleasing column of gossip on literary and social matters he not less than five times hurls at the head of the gentleman already referred to the dread epithet 'Wax

Office clerk,' and in this connection he adds, recurring to my work. 'About the real friends of the deceased, about the men who nursed him through long illnesses, about the men who cared more for the poet than for what he gave them to eat, we get no single word.' The apparent poverty of words to describe the gentleman whom I am stated to have 'patted on the back' to the exclusion of 'real friends is fully atoned by the richness of the phraseology applied to myself. I am described in general terms as 'a crow and vulture of the Press hastening to my unholy feast.' In particular I am designated 'a third-rate newspaper hack' and 'a nonentity earning a few guineas by advertising my War Office and'—I hope Sylvanus Urban will forgive the unwonted intrusion of such language into his pages—'taproom acquaintances.' I have only one remark to make on this passage, and I am conscious that it will appear scarcely credible. The biographical sketch I wrote in the *Gentleman's Magazine* last month was undertaken by me only on the special condition that the 'few guineas' earned should be added to a fund some friends of the late Tom Hood were privately raising for the assistance of his widow, and a letter which now lies before me, wherein I read 'I would take the cheque of which you speak with pleasure as the offering of a kind and thoughtful spirit,' is written by Mr. Sampson. It is with very great pain that I reopen this matter, but the special position which *Fun* held towards the subject of the sketch in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has endowed the observations of its editor thereupon with exceptional weight, and I have felt that as he has declared himself to have been aggrieved I could not do less than make to him such amends as are in my power by unreservedly admitting my laches."

I HAVE seen a good deal of grumbling lately in the papers about the manner in which books, especially novels, are reviewed. An author complains not very unreasonably that some critic described his book as having its scene laid on the west coast of Ireland whereas the story was a careful picture of life in New Zealand. . . . friend adds three experiences of his own over which he has no before this uttered any complaint. A critic described one of his novels as a story of the sea-coast, whereas it moved simply along the flags of London. Another novel of his was condemned by a reviewer because it introduced a ghost, whereas our friend declares that no ghost whatever walked his pages or was ever alluded to by him. In the third instance a reviewer complained of our hapless friend for having made the story melancholy by causing a certain

young lady to die ; on which the novelist simply observes that she did not die, but lived, flourished, and was happy. In these cases, as in that of the New Zealand story, the author can hardly be called morbidly querulous if he raises a mild protest. Another friend supplies me with a still stronger case. A critic, he says, censured his book as immoral because the hero had done a certain thing—which the author says he did not do, but was unjustly accused of having done, the point of the story being that the accusation was unjust. Here it is clear that the critic got tired of the book a little too soon. In most of these instances the mistake simply arose out of the fact that the critic had to read or glance over a whole batch of novels in a very short time, and therefore confused the incidents of one with those of another. Such accidents are hardly to be avoided while novels are so many and time is so short. It would be a good thing if there could be a sort of matriculation examination for novels—not novelists, but novels ; a critical Grand Jury which by reading the first two or three chapters of a novel could say whether it ought to be allowed to go up for criticism at all, and then let the few that passed this ordeal be really read and carefully criticised.

MR. W. ANNESLEY MAYNE, writing from the Junior Carlton Club, partly agrees with and partly differs from my correspondent of last month in his animadversions on the common but erroneous use of the phrase "bar sinister" by many writers. "I fully sympathise," says Mr. Mayne, "with your 'touchy correspondent' of this month's 'Table Talk'; for, though the French undoubtedly call a bend sinister a 'bar,' in English heraldry a bar sinister is just as utter nonsense as a round triangle would be in mathematics. But when he says 'what the ignoramuses mean is a bend sinister,' I beg leave to say that they mean nothing of the kind. In every instance where the words are used by the ignoramuses in question, it is the diminutive betokening illegitimacy which is intended ; not a bend sinister or any other bend, and still less a bar, but a *baton*." What says my first heraldic correspondent in rejoinder ?

EVEN more common, and occasionally more distinct, than plagiarisms by reputable authors upon men who have written before them is the habit of what I may call self-plagiarism. A man, even a great writer, sets out in life with only a certain amount of wealth of imagery and conception of character. Perhaps Shakespeare stands alone in the ability to produce a long series of works in which a leading type of character does not live and move and absorb a large portion of

interest and it must be remembered, beyond the fact of his transcendent genius, that Shakespeare did not hesitate to appropriate in a very wholesale way the lay figures and sometimes the living men and women of other people, and either group his own picture around them or find a subordinate place for them in what is principally his own drama. The thesis is one too large adequately to be maintained and illustrated in a breath of "Table Talk," and I intended only to quote a remarkable example in current literature. But I may just mention two illustrations which will be within the knowledge of most readers—I mean Toots and Mrs. Poyser. The ideal of a simple-hearted, "chuckle-headed," inoffensive young man, whose absurdities are invariably kindly, was, with some two or three others, very powerful in the mind of Charles Dickens, and we find traces of Toots more or less successfully disguised in nearly all his novels. In "David Copperfield" he appears as Traddles, with very little difference save that he is amongst new acquaintances and has let his hair grow in an unruly manner. George Eliot's clear and nervous conception of a masterful housewife, rich in possessions of home-spun linen and great in all housewifely wisdom, reaches its highest expression in Mrs. Poyser. But it is clear enough in "Middlemarch" when we are introduced to Mrs. Garth, and in "The Mill on the Floss" when we sit in Mrs. Glegg's best parlour.

THE example that suggests these remarks is not one of self-plagiarism of a distinctive conception of character, but of a notable illustration. There are few poems which have acquired a wider popularity than Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and to this day a public address to the members of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society appears incomplete unless the speaker quotes the verse—

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

This was written in the dawn of the poet's fame, and when in these closing years of his life he comes to write memorial verses on his dead friend Sumner, he turns the moral thus: -

Alike are life and death
 When life in death survives,
 And the uninterrupted breath
 Inspires a thousand lives.
 Were a star quenched on high,
 For ages would its light,
 Still travelling downward from the sky,
 Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
 For years beyond our ken,
 The light he leaves behind him lies
 Upon the paths of men.

Possibly one's critical sense is dulled by the too great familiarity induced by constant and commonplace repetition, just as the finest melodies grow hateful to the ear when ground out on the omnipresent barrel organ. With that limitation I should say that this returning of the old thought is a great improvement on our old friend of the "Psalm of Life," though there is not the remotest chance of the latter being superseded on the classic ground of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society.

MR. WILLIAM L. SCAN, writing from Marton Endowed School, near Blackpool, moved by several notes from time to time in "Table Talk," says: "In my 'Tennyson' I ticked off a long while ago two very curious, though unconscious, plagiarisms, and your little chit-chat on this subject determined me to send you them. I believe they have never been noticed before—certainly I have never seen them or even heard of them. In the fifth stanza of 'Locksley Hall' the Pleiads 'Glitter like a swarm of fire flies.' In Shelley's 'Cloud' we have as regards the heavenly constellations 'And I laughed to see them whirl and flee like a swarm of golden bees.' Again in 'Guinevere,' where Arthur bends o'er the prostrate form of his erring wife, and gives utterance to his sorrow and love, 'O imperial moulded form, and beauty such as never woman wore.' In Tasso (Wiffen's translation, Canto V., stanza 61), with regard to Armida, we have the line, 'And beauty such as nature never gave.' The translation was given in 1824. It would be most interesting to trace the different settings of the same diamond thoughts by our greatest poets."

WHAT is the origin of that curious word "bort" which transpired in the course of the trial of the great City libel case, *Rubery versus Grant and Sampson*? It was explained to the Chief Baron as a trade-term standing for almost worthless stones. But whence comes it? A Dutch scholar offers to help me solve the question. In the trading of Holland, he tells me, articles of almost every description of a very inferior quality are termed *bocht*, and as the Dutch guttural *ch* would not be caught up by the foreigner, the foreign phonetic transcript of the word would very soon resolve itself into *bort*. In cases of doubtful etymology of this kind we can investigate only by the

paths of analogy and probability. In this case we have the patent fact that the Dutch at certain periods have had the diamond trade very largely in their hands. And for analogy it is easy to select two or three examples. There is the French word *redingote*, in which not one of the component elements could be explained by French derivation. It is simply our English riding-coat accommodated to the French ear and subsequently to French orthography. In a similar manner the French have turned the Dutch or German words *bei-wacht*, *bolwerk* (by-watch, bulwark), into *bivouac* and *boulevard*.

I AM favoured with a note from Mr. Robert Chambers stating that the author of "The *£ s. d.* of Literature" in the December number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* materially understates the rate per page paid for contributions to *Chambers's Journal*. This correction takes me somewhat by surprise, since the writer of "*£ s. d.*" has been, within my knowledge, a frequent contributor to the pages of the famous Edinburgh magazine.

SOME inquiries have reached me, and many guesses have been made, touching the authorship of "Like a Snowball," the extra number of this magazine which was published in the shape of a Christmas Annual. It was thought desirable at the time when the work was prepared for the press, mainly for reasons connected with its composite character, to withhold the names of the authors. Indeed, it was hardly possible to do otherwise without such explanations as would have been unusual on the title-page of a book; but I do not know why I should refuse now to satisfy my correspondents on the point. The conception, the plan, and the plot of "Like a Snowball" were Mr. Francillon's. It was he who contrived the "seven links" in the "chain," and set apart three of those links for treatment by other writers. Mr. D. Christie Murray undertook, for the second link, to describe the dream of little Bessy on the Moor. Mr. W. Senior, better known to my readers as "Red Spinner," related the history of Robert Salcombe, the "Vagabond," up to the time of his setting forth on that journey across the Moor which was to lead him to the rescue of the lost child. And Mr. Frank Percival told the story of Bessy and her lover, under the title of "The Giant's Grave." Each of the four authors had the whole story in his mind in order to perform his separate share of the work, and it happened to several of the personages to have the same or different aspects of their character portrayed by different artists.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE


MARCH, 1875.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPARTAN BOY.

HRISTMAS and Nat had a brisk run to the widow Cramp's, stamping the water out of their clothes as they ran, and laughing a good deal. The whole adventure gave Christmas downright pleasure, for his mind was beginning to be perplexed and disturbed by doubts and pains hitherto unknown to him, and he found it a relief to be torn for the moment away from himself—from brooding into any kind of action. The accident had done Nat a world of good ; it had brought him to his senses—at least for the hour.

A fire was still burning in Mrs. Cramp's house. The nights usually turned rather cold in Durewoods until the summer had advanced farther on its way. The glow was very welcome now to our dripping youths. Nat brought down all the clothes he had and all the towels, and the pair scrubbed themselves dry, and then Christmas put on some of Nat's ordinary clothes, while Nathaniel himself mounted, for lack of any other, the proud Volunteer uniform. Then Nat discovered a bottle of brandy, and they had each a glass to keep off cold, and they found that Christmas's cigar-case had kept its contents dry through all the fight with the waves and the current, and they sat one at each side of the fire and smoked, and were very cheery.

"Better not talk about this thing," said Pembroke ; "people would only laugh at us."

"It ought to be told," Nat answered conscientiously, "how you showed such courage, and saved my life—and I didn't deserve it of you."

"Of course any fellow who could swim was bound to do that; I don't care to have that told, we shall only look foolish."

"But I behaved so badly," Nat ruefully went on; "I was so rude, all about nothing. The truth is this, and you may laugh at me if you like—I hate my occupation, and my mother was a servant once, and I keep thinking everybody is looking down on me, and I heard of you, knowing Miss Lyle, and—and—Miss Challoner and that—and I took it into my stupid head that you must look down on me too; and so I made a fool of myself."

"My good friend," Christmas said coolly, "I have only just come to England after living nearly all my life in places where people know as much about the distinctions of English society as they do of what is going on in the moon. Let me tell you that the world doesn't concern itself half as much as you think about what people say and do in London."

"But we are in London now—I mean we are in England and that makes all the difference, you know," Nat said with sad conviction.

"It does make a difference," Christmas owned, with a consciousness that only that very day he had been thinking of the possible barricade that might arise between Sir John Challoner's daughter and himself when they were all in London. "It makes a confounded difference, and I sometimes wish I were back in San Francisco or in Japan."

"Then you won't blame a fellow too much if he sometimes loses his temper thinking of these things," Nat said. "Remember that I'm ever so much worse off than you. You are a gentleman, anyhow—I am not."

"Then why don't you go where people think less of these ridiculous distinctions? Why do you stay in a place like this?"

"Where can one go?"

"Go? Anywhere. Go to Japan—go to America and get out West. What do they care for gentlemen out there?"

"I have thought of it," Nat said, rubbing up his hair with his hands. "I have dreamed of it many a night. But I have hoped for a time here when manhood would assert its proper place—I have even dreamed of helping in the coming of such a time, I do try to help it all I can."

"A man must have some fair amount of self-conceit, mustn't he—"

to believe that he can do much towards the bringing on of the good time coming? Take my advice, and don't wait for that; it will come without your help or mine if it is to come," Christmas said rather sententiously, for he began to think his companion's ideas of himself a little absurd.

"I have great faith in the future," Nat declared with a vehement effort to pump up again his old enthusiasm.

"So have I—so much faith that I don't think it needs any guidance from me. Anyhow I must go now—I only hope I shan't find the house locked up."

"Shall I walk with you and show you the way? Then if the house is locked up you can come back here, you know."

"Oh, no, thank you, I mustn't bring you out of your home so late. I know the way quite well."

Nat came out with him to the door, and they crossed the threshold together. The moon had just begun to show itself above the trees amid which the Hall was standing. Both the young men looked in the same direction—perhaps at the moon, perhaps at the trees that were now so dark in their outlines beneath it on the hill.

"You don't feel that sort of thing?" Nathaniel said suddenly.

"What sort of thing?"

"That discontent with life and classes and wealth, and all that? You don't ever sit and think of a better time when equality and humanity shall prevail?"

"I have been too busy," Christmas said, "and too much out of the world—I mean out of your world here—and I haven't had time."

"How happy you must have been out there! You have come back to a country where everything is sacrificed to caste and the ascendancy of rank; where the aristocrat is everything and the man is nothing."

This was a rather favourite period of Nat's, and he waxed sonorous in the delight of rolling it out to new ears.

"Rather odd," Christmas said; "you are the second person with whom I have exchanged a word on the condition of England since I came to this country; and the first man said exactly the opposite of all you are saying now. He insisted that England was given over to Radicalism and Red Republicanism, equality, socialism, the rights of man, and I don't well know what else, and that there were no such things as gentlemen in the country now."

"But I suppose he was an aristocrat himself?"

"He seemed to think he was or ought to be; I don't know."

"There it is, you see; he growls because humanity dares to

approach too near to the bars of his privilege! If he felt the realities as we do! If he knew what caste still is here!" and Nat gazed wildly in the direction of the moon or the Hall—it might have been either. "But it's no matter. The thing must end some time. There is a world elsewhere."

"You seem to me to be cut out for an orator," said Christmas smiling.

"I have sometimes tried to speak—but it's no matter. No more of that. I detain you. Good night."

Christmas bade his new friend a hasty good night and hurried away. He did not want Nat Cramp to accompany him. He wanted to walk alone in the moonlight up that road under the trees, and he meant to pass Miss Lyle's gate, late though it was, and go on until he should reach the gate of the grounds amid which the Hall stood. What to do there? Nothing, except to pace up and down slowly before the gate a few times, and look in and see some trees and shrubs. In one sense he was farther from the Hall there than if he had been at Nat Cramp's door, for now he could not even see the roof or any part of the Hall. But he could see the trees which perhaps now *she* saw, and he was nearer to her by a few hundred yards than before—and what need to explain more fully how Christmas delighted and teased himself with the absurdities which have teased and delighted all generations of men? One sensation had lingered with him all the day, pervading and suffusing all his other emotions like a perfume: the thought that he had carried her for a moment in his arms.

He wanted to be alone, too, that he might think over something Nat Cramp had said. "You," that is Christmas, "are a gentleman anyhow." This was exactly what now tormented the mind of our *ingenu*. Am I, he asked himself, what people here would call a gentleman? He was not without a full conviction that in the best sense of the word his father's son was a true gentleman, or ought to be. His father had always seemed to him the very type and picture of a dignified, self-reliant gentleman, with high culture and refined taste; and Miss Lyle had called him the finest gentleman she ever saw. Christmas knew well enough from his reading of English journals and books that the education his father had given him was much broader and better than that which young English gentlemen usually receive. Christmas knew several languages and their best literature, and he had had a good scientific education too. He knew something of music; he knew a good deal about trade and commerce, and had ideas on steam and machinery and navigation. He was perhaps a

little vain of having seen so much more of the round world than most young men of his age. Therefore he was by no means wanting in modest good opinion of himself. But would all this do much for him in English society, if he had not birth and position? Would he, in short, be received on equal terms among the London people whom Sir John Challoner knew? He had been very philosophical about distinctions of class where Nat Cramp was concerned; but his philosophy could do little to fence his own breast against doubt and vexation.

Of all this he had never thought in Japan, or even in London when he first came there. He had looked upon London as the playground of his first great holiday; and he had loved it and his free life and his chambers and the goddess on his painted ceiling. He envied not a king; he was the equal of any man. Only a few hours have passed away and a girl has smiled a kindly smile upon him; and already what a craven he is becoming, and how he vexes himself about his position, and his lack of position, and what people will think of him, and all the rest of it! Is this the first flower of that passion of love which is, or is supposed to be, all-ennobling; and does Love, in this case, begin by threatening to turn a brave young man into a snob? Alas! it is to be owned that the birth even of Love takes place amid some ignoble associations, and is not an event all poetic and sublime.

This sort of feeling, however, was only Christmas's nightly tormentor as yet. Every night it came out of its cave within his breast, like the hag out of the chest in the room of the merchant Abudah, in the "Tales of the Genii," which people once used to read, and vexed and tormented him. As yet it scarcely ventured to brave the light of day and the voices of bright companionship. For if earth ever held a happy youth, that fortunate boy was Christmas Pembroke during the few enchanted days that followed his arrival in Durewoods.

This was the programme of his occupations. After breakfast he walked or drove or went in the boat with Miss Challoner. After luncheon he walked or drove or went in the boat with Miss Challoner. Late in the evening Miss Challoner sat in the balcony with Miss Lyle, and he stood behind them. He then accompanied Miss Challoner to her gate, and perhaps even to the door of her house; for although sometimes her manservant and maidservant together came to escort her, and the latter was never absent, and the roads about Durewoods on a summer's night were as safe as the corridors in Miss Challoner's own house, yet Christmas could not think of

allowing the young lady to brave the dangers of the outer world without his protecting arm to ensure her safety. Added to all these occasions of happy meeting, Miss Challoner more than once came and dined with Miss Lyle.

Miss Lyle looked on at all this with eyes of half-melancholy amusement, blended with a certain distrust. But she saw nothing better for her to do than to let things take their course. She knew that Marie Challoner was not a coquette in any sense of the word, and she did not believe the girl had any sort of inflammable matter in her heart. Marie had a free, friendly, half-boyish sort of nature which at least for the present seemed to turn with impatience and even contempt from sentimentalisms and love-making. It was Miss Lyle who, observing the scornful way in which the girl was accustomed from her very childhood to drop the acquaintances she had suddenly taken up if they proved uninteresting, and her indifference to flirtations and sentiment, had called her Dear Lady Disdain after Shakespeare's Beatrice. Some time, Miss Lyle thought, she will really be touched to the heart, and then her love will perhaps be profound and passionate, but the time is not yet. It was clear that Christmas Pembroke had not touched her, and Miss Lyle thought that since they had come together somewhat against her inclination, the safest course she could take was to let them meet freely as friends without even a hint of danger. In any case the danger would only be to poor Christmas's heart: and he—well, he must only get over it. He is very young, she thought, and he will have time and chance enough to recover and to form new impressions, and men survive deeper wounds—and women, too, she thought.

Meanwhile, Sir John Challoner, who had always kept his daughter secluded away at Durewoods in order that she might not come upon London until he had settled all the conditions under which she could best make an impression and had the people in his mind whom she was to impress, heard without any alarm of her acquaintance with young Pembroke. Marie wrote to him a long letter every morning, and as every letter contained a great deal about Mr. Pembroke and his goodness and his cleverness and so forth Sir John was easy in his mind. Had she mentioned him once and then not again perhaps her father might have been a little uneasy, but the free and frequent descriptions of the new acquaintance set his mind at rest. Perhaps if he could have seen his daughter seated on the grass while this handsome young man reclined near her and looked into her eyes when they were not turned on him and looked away when they were, he might not have been quite so tranquil. Perhaps if he had seen

the expression of deep interest with which she listened while Christmas warmed into eloquence about his future career and the great things he hoped to do under the impulse of an inspiration which he did not venture to define—perhaps Sir John might have seen good cause to hasten his coming to Durewoods. Yet there would have been no need so far as any interests of his were concerned. Marie Challoner's bosom rose and fell with regular and tranquil respiration, her pulse temperately beat time and made healthful music.

But poor Christmas ! Never in life was youth more profoundly and passionately in love. He was so happy now and had such free access to her society that he did not yet know all the depth of his wound. He will feel it soon : he will know that he has it in his heart. Now his new happiness keeps his pulses stirring and life is all ecstasy—in the day. When he walks out late of nights to smoke a cigar as he did on the night when he literally fell in with Nat Cramp—for Miss Lyle allows of no cigars in her little cottage—he is stricken by a terrible foreboding of the blank sort of life he is to lead when he goes back to London, and has the painted goddess on the ceiling—the ceiling he was so proud of the other day—for his only present divinity ! A sickening sensation passes through him as he asks himself what possibility is there for him but disappointment. Our young hero is not merely a young fool. He knew the strength of his own feelings just as he knew what weight he could lift or what distance he could walk. He knew that his present emotion had nothing to do with the light and passing sentiment which a raw young man mistakes for first love.

Miss Lyle was wholly mistaken when she rested her hopes for his safety upon Marie Challoner's untouched heart. He would have had a hundred times more chance of escape in the beginning if the girl had been a little in love with him or had been flirting with him. She would have been timid, embarrassed, reticent in the first instance, unreal in the second. But now she gave to him in their conversation with entire unrestraint all the full freshness of her intelligence, her broad liberal nature, her emotional sincerity. A girl in love cannot help, consciously or otherwise, deceiving her lover. Her timidity compels her to half-concealment, or her longing to please him leads her to assume what she has not. Marie Challoner had no such need or way. Christmas saw her intellect and her nature exactly as they were. And even had he not loved her, he must have admired her, and must have felt sure that such a woman could give him the life-companionship which his nature would have sought. There are first-love-natures, if one may use such a phrase—natures that never

take fire until the one, *die Eine*, comes with the torch. These are rare natures anyhow—and when they are found, are found more often perhaps in men than in women; but they do exist, and are very practical realities. Such a nature will move on for twenty years from the supposed first-love season, and never glow under any influence until the right one, *die Eine*, comes, and never glow at all if she does not come. But let her show herself when he is at the first threshold of youth, and the inextinguishable fire lights up that moment. There is a story of a beautiful alabaster lamp which would allow no candle to burn within it, and the king and the queen, and all the princesses, sages, courtiers, magicians, priests, and what not, came to try what could be done, and they could do nothing; and so the beautiful lamp was given up as a bad job in lampmaking and lay neglected on the table, until one day a stranger girl, there for the first time, took it up and breathed lightly by chance on it; and suddenly its taper burned, and could never after be put out. Doubtless had she come that way the very first day it would have answered to her inspiration just as well.

For the present, however, Christmas Pembroke is happy—in the day. Sometimes in their walks they—he and she—come upon Nathaniel Cramp, glooming about in lonely places; and Marie is always friendly and sweet to him, and Nat's face brightens. Nat and his mother have been up to the Hall once again to see Marie, and Marie has taken good care to be punctual this time, and not to keep them waiting for her. Also Nat has been invited by Miss Lyle to tea, and Marie is there—and Christmas, of course—and Nathaniel has at first comported himself with a proud humility rather odd and absurd to see, but he has thawed under friendly influences, and been happy; and Christmas and he went that night in companionship to smoke their cigars, and Nat cannot help liking Christmas and thinking him a nice unaffected fellow—and Nat is very miserable.

One memorable morning—memorable at least to Christmas—Miss Challoner brought a piece of news which everybody ought to have expected.

“Papa is coming to-night, at last, Miss Lyle; and bringing all manner of people with him. I am so delighted, and disappointed—I wish he had come alone.”

“Do you expect him to settle down quietly in the country with no companionship but yours, my dear?” Miss Lyle asked.

“I do expect it sometimes; but I suppose it is an idle thought. I could always be so happy with him. We have always been such friends, Miss Lyle, he and I. We can talk of everything; and h

suits me so well because he allows such splendid liberty of opinion, and never wants people to think in grooves."

"You will have to think in grooves when you go to London, Marie."

"Then I shall exhibit my ideas performing in grooves for the outer world, and relieve my mind when I am alone with papa. I don't know that I am delighted at the prospect of a London season, but I suppose I shall get used to it. I do know that I shall always be glad when the time comes round for returning to Durewoods—and to you, Miss Lyle."

"People always say that sort of thing—girls, I mean," said Miss Lyle. "The day you are leaving for London, Marie, find your favourite spot in Durewoods, and look long at it, and take a tender farewell of it. You will never see it again!"

"Never see it again—my Durewoods? Miss Lyle, do you sit there so calmly and smile so blandly at me and prophecy my death before I even come of age?"

"No, dear ; not so. What I mean is that the same girl who now looks at Durewoods will never look at it again. That's all. But you have to dree your weird, you know, like all the other young women."

Marie made no answer, and there was silence for a moment. Then Miss Lyle, looking up, saw to her surprise that there were tears in Marie's dark eyes, and that she was trying to conceal them. This was a sensitiveness for which Miss Lyle had not given her credit.

"My Durewoods!" Marie murmured in a low tone as if to herself. They were now in the balcony, and her eyes seemed to absorb the scene with the eager, craving gaze of an affection which is about to lose the loved object.

At that moment Christmas Pembroke entered, and interrupted the conversation. Miss Challoner and he were going out together. In that irregular little colony Miss Challoner might be said to call for her cavalier of mornings 'instead of being waited on by him ; the reason was that as Miss Lyle hardly ever went out it had long been Marie's habit to call in upon her any morning at any hour—and the visit of Christmas Pembroke made no change in their ways.

Christmas heard the news of Sir John Challoner's coming, and he felt that his time of abiding in a terrestrial paradise was gone. He looked from the balcony over the scene, and the sky seemed somehow to grow dark.

"I think we are going to have rain," he said.

"Oh, no ; the sky looks bright and beautiful," Marie remonstrated, still mentally hugging her Durewoods.

"Does it?" He looked moodily down. Miss Lyle looked keenly at him, and believed she read him like a book.

"Who are coming with your papa, Marie?"

"Captain Cameron—you remember him, Miss Lyle—and Mrs. Seagraves, his sister, and one or two other persons too tedious to mention."

"Anybody in particular?"

"No ; I think not. Some people whose names I don't know."

"Names of men, dear, or names of women?"

"Of both, Miss Lyle. I hardly noticed who they were. I shall have enough of them soon."

"Very likely. Now don't lose this bright morning. I don't want Mr. Christmas here to miss any chance of stamping Durewoods on his memory."

Thus admonished they went forth, and found the faithful Merlin waiting in his boat for them. Christmas was moody and sententious for some time.

"Will you come to the hollow in the wood, where we went that first day?" he said abruptly.

"If you wish. I am always glad to go there."

Merlin made for the shore, and admonished them as they were getting out with his favourite caution, "None quick," which was his way of advising people to go not quickly but slowly.

"Short—none long!" he added. "High tide, *la limonade!*" and he gesticulated dramatically to signify that the water would soon be high and billowy.

Christmas thought of the happy chance which on that first day enabled and emboldened him to bear Miss Challoner in his arms through the surf. This day he did not believe he should have the courage even if need were.

They entered the wood and began the ascent, he rather silent, she doing her best to keep up a conversation, but now and then glancing in wonder at him. They reached the little hollow.

"I am tired," said she, and sat on a great moss-covered stone.

"Of the walk?" he asked gloomily.

"Of the walk up hill. And perhaps of the day altogether. You are not a good companion to-day, Mr. Pembroke. Why is that?"

"I am sorry I cannot amuse you better," he began.

"So am I. Why are you so strange?"

"I ought to leave this place," he said, not looking at her. "I am

“I am wasting my days here in idleness. I ought to have been in London before this doing something.”

“You ought not to stay too long here,” she said, “that is certain. This place is not for you—I mean for any young man of spirit and energy. But I suppose Miss Lyle would have been disappointed if you had gone any sooner. And you have not been here much more than a week after all.”

“I shall go to-morrow—early in the morning.”

“Oh! please don’t do that, or I shall be so disappointed. You will not? Miss Lyle won’t let you if I ask her.”

“Why should you ask her?”

“Because I want you to know papa, and him to know you, and both to like each other. I have set my heart on that.”

“You are very kind,” murmured poor Christmas sullenly, and wondering how he could be sullen with such friendly dark eyes looking earnestly at him.

“You don’t seem glad that papa is coming. Why is that? I thought you would have been glad.”

“It is because I am selfish,” Christmas said, with gallant self-confidence, “because when Sir John Challoner comes, and his friends, I shall not see so much of you.”

“Why not, if you wish? Papa will be glad to see you every hour of the day if you like. He likes everybody whom I like—not a great deal upon his good nature, for I don’t like many people.”

Christmas was softening.

“But we can’t walk together, and come to this place this way,” he said. “There will be always people. Your time will be always taken up. And then I must go to London. And then this is the best holiday I have ever had, Miss Challoner, and it is nearly over.”

“Yes,” she said, gravely, “it is nearly over for both of us; but we shall not be always making holiday. I envy you, who are going to London to do something. I am going to London soon, and Miss Lyle has been filling me this morning with the saddest forebodings. She speaks as if I were to be transformed into a different creature the moment I go to London, and were never to care for this place any more.”

“I suppose it must be so,” Christmas said gloomily, and in the presence of one on whom a long experience of London life had wrought a stern conviction.

“You are as melancholy a prophet as she! I defy augury. No power on earth can change me to this dear place.”

“I am afraid I was not thinking of Durewoods.” He spoke with

his eyes turned away, and he kept harpooning at the mosses of the rock with Marie's parasol, which he was carrying for her.

"Of what, then, were you thinking? and what is it that must be?"

"I was thinking that when you go to London your time will all be occupied; and you will have so many friends; and you will forget me."

"Why should I forget you? I have often told you that I don't care about people in general; and I thought we had sworn an eternal friendship."

"Do such friendships last?"

"With me, I think so. I haven't had much experience, but I think so: if people trust me, and believe in me. Why should I forget you, and these days? I propose to myself to follow your career always, and to be glad when you do great things. We shall see you in London often, of course."

Christmas looked imploringly into her eyes. He could not, boy that he was, mistake the earnest and friendly expression that he saw there. She was very kind to him. She wished indeed to be his friend—and he was in love with her! If there had been one gleam of alarmed emotion in her eyes, if one tinge of colour had risen too quickly on her cheeks, if her eyelids had drooped even an instant as he looked at her, the poor lad must have lost himself, and must have broken out into a rhapsodical declaration of his love for her. How near she was to hearing the first avowal of a man's passionate love for her, and as wild a torrent of love delirium as ever insane mortal poured forth! One instant of struggle went on in the young man's heart, and then his chief desire came to be that she should not know it. There, if she could only have understood, was the first step in his manhood's career—earnest, truly, of honest things to come. He had conquered his emotions—at least he had stifled them. He crushed them down in his heart, trampled on them, stamped them into silence, and she knew nothing then.

"I'll love her all the same," he seemed to protest to his own heart. "I'll love her as much as I like. She can't hinder that, and she shall never know."

So he talked of their meeting in London, and of things in general, and the place and the scenery, and what not; and they turned to leave the hollow. A little sweetbriar branch had entangled itself in the sleeve of her dress; he removed it for her, and when she was not looking he hid it in his breast. They went down the hill together, and found the boat waiting for them, and there was no need to lift Marie into it this time.

Nat Cramp was wandering moodily among the trees. He saw the youth and maiden coming down, and he fled from the sight into the woods. Despite the honesty of his better nature, he was inclined to fidget and swear against the haughty and happy young swell who might walk with Miss Challoner. "He is a handsome fellow," Nat owned with bitterness of heart; and he fiercely envied Christmas Pembroke, who began to feel as if it would be a relief to him to be ordered for execution.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRIESTESS OF THE FUTURE.

THAT evening Christmas, sitting with Miss Lyle in the balcony, talked to her of his speedy return to London.

"You are right to go, my dear," she said, "and it would be only selfish of me to wish you to remain here any longer. But we have established a friendship, Chris, and every now and then you will come down here and spend a day with me. You will not feel that you are alone in the world, at all events; nor shall I. It makes me happy to have found the son of my old friend. I owe him so much, and I can only try to work the debt out by doing my best to help his son. That is the steamer coming in, is it not?"

Christmas had, despite of himself, been closely watching the approach of the steamer. But when she got to the landing place on the pier she could not be seen from the balcony, and therefore Christmas could neither know whom she brought nor who went to meet her.

"I suppose Sir John Challoner is in her," Miss Lyle said. "I want you to know Sir John Challoner; he could be very useful to you in London."

"I don't think I care to know people who are very rich," said Christmas, "and proud, and all that. I suppose he is a proud sort of man, and I don't want to be patronised, Miss Lyle."

"Still, I should like you to know Sir John Challoner. You will find him interesting; he is a remarkable man. I don't say that you will like him in everything."

"Do you like him?" Christmas asked bluntly.

"My dear Mr. Christmas! an acquaintanceship like that of Sir John Challoner and myself is not to be wrapped up in the word like or dislike. I couldn't finish him off in that easy sort of way. You might as well ask me if I like or dislike the ground, or the trees, or the lapse of years, or the law of gravitation, or something of the

kind. *You* are free to form any opinion, and to like or dislike him as the impression comes. I have heard of his doing many good things; I never heard of his doing anything bad. He is a successful man, Chris—very successful—they say.”

“I suppose so. My father knew him, I think you said, Miss Lyle?”

“Your father and Challoner and I started in life together; we were all friends, and we were all poor. We separated, and went on our fool's-errands—some of us. Two of us sought success after our own heart and found it, and I hope it has done us good. It was a fine thing when it came, and worth the sacrifice truly! One of us declined to push for any success; and if life were a fairy story, Chris, he would have been sure to find it first and best of all, but then he didn't. You will know all about it some time, but for the present I want you to judge Sir John Challoner for yourself. How do you like his daughter?”

Truth to say Christmas had been expecting some question about Miss Challoner all the time, and had been schooling himself to bear it. He looked boldly up into Miss Lyle's face and said:

“I like her very much. She is a very clever girl I think, and quite unaffected. I have known so few girls, Miss Lyle, that it isn't much of a compliment to say I like her the best of any I ever met, but I do all the same.”

“I am glad to hear it.” Miss Lyle had looked somewhat anxiously into his face. “Nothing could have pleased me more. I hope you will always be friends. I believe, for all people say, that there can be friendship between man and woman; and you and she ought to be good friends.”

So the subject passed away, and Miss Lyle was evidently relieved. Christmas felt, with a certain drawback of shame and with much pain, that his pious fraud had succeeded, and that he had played with success thus far the part of Spartan boy, which he had imposed upon himself. When he left Marie Challoner that day he had rigorously made up his mind that come what would he would not move through life a disappointed lover craving for compassion.

Perhaps there are occasions when the Hercules-choice of a man's whole career depends not so much on what he really is as on what he gives himself out to be, even to himself. A modern soldier, whose name has become almost proverbial for reckless dash in battle, has left it on record that he was terribly afraid in his first battle, but that he pretended to be fearless, forced himself to believe accordingly, and so learned to get rid of fear in the end. Suppose he had been

perfectly sincere from the first, might he not have remained a coward to the last? The necessity of keeping up the reputation which he had voluntarily assumed rescued and in time regenerated him. Something like a similar crisis had now presented itself for the choice of Christmas Pembroke. If he had given way and confessed himself, it is only too likely that the strength and backbone of his character would have given way, and he would have been a limp and nerveless creature all his life through. There may have been within him some instinctive knowledge of this inspiring him. He may have thought, "It is Now or Never with me; yield now and yield ever." It may have been wounded youthful pride, so infinitely more sensitive and exacting than the tempered pride of later years, toned down by many shocks. It may have been some melancholy conviction that his father had, for whatever cause, dispensed with the reward of love, and borne his modest life with patience and without complaint. Be the cause or causes whatsoever might be, the Hercules-choice of Pembroke's life was made.

Nothing said by anybody, even by Miss Challoner herself, could alter the reality. If she loved him their future might look difficult and cloudy enough, for she was rich no doubt, and her father was said to be ambitious, and he, Christmas, was comparatively poor and had all his way to make; but the future would at least be their future. But now he had simply to walk his own way alone. No power on earth could alter the plain fact that she did not love him. The one only thing left for him to do was to conceal his wound, and let none be distressed by it but himself.

To himself, however, Christmas made full confession. He recompensed himself for his Spartan-boy endurance when other eyes were on him by crying out, metaphorically at least, to himself. Next day he went out and mooned about the woods. He did the shabbiest things, we are ashamed to say, and we only tell of them because he too had the grace to be sometimes ashamed of them, and to try not to do them again. For example, he ought to have resolutely avoided coming in the way of Marie, and yet he hung that day about the places where he might perhaps meet her, even though he knew that if he were to see her then she must have some companions whom he would have hated to meet. He started when he heard a sound of footsteps, and felt as if the most painful and humiliating thing that could occur to him would be to be found by her and her friends lurking about her father's gate. Then he grew angry with himself, and went away; and again he told himself that he didn't want to meet her, didn't wish to meet her just then, and that there

was not the least chance of his meeting her ; and so he passed by the gate again defiantly. Such odd blendings of strength and weakness had this poor young lover, such brave and resolute self-repression, such sudden fits of incapacity to struggle against himself. Many of us were young once, and may remember some such unheroic moments.

Meanwhile, during his fluctuations and wanderings, Marie Challoner did pass out of her father's gate, bright, happy, and full of pleasant talk ; and Christmas missed seeing her. She was going with her father and two of his friends to pay Miss Lyle a visit. They stayed a long time ; so long, that when Christmas returned to Miss Lyle's he found them there still. Fortunately, he was told by Janet when he entered that such visitors were with Miss Lyle, and that she wished to see him, and so he was prepared for the little ordeal. The room seemed full of flickering faces as he entered, among which he only saw distinctly that of Marie Challoner, with her beaming eyes of friendly welcome. He had a vague consciousness of being called up to Miss Lyle by Miss Lyle herself, and being presented to Sir John Challoner, and hearing Sir John say that they had met by chance before, and that he knew Christmas's father long ago. Then Christmas dropped out of that group somehow, and Miss Challoner gave him her hand, and said something friendly ; and he saw that Sir John, bending over Miss Lyle's chair, was engaging himself wholly in conversation with her, and he was wondering vaguely who the strangers were, when one of them, a man, turned round, and there was a mutual recognition.

"Hullo !" exclaimed Captain Cameron, "this is a surprise ! My friend Pembroke here ? My gallant young friend and auxiliary ! Why, Miss Lyle, there is a magic about you which produces these things. Now this gives me an opportunity I had long been looking for. Pembroke, oblige me—this way. I want to present you to my sister, Mrs. Seagraves. I say, Isabel !"

Isabel turned round and showed to Christmas a somewhat faded and thin but rather pretty face, with cheek-bones a little high, probably in evidence of her Scottish origin, and large hollow eyes. She wore her reddish yellow hair in a kind of elaborate unkemptness over her forehead like a thatch. Her waist was so arranged by nature or art as to seem to begin immediately beneath her arms, and her dress descended long and lank from girdle to heel. As far as one might judge she seemed to have reduced her attire to the minimum of possibility in the matter of petticoats, and might be described as sheathed rather than draped in the tawny-green garment which

covered the uninterrupted slenderness of her long form. Mrs. Seagraves usually held her head on one side and spoke from under eyes half covered by their languid lids.

"Isabel," said Captain Cameron, "allow me to present to you my very dear young friend Mr. Pembroke, of whom I have often told you. Pembroke, my sister is an advanced woman, as she calls it, and I dare say you agree in all her views: all you young people do now, I believe."

"I hope Mr. Pembroke is of advanced views," said Mrs. Seagraves, extending her hand with especial graciousness. "Indeed I know he is; I can read it in his eyes. Miss Challoner—but please mayn't I call you Marie? Oh, do let me call you Marie; it is so sweet. I may call you Marie—may I not?"

While appealing to Marie for her consent, which had been asked and readily accorded two or three times already that morning, Mrs. Seagraves held Pembroke's hand in hers and would not release it, and Christmas began to feel awkward and to fancy that he must look ridiculous. Marie, being thus appealed to, looked round, and Christmas could see a gleam of humour in her expression. She almost smiled at him, and he could not help smiling in answer. Mrs. Seagraves was too much occupied in her own conceits even to suspect that anybody could see anything to smile at in her.

"Marie, then—oh, yes, Marie! You can see by his eyes—Mr. Pembroke's eyes—that he has enlightened views of things. Don't you like his eyes?"

"Mr. Pembroke seems to have good sight," said Marie.

"Yes, thank you, I have pretty good sight," the inspected young man acknowledged.

"But your views, Mr. Pembroke? You are advanced, I know. You have thought of things—you are not like other young men. I do so like young men who have thought of things."

"I don't know that I have thought very much of anything," said Christmas; "and what are advanced views, Mrs. Seagraves?"

"Oh, *you* know. Not limited views; not narrow. Boundless, *you* know—free. No cramping conventionalities. Freedom from the world's restraints and trammels! Of course I don't mean freedom from all restraints—oh, no, that would never do, and I am the last person to approve of that. But from some restraints—some restraints—those that cramp; those that repress"——

"Didn't some great man say that only in law can the spirit find freedom?" Marie asked. She knew it was Goethe, but did not care to seem too learned.

“Did he? Only in law—is it?—can the spirit find freedom? How very delightful!—I *do* like that. No, I don't exactly like it, because I don't quite agree with it; but of course we must have law. Not narrow law—that we protest against—but free law—the law of freedom! Yes, that is it, the law of freedom. That is what we want.” Mrs. Seagraves was quite happy at having found a phrase. “That was what your great man meant, Marie—the law of freedom. Don't you think so, Mr. Pembroke?”

“I should say that was exactly what he meant,” said Pembroke.

“Marie, you hear? Mr. Pembroke agrees with me that that was what he meant, your great man.”

“I am sure Mr. Pembroke is an authority,” Miss Challoner said gravely.

“Of course he is, dear. Anybody with such an expression, and such clear, enlightened views, would be an authority. You see our great difficulty of the future is to reconcile freedom *and* law. But if you have the Law of Freedom the problem is solved. Freedom *and* Law—law *in* freedom—don't you see? That was what your great man meant. You must find me out his name.”

“I think it was Goethe,” said Christmas, whose father had well grounded him in great authors and sayings.

“Goethe! Of course, how very like Goethe! I do so love Goethe!—at least I used to love him long ago; but now I don't love him; oh, no! I don't like him at all! That is, I like him, you know, of course—we all do; but I don't believe in him quite so much. A conservative intellect, a little narrow—no, not narrow—perhaps I shouldn't say that; but narrow for him, narrow for what he ought to have been. We are so very advanced now, I have quite given up German philosophy of that time—not given it up, you know; I don't mean that—but I don't read it quite so much. You have read a great deal, Mr. Pembroke, I am sure.”

“We had nothing to do in Japan but to read. We had hardly any society. But I ought to have read more than I did.”

“Japan! You have lived in Japan! How very delightful! How I should like to live in Japan. No, not to live there, of course; but to see it, to travel there. I don't think I should though; they have strange ways there. Don't the ladies there—haven't I read something very strange, and some people would call it shocking, perhaps? How very strange! Perhaps you have seen them yourself? But I am sure you have not, and then, perhaps, it's not true?”

Christmas could not well say whether it was true or not, as he had not the least idea what Mrs. Seagraves meant.

ings are very much advanced in Japan, are they not?" she
"I am told that the advancement in Japan is something
Not what *we* call advancement, of course. Oh dear
course not. But still advancement, you know. We have
ancing here, Mr. Pembroke, during your absence with
es. Well, not perhaps exactly with giant strides, because
comes to think of it, we really ought to have done a great
than we have done, and it makes one despondent some-
often think we are not advancing at all—indeed I do. But
u know. Oh, yes, we are! It would be very sad if we
making progress."

afraid Mr. Pembroke has not quite formed his opinions
ie said. "Perhaps he doesn't even know which is ad-
t and which isn't." She was maliciously amused.

't believe anybody does," Captain Cameron interrupted.
u what, Isabel, you ought to adopt some plan like
have, or used to have, in the French army with the raw
o teach them to know right from left: twist a wisp of
one leg and something else round the other, and call out
en they wanted the fellow to move the right leg, and
of the other thing, whatever it was, when they wanted
ve the left. Let a wisp of straw be worn by the advanced

rother is such a reactionary," Mrs. Seagraves said, smiling
n Pembroke. "I despair of *him*. At least I don't
him. Oh, no! not quite so bad as that. I have good
times for him, if he would amend."

auld Nickie-ben," said Cameron. "I aiblins might, we
, still hae a stake."

or shame, Robert! How can you speak in such a way?
f mind, of course; but still the allusion to auld Nickie-ben
ralloner might not like."

! My Lady Disdain doesn't understand a word of it.
people of this generation in England know about Burns?
bet your pile, as the Californians say, that Miss Marie
otion of who Nickie-ben is."

very fond of Burns, and I know that Nickie-ben is—Pluto
ay?" Marie promptly replied.

I do love Burns! and I love auld Nickie-ben," Mrs.
said. "Not love auld Nickie-ben himself, you know.
not—what an idea! But the thought, I mean. So generous,
ened! Not advanced, of course—oh dear no! Very

much the reverse, in fact. There is no Nickie-ben for us, Mr. Pembroke!"

"I am delighted," Christmas answered.

"Oh, yes! I foresee that you and I shall agree in most of our opinions. You will come and see me in London? Robert has pledged himself for you. I mean to take you with me to the Church of the Future."

"Why don't you call it the Paulo-post future?" asked Captain Cameron.

"Robert, how can you? Mr. Pembroke, I know, will be greatly interested. We hope to do great things with the Church of the Future; and I shall enlist Mr. Pembroke. Miss Lyle, do you know I have already enlisted your young friend, Mr. Pembroke, for my Church of the Future? What a very delightful young man he is, and such a charming talker! But one mustn't say so—one mustn't let him hear one say so; he might be spoilt: young men are so easily spoilt. No, not spoilt, you know. I would not say *that*: but vain, perhaps,—vain you would say."

"He shan't become vain here," Miss Lyle said, "for I shall devote myself to undermining any good opinion of himself that you may have helped him to form, Mrs. Seagraves."

"You can't say that he isn't a charming talker," Mrs. Seagraves said, smiling benignly, and with full sincerity, for she really believed that she had had quite a delightful conversation with Christmas, whom she had scarcely once allowed to open his lips.

"Christmas," said Miss Lyle, "Sir John Challoner wishes very kindly that you would dine with him to-day. I have told him that as this is your very last day here I could hardly spare you all the evening, but I have promised for you that you will accompany him and our friends, and take luncheon at the Hall."

"Then this is your last day—your very last?" Miss Challoner said.

"My very last."

"Just now," Sir John said, with gentle correction. "You will come, Mr. Pembroke?"

"Oh, yes, he must come," Marie ordered.

"I must come, indeed; I am delighted," said our young lover, really filled with delight, and saying to himself that as he had made up his mind to bury his love in the most secret and profound depths of his heart, the more friendly he appeared the better. Perhaps in those depths of his heart there was a feeling of unspeakable relief that Captain Cameron was the only man present besides Sir John

Challoner and himself. There would be no pang in seeing Captain Cameron paying friendly attention to Lady Disdain.

As they were going out, Christmas was about to take his place straightway by Marie's side, and indeed she invited him with a look of friendly peremptoriness. But Mrs. Seagraves said—

“Such steep steps! Mr. Pembroke, do please give me your arm. I want to talk with you. Robert dear, do give Miss Challoner your arm.”

“Thank you, Captain Cameron, but I don't need any support,” said Marie. “I am accustomed to these steps.”

“Of course she disdains my support,” said the brave Legitimist. “The old story! I never could win the favour of My Lady Disdain! Challoner, why don't you have this girl tamed?”

“I suppose we have all helped to spoil her,” Sir John said sweetly. “With me she does as she pleases. It *is* the old story with me, Cameron; this is the second generation of it with me, Mrs. Seagraves.”

“Give me your arm, Captain Cameron. I ask it now that I may show how good I am,” Marie said, as they came out on the road; Mrs. Seagraves, Pembroke, and Sir John Challoner together, Marie and Captain Cameron behind. As they sauntered along, Mrs. Seagraves pouring forth her double stream of talk, which now laved this side of a question and now that, they came upon Nathaniel Cramp lounging drearily along the road. Christmas nodded a friendly salute.

“Surely,” Mrs. Seagraves said—“oh, surely yes! I *do* know this gentleman?”

Nat bowed with semi-martial grace, and raised his hat, and murmured that he had had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Seagraves in Avenir Hall, London.

“Why, of course—how could I have forgotten?—so eloquent a speaker, so profound a thinker! This gentleman—Mr.”——

“Cramp, madam,” Nathaniel said, driven to bay, and full of deep regret that he could not give any name which had at least two syllables in it.

“Cramp, of course—Mr. Cramp. How could I have forgotten? Such a very remarkable name! No, not remarkable though, oh no—not remarkable in any disagreeable sense, you know—quite the contrary; but still a name that one ought not to forget; don't you think so? Mr. Pembroke, this gentleman is one of the most earnest supporters of the Church of the Future.”

“Good morning, Natty,” said Marie, now coming up, and giving

her hand to the blushing lad. "You never told me anything about your Church of the Future."

"Why—hullo!" exclaimed Captain Cameron; "if this isn't my freethinking"—he was just on the verge of saying "barber," when he checked himself: "friend of Wigmore Street! I say, young man, haven't we met in Wigmore Street?"

"I have seen you there," said Nat, with lips compressed, and defiant: "I'm not ashamed of it."

There was an involuntary smile all round. Nat only meant to convey that much as he disliked his abandoned profession, he did not blush for it; but his words sounded as though he meant to disclaim any inclination to blush for having met Captain Cameron.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said Cameron, with a jolly laugh.

"I beg your pardon," Nat said, conquered by the good humour; "I didn't mean *that*." (A slight inclination to renewed mirth was visible. Marie remained now, however, perfectly grave.) "I only meant that I'm not ashamed of having been *there*—but I've left it now. I don't care for an occupation like that."

"You are quite right, Natty," spoke up Marie from the gallant Cameron's arm. "Papa, you know Natty Cramp—Mrs. Cramp's son. I want you so much to know him."

"Hullo, my Lady Disdain!" Cameron interjected. "I say, young fellow, you look a good deal more like a soldier than like a——like a civilian, I mean. You ought to come with me and serve the King."

"I am a Republican," said Natty; "I don't believe in kings."

"How delightful!" Mrs. Seagraves said; "how very nice, not to believe in kings."

"Pish!" Captain Cameron objected: "What does it matter whether you believe in them or not, as long as they are there? My good fellow, what's the use of being a Republican where there isn't a Republic?"

"True," said Nat, "I admit that." He spoke with a personal and grim significance.

"Right!" exclaimed Cameron, in mistaken triumph over a supposed concession. "I thought I could bring you to something. I could make a man of you; I know I could! Never mind your father, my Lady Disdain. This young fellow is made for war, not finance, I know. He's in my line, not Sir John's. Come and fight for a real king and a good cause, Claude Melnotte."

This was an unconscious home-thrust, for poor Nat had lately been yearning in his secret heart for some such possibilities as those that

and upon the darkness of Claude Melnotte. But he thought of the Republic and the Church of the Future, and he resolved.

"You're very kind," he stammered out, "and I am very much obliged; but I'm a Republican on principle."

"Good morning, Natty," Marie said, coming to the rescue, as the rising Legitimist now turned scornfully away. "We shall see you gain—you must come up very soon."

"That's my Radical barber, Isabel," Captain Cameron said, retaining his good humour as they moved away. "That's the fellow I was talking to you of. He seems an honest fellow, though a fool."

"A barber!" said Mrs. Seagraves. "How charming—what a very interesting idea! I do so love to know a barber—when he has such exact and high thoughts—not a common barber, of course. I never knew that barbers had such advanced views. I shall always respect barbers for the future—not love them really, you know; but feel that they are men and brothers. So very, very refreshing!"

CHAPTER IX.

"HER FATHER LOVED ME—OFT INVITED ME."

"I KNEW your father so well," Sir John Challoner said, "that I can tell you if you and I were old acquaintances, Mr. Pembroke. Miss Seagraves has told you, of course?"

"He told me that you and my father began life together," said Mr. Pembroke.

"This conversation took place in the library of the Hall, to which Sir John at once led Pembroke, leaving Cameron and somebody whose name Christmas did not quite catch, "to amuse the ladies while we begin—or might we not almost say revive?—an old acquaintance."

"He didn't tell you that we were rivals at one time, did she?"

"Well, I think we were; and I was not the favourite one, Mr. Pembroke, as you may suppose! We were perhaps a little estranged for a time, but I think we remained friends always. I certainly never changed my opinion of your father. He had great talents, but great ambition. I had—well, not much talent, and great ambition. It is perhaps the old story—the old fable; the hare and the tortoise. Your father ought to have made some way in life. He could have if he had cared about such things."

"He was thought very highly of in his own profession," said Mr. Christmas. "I have seen his name mentioned in newspapers since I came here."

"No doubt, no doubt. I heard his name mentioned every now and then. But what I mean is that he might have got on here in England if he had tried."

"But why should a man trouble himself to try for what he does not value?" asked Christmas.

"A very sensible question. I have put it often to myself. Suppose people say I have succeeded in life, Mr. Pembroke—don't they?"

"Miss Lyle has told me so. I hardly know anybody else in England."

"Well, I have succeeded in a certain sense. I never dreamed, when I was a boy, of anything like this," and Sir John threw a comprehensive glance around him, taking in, apparently, not merely the library and the Hall, but his whole worldly position and possessions. "I was a little disappointed in early life; and I turned my attention then to making a way in the world. Will you be shocked if I say that I was mainly impelled by a spirit of disappointed rivalry with your father? I will show him, I said, that I can succeed in something. Strange, is it not? Well, I got on. I went into the great field of modern adventure—railways and finance. I married, Mr. Pembroke, for money—strictly for money; and I dare say I was happier on the whole than if I had married for love. My wife has long been dead, but her daughter has taken her place. I hope you like my daughter?"

"Everybody must," Christmas replied.

"Glad to hear you say so—I think her perfection, of course. People say she is good-looking, and I know that she is good. She is clever, too, and will have ambition when she goes a little into the world and sees what life is. Well, I employed my wife's money for our common advancement. I got into Parliament. I made myself useful, and I made myself troublesome; and I am, accordingly, a baronet. I am not content; I have two things yet to accomplish. I want to be in the House of Lords, and I want—as a first step—to be of society."

"But you are in society already, surely," said Christmas, conscious in his heart of a vague wish that Sir John was not in society.

"*In* society, yes; but I said *of* society. You perceive the difference? It is considerable; but you have not yet been in the way of observing our trivial distinctions. Well, Mr. Pembroke, I don't mind telling the son of an early friend that though I am *in* society there, I am hardly yet *of* it; and I mean to be. Many things were *against me* hitherto. I was known to have risen from the ranks, of

course, and my wife was not a person of birth or great culture, though very good and sensible, and clever too. My daughter has education as well as talent, and she may perhaps—of course, one can't say—she may marry somebody in and of society. That would be a good thing, but of course she will always be free to make her own choice. I should not pretend to control her in the least. You see my ambition, Mr. Pembroke, and perhaps you don't think very much of it."

"Oh, I don't say that; I suppose a man must have ambition of some kind—here in England at least," Christmas answered despondingly, and almost regretting he had ever come to the land where it is not even enough to be in society if one be not also of society.

"You'll find it so, believe me. Even our aristocracy here have found it out. The idle old days of being a gentleman and nothing else have gone by. A duke toils at the head of some Government department. A marquis's heir works night and day—Whitehall in the morning, the House of Commons at night. Not only that, but the younger sons of the aristocracy are actually pushing themselves into business—into finance, and even into trade."

"I am glad to hear it," said Christmas, resolving to overwhelm Natty Cramp with this knowledge on the first opportunity, but longing all the while to be in the drawing-room with the ladies.

"There's a young fellow inside, Ronald Vidal, the younger son of Earl Paladine, a very old Norman family—you will meet him in a few moments—who seems to me to have a positive genius for finance; I am bringing him out. He is a very clever fellow; at one time he thought of giving himself up to art, and he showed great promise, but now he is taking to finance. He wants money, Pembroke, but he is of society; I have money, but—well, I said that before. Yes, I know a younger son who is a newspaper correspondent and another who is a partner in a coffee warehouse. Well, that is a change since your father's early days and mine! That brings me back to your own affairs. We must have a long talk over them when I return to London; we should not have leisure and quiet to-day. You have a profession?"

"I suppose I might call myself a railway engineer, but I don't much like the business, at least here," said Christmas. "I think of going back to Japan, or to India."

"Oh, no; at least we will think over things first. I can, perhaps, help—or at least advise you. I can tell you many things—I observe life a good deal in intervals of occupation. I want you to regard me as a friend, Pembroke, and to consult me freely. No, no, don't let

us talk of thanks—your father's son has a claim. Come, I wanted just these few words of talk; the rest will keep for London. Shall we find Mrs. Seagraves and Marie?"

This conversation did not run on as smoothly as it has been set down here. Sir John kept moving about the library, taking down a book here and there, and inviting Christmas's attention to this or that particular edition. Sometimes he picked up from a table or a cabinet some little object of art or curiosity and showed it to his visitor; once or twice, as if unconsciously, he took a letter that lay open on his desk, and, asking Christmas if he cared about celebrities, remarked that it was in the handwriting of some great Minister or other eminent personage. This might be kindly good nature wishing to amuse its visitor, or it might be the ostentation of a *nouveau riche*. Even a more critical observer than Christmas might have found it not quite easy to decide which was the impulse. Perhaps Sir John was inspired by neither one feeling nor the other, but was only anxious to find out what were the tastes of his visitor, as Ulysses tested the inclinations of the disguised Achilles.

"If you were staying longer in Durewoods," Sir John said, "I would ask you to make this library your place of study or lounge. But you will come here again; you will come here again."

As they left the library, and passed through halls and corridors, Sir John still kept drawing Pembroke's attention to this or that object of interest or object that ought to be interesting. But if his design in such a course were to discover what Christmas's tastes were, he must have been disappointed, or must have come to the conclusion that Christmas had no tastes at all. For the poor youth had so much to do with keeping down his feelings on other subjects that he could not get up any decent seeming of interest in pictures, books, or curiosities. Every sentence of Sir John's friendly and confidential exposition of his own hopes and plans seemed to put Christmas more and more distinctly outside the threshold, so to speak. Marie Challoner had talked so kindly and openly to him, that Christmas had felt within his own breast something of the gloomy grandeur of a disappointed lover. Sir John seemed to have, in the easiest and most unconscious manner, conveyed to our hero a conviction that even in holding such a thought in his secret heart he was guilty of a preposterous absurdity.

Sir John often leaned in an almost affectionate way on Christmas's shoulder. They came thus to the door of a drawing-room, where they heard sounds of music. Sir John was talking with Christmas in the friendliest confidence. Suddenly, as they entered the room, as if

reminded of himself, he withdrew his arm, and resumed at once his habitual manner of composed and somewhat cold urbanity. The change was that which would naturally be made by a man of warm and genial friendship who nevertheless did not choose to wear his heart upon his sleeve. It thus impressed Christmas, and he felt grateful for the sincerity of the friendship it implied. He was glad of a little friendship just then.

Mr. Ronald Vidal was seated at the piano, on which he had been playing, while Mrs. Seagraves and Miss Challoner stood near. Captain Cameron was leaning with his manly back against the chimney-piece, and looked as if he had had enough of music. The moment Sir John and Christmas entered the young man stopped his playing and twirled himself quickly round on his piano-stool until he faced the company. He was a bright, handsome, yellow-haired young man, with a soft complexion, and a face almost feminine in its outlines, although his figure looked solid and strong enough, and he had very white fat hands. He wore a long silky, light-brown moustache, and no beard. He was the sort of person whom an admiring young woman might take as a model for a troubadour in a picture. If this was embryo Finance, then Finance seemed happier than most divinities in her power of disguise.

“No more of that from yours truly,” Mr. Vidal promptly said. “I know how Challoner feels when people are playing music at him.”

“I don’t think I ought to be charged with ever showing a want of patience,” said Sir John, smiling.

“No, but of course one feels that one isn’t in tune when everybody is not as much of an enthusiast as Mrs. Seagraves for example. I know Cameron hates music; but then we don’t mind him—he has to suffer.”

“I like music immensely,” Cameron said, “but not that sort of feminine music—only fit for boys and girls fancying themselves possessed in love. I like ‘Scots wha hae,’ or the ‘Flowers of the Forest.’ There was a piper in our regiment—long ago, in the good old days before Progress—if you only heard him—oh!” And in despair of conveying any adequate idea of what this musician could do, Captain Cameron stopped short abruptly.

“I believe it is not usual to introduce people now,” said Miss Challoner; “but I do it”——

“Therefore you do it, perhaps,” Captain Cameron interrupted.

“Therefore I do it, if you like,” said dear Lady Disdain, graciously. “Mr. Vidal—I want to introduce Mr. Christmas to Pembroke and you to each other. Mr. Pembroke has lived in

Japan, and grown familiar there with all the hideous things that you have been trying to persuade Mrs. Seagraves and me to admire."

"Oh, but I do admire Japanese things," said Mrs. Seagraves. "I think everything Japanese is so very lovely. Not everything, of course; because, as Marie says, some Japanese things are hideous. But we need not admire the hideous; we may select and keep to the beautiful. Now, the colours of that fan which Mr. Vidal so admires, could anything be more lovely?"

"But that isn't Japanese," Christmas said, to whom Mrs. Seagraves had handed the fan; "that thing was never made in Japan." Perhaps he was not sorry to have an opportunity of contradicting somebody.

"Oh yes! surely yes! that is Japanese; Mr. Vidal says so." Mrs. Seagraves pleaded as earnestly as if she were appealing to Justice against some darksome wrong.

Christmas shook his head. "That thing was never in Japan. I can assure you; unless somebody took it out there and brought it back."

"So much for enthusiasm," said Cameron. "Let me look at it. Why, of course it isn't Japanese—unless the Palais Royal is in Japan. Is this your connoisseurship, Vidal? Eh? Am I to judge of your music by this—your—what d'ye call him—Chopin?"

"Oh, Chopin is divine, a divinity!" Mrs. Seagraves exclaimed.

"I hope he is; for some of you would be simply Atheists without him," her brother remarked.

"I do so love Atheists," said Mrs. Seagraves—"at least, I like them, they are so very interesting; but of course one is sorry for their opinions, you know—only they are so nice! I know such very delightful Atheists."

Mr. Ronald Vidal lapsed out of the general conversation the moment anybody who professed to know anything intervened. He drew Marie away too, and began to describe the Wagner music to her. He talked with immense vivacity, and he knew a good deal of many things; but he never thought any point worth arguing, and he had no faculty of improving his own knowledge by any supplementary information. If he did not seize upon the right idea at the first flash, he never got at it afterwards. He liked to be an authority upon everything, and to direct people how they were to think. He was a good-natured youth, with a manner which seemed brilliant, because he talked very quickly, and passed with a leap from subject to subject. But he never said a very clever thing, and never understood a joke. He got on particularly well with women, who liked his quick talk, and his free familiar ways in which there

was not a hint of impudence or anything offensive. He was free with women, almost as if he were one of themselves; and most of them liked his ways and petted him. He could play on the piano wonderfully, sing finely, was wild about Chopin and Balzac and pre-Raphaelitism; and could tell ladies exactly how to think and talk on these subjects; and how to arrange their china and their Salviati-glass; and how their dresses ought to be made, and what colours harmonised with what; and what flowers were allowable in one's bonnet or one's hair.

Christmas observed him with half contemptuous sullenness, thinking him a fribble and a sort of epicene creature, and growing every now and then ashamed to find how like his own sentiments towards the British aristocracy were becoming to those of Nat Cramp. Christmas was wrong in his judgment. The Hon. Ronald Vidal was no fribble. With all his superficial ways that young man was really very clever, and he was profoundly in earnest in everything he talked about. If he lectured ladies occasionally on dresses and bonnets it was as the exponent of a deep theory in art which prescribed a purpose and a colour for everything, from a fresco in a church to a ribbon in a girl's hair.

Sir John Challoner drew Christmas into the recess of a window.

"You will like to observe things," he said. "You see in our friend Ronald Vidal an illustration of a new figure in our age. There is the son of an earl, brought up to do nothing, who is sometimes, I can tell you, my master in bold and subtle financial combinations, and who once, when he had cleared twenty thousand pounds at a stroke, spent the whole of it in becoming lessee and manager of a theatre because he thought he had discovered a new Siddons, and had a theory of his own about the drama of modern life. He has founded no end of amateur musical societies, and he has sung as first tenor in an Italian theatre. He knows the ways and the people of the House of Commons, of which he isn't a member, better than I do; and he knows a hundred times more about the fashions in ladies' dress than my daughter. A few centuries ago he would have been a crusader and a troubadour."

"That is progress indeed!" Christmas said, beginning to think that he found a fine quality of satire and cynicism developing within him.

"From a crusader to a financier?" Sir John asked with his quiet smile.

"To a stage manager I meant."

"The crusades were on a larger scale certainly," Sir John said.

"In that way we *have* degenerated. But I am glad to see an earl's son in business—and he and I are in a sort of partnership, did I tell you? His father and mother asked me, Pembroke—made it a positive favour on my part."

"*That* is progress," Christmas felt impelled to say, but he was not quite certain whether Sir John had been speaking seriously or satirically. He had been observing Marie's father as closely as his condition of feeling allowed, but he could not yet make up his mind as to whether Sir John was a cynic or a sycophant in his dealings with the families of the peerage.

The visit was disagreeable to Christmas. He had hardly any chance of speaking to Marie at luncheon, and Mrs. Seagraves bored him. He got away at last as quietly as possible, saying nothing which could remind any one that that was the last day of his visit to Durewoods. Marie did not even notice his going, as Mr. Ronald Vidal, full of spirits, was telling her something very interesting apparently at the time. Christmas passed quietly out of the house and out of the grounds. He found Miss Lyle in her balcony, leaning over and talking to Merlin. She told Merlin that Mr. Pembroke was going away to-morrow, and added, "We shall be lonely here, Merlin, shan't we?"

"No, no, none-lone; none-lone!" the old man said in earnest and almost angry remonstrance. "Mademoiselle, no!"

"Why not, Merlin?"

"Mademoiselle have me!" and he smote a great blow on his chest to indicate apparently that there he was and there he remained, like Marshal MacMahon.

"Merlin doesn't endure any rivalry you see," Miss Lyle said with a certain gratified expression.

Meanwhile Merlin, who was, as will be understood, underneath the balcony on the grass, was apparently in some embarrassment. He was looking downwards, as if searching for something. He had a dim idea that what he said must have grieved Christmas, and he was trying to find something consoling and complimentary to say, and English words to put it in. Suddenly he caught the idea, and looked up.

"Mademoiselle Marie lone. Oh, yes, yes! Mademoiselle Marie, she lone! Yes, yes? Mademoiselle Leel none-lone. No!"

"Mademoiselle Marie seemed very happy just now," said Christmas, in explanation to his hostess, for Merlin had not waited for any answer or comment, but disappeared into the house.

"I am not sorry to hear it," said Dione. "I was a little afraid—"

I confess it? that you might fall in love with her, Chris; but I'm glad to see that you are heart-whole; that shows some sense, and I think the more highly of you. It would never do, Chris, believe me, and if you are at all like your father, I should be sorry to see you made unhappy for the best woman that ever lived!"

Never hero bore up better than Christmas did all that evening under trying conditions. He was hurt to the quick, and he could not but would not complain. Why should he complain? he asked himself.

He was only an acquaintance, like another; he had helped Miss Challoner to pass her time for a few dull days, and now other companions had come and he was naturally forgotten. It seemed him right, he told himself, mentally. Had he always remembered the sweet, kind woman—his father's friend—seemingly his own only friend—when a pretty girl smiled on him?

So he rallied up, and pulled himself together, and made himself agreeable as he could to Miss Lyle, and was prepared to leave the woods the next morning with a heart steeled firm by philosophy and rigid endurance. Alas for the philosophy and the endurance when, as Miss Lyle and he sat in the balcony after dinner, and looked over the sea, a flutter and swirl of rather impetuous petticoats were heard in the room, and presently Marie Challoner was with them on the balcony, looking brilliant with motion and haste and kindly good nature.

"Am not I a wild girl, Miss Lyle? I don't wonder if you scold me. I have left my people, and escaped for a moment, all alone, with this shawl over my head. I had not a chance of saying a word of good bye to Mr. Pembroke to-day, and he vanished somehow, and I couldn't let him leave us in that way."

"You are a good creature, Marie," said Miss Lyle; "but isn't this rather an escapade?"

"Oh no! I shall be back before I am missed by any one. I will fly back. But to part in *that* way would have been so unbecomingly."

Pembroke stood silent. He was overwhelmed with emotion. He could not speak as yet, and he knew that both the women looked at him.

"Good bye, Mr. Pembroke—no, not good-bye, but *au revoir*. We will see you in London."

"Don't forget me," stammered Christmas, trying to smile and look pleasant.

"Come to us, and don't allow us to forget you—*au revoir*!"

"I must see you safely home."

"Indeed you must not! Have I not broken bounds, evaded, escaped, to say a parting word, and to pledge you to see us in London? Would you betray me? Good bye for the present, good night, Miss Lyle: don't be too angry with me!" and she kissed her, then wrapped her shawl again over her head, and there was an undulating of skirts and a rustle of silk, and she was gone.

"Those girls!" said Dione. "But why do I talk of girls? No girl but herself would have done *that*."

The moon just then rose, and Christmas remained silent.

Next day Christmas stood in the stern of the *Saucy Lass*, and looked back upon the place where he had been so happy. He could see the roof of the Hall, and the trees that sheltered it: and could trace the double row of trees that marked the steep road, which he had driven with Marie Challoner that first night, and the woods that sloped down to the water—the woods which held the broad, lonely hollow, where he and she had stood side by side! Only a few days ago—he could hardly convince himself that days so few had passed. And everything—the very sunlight included—had been changed for him. He felt exalted into a kind of sublime wretchedness. He was half wild with love and the struggle for self-repression and boyish shame. He felt as if he could not leave the place. He had half-crazy ideas of leaping ashore and hiding himself in the woods—in that fatal hollow—and waiting there in the hope that *she* would come there, perhaps that very day, and seeing her once more. If she had any feeling for him she must come there—she would come; and he should see her, and speak with her once more—even once: and what matter if he died then? For his was the happy melancholy age of egotism when we believe in our hearts that Fate must surely be willing to make our lives into something dramatic, and to bring down the curtain for us at any moment when we give the signal.

Perhaps he might even have committed some absurdity of the kind he meditated, but that the *Saucy Lass* rang her bell, blew her steam whistle, and moved away from the pier. She moved slowly seaward a few hundred yards, and then, as if the Destinies meant to torture poor Christmas by keeping him still in sight of his lost Elysium, she suddenly came to a stop. There she remained motionless. A bank of clay, which sometimes at low water obstructed the little estuary's course, had lately been increased in bulk by the washings of some unusually high tides, and now the tide being far on the ebb, and the *Saucy Lass* rather heedlessly steered, she had run her bows and her keel into it, and stuck fast. So there stood Christmas, while

the captain and crew were striving to get her off; and he could see the roof of the Hall still, and could, in the words of a once famous adventurer, have "flung a biscuit ashore"—and he could not get there. He was kept there, neither living nor dead. To think that all this time he might as well have been on shore; that he might have seen *her* once again; that perhaps that very moment she might be in that hollow of the woods! He chafed and fretted against the powers above, and the mud bank, and the *Saucy Lass*, and Destiny.

An hour went on, and the *Saucy Lass* had not gone off. She must wait now for the rise of the tide, it seemed, and that would be some time yet. Meanwhile the weather had begun to change. The sun, which had looked with un pitying brightness on poor Christmas's pain, was now covered with clouds, and a little chilly wind blew, and presently the heaven was all grey. Then came a heavy dull drizzle, and the sea became of lead under a leaden sky; and the sea birds flew low down to the water, and sent forth dreary cries. The Hall and the woods and the village were seen no more: went out in mist and in gloom. Then it rained heavily, and everything seemed miserable.

Christmas felt a dismal satisfaction in the new aspect of the scene and the condition of the weather. They suited with his humour. Besides, they settled the question of returning to the shore. He might wander in vain through the dripping woods on such a day as that! He must go his way—all he asked now was that the *Saucy Lass* would go hers, and take him from that place.

At last the movement of the steamer's paddles told him that she was about to work herself free. At the same moment he heard the sound of oars, and saw that a boat had come up to the side of the steamer. In an instant Nat Cramp, portmanteau, rifle-case, and all ready for travelling, scrambled on board, and Christmas and he exchanged a greeting.

"I wasn't quite certain about going back to-day," said Nat; "mother would have liked me to stay. But where's the use, and having to go at last? And when I found that the steamer hadn't got off, I took it as the hand of Destiny, and I came."

Christmas was a little amused, at the thought of Destiny's hand troubling itself to make a special sign to Mr. Cramp. But he had been thinking, vaguely perhaps, but still thinking, about Destiny's interference in his own affairs, which seemed quite a natural and proper sort of thing for Destiny to do.

"Going to London?" the one child of Destiny asked of the other.

"I'm going to London—yes, in the first place," Nat said,

gladly; "but I shan't be in London for long. I have made up my mind, I told my mother so; and that's one reason why I was glad when the boat stuck, you know, and let me get away. I couldn't stand her sorrowful face the whole day, you know."

"No," said Christmas, "I suppose not." But he was not thinking of the face of Nat's mother.

"I can't stand this place—I mean England—much longer," Nat said; "oh—we're going at last."

The *Saucy Lass* was quite free now, and she splashed her way towards the grey waters of the broad bay. Christmas and Nat stood in the streaming mist and looked back, and tried to see the shore and the woods.

"Yes, I'm going away," Nat said, returning with a half audible sigh to his own affairs. "I mean to leave this old used-up country. I'm sick of it! Nothing but classes and ranks, and aristocracy, and caste, and all sorts of things like that! What way is there for a man of any spirit here? None, sir,—none. I hate the whole thing. I shall seek out a career for myself."

"Where are you going?"

"To the West of course, the New World. I'll take your advice. 'The young Republic beyond the western waves!' And Nat flung the arm which did not hold the rifle-case proudly abroad, as if he were doing homage to the Republic that "rears her crest unconquered and sublime above the far Atlantic." Indeed, the poetic youth had those very lines of Byron's in his mind at the time, and he would have burst out with them if he had not feared that Christmas would smile. For poor Nat had a terrible fear of being laughed at by persons whom he presumed the world regarded as his social superiors. Thus, Republican and democrat that he was, he paid the tribute of his enforced homage to worldly position and rank twenty times a day. He was afraid of it even when it presented itself to him in the modest disguise of so unpretending a person as Christmas Pembroke. Thus in the classic days people were vaguely conscious of the presence of an awful deity, and were moved to fear even though the god showed himself in the form and aspect of some ordinary mortal.

"Going to the States? Quite right," said Christmas. "Of course it's the best thing you can do; you will be sure to get on there. Go out West—that is your place."

"I'll make a name there," the enthusiast exclaimed; "and people here shall hear of me before I come back to England again."

“What would you come back for? What do you want here?”

“I don’t know,” Nat said wildly, not daring to confess that he felt himself in imagination dragging at each remove a lengthening chain, and that all his dreams were of bursting in some day upon the stage of English life a splendid personage with name and money from the Republic beyond the Atlantic.

“Don’t think of coming back,” the kindly Christmas went on, in the full belief that he was giving the best possible advice. “Go out there determined to stay. Send for your mother when you get settled, and have her out there.”

Nat looked a little gloomy. “Are you remaining here?” he asked, tentatively.

“I have to remain here for some time. I don’t know what I shall do with myself yet. My father wished me to live in England—why, I don’t know. I sometimes wish I never had come here,” Christmas added, desperately. “Does it always rain like this? Is the climate always so detestable? I hate that sort of sky and an atmosphere like this.”

The *Saucy Lass* rounded the headland and was in the broad bay, and Durewoods was extinguished.

Meanwhile Marie Challoner, weather-bound, was endeavouring to the best of her power to amuse her father’s guests. She played a game of billiards with Captain Cameron, and she showed her prints and photographs and music to Mrs. Seagraves; and she played chess with Mr. Ronald Vidal, and he sang to her, and she sang to him. She was sorry Christmas had gone, but glad on the whole that she had known him; glad, though his coming had brought with it some little foreboding perhaps of perplexity and pain. She thought of him with kindly memory, and with hope to meet him again, and she even missed him, and wished that she had had him for a brother, or even a cousin perhaps. And if the day had been fine and she could have got away she would in all likelihood have gone to the beautiful little lonely hollow in the breast of the wood where she had been with him. But if the day had been fine she would probably have taken Mrs. Seagraves and Mr. Ronald Vidal too.

(To be continued.)

THE PARLIAMENTARY LEADERS OF GERMANY.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.

IT is a common and just complaint against the German language that it is unfitted for oratory of the highest sort. For orators like Mr. Cobden, who reason rather than declaim, who are cogent but not eloquent, who address the understanding instead of the emotions, it is indeed no unworthy vehicle of expression. It is copious, flexible, and exact; and in a deliberative assembly with whose deliberations time never interferes it has a homely and quite effective vigour. One would think, indeed, that a language so broad and rich in accents, so full of a crude pathos, so well adapted for the most passionate poetry, would prove a powerful instrument with which to move an audience; and the contrary fact must be ascribed chiefly to the syntax. In the nineteenth century it is more than ever true that one of the elements of successful oratory is simplicity both of language and of construction, but more especially of the latter. The construction may not be formal nor epigrammatic, but it must be clear. The hearers must not only be able to grasp the meaning at once as the speaker proceeds, but they must not be conscious of any effort to grasp it. An English audience of to-day would find a sermon by Barrow or Jeremy Taylor a very dull entertainment. It is hard work to read the great discourses of that age; delivered from the pulpit they would be almost intolerable. Now, in respect to form, the English of the seventeenth century is the German of to-day, but with one important difference—the cumbrousness of the former was accidental; of the latter it is essential. The prolonged periods, the mysterious involutions, the abundant diction of the English divine were arts of ornamentation they were peculiar to the age, and even to the orators themselves. In the German it lies in the genius of the language, and even its apparent caprices are in obedience to rigid laws of syntax. Unlike French and English, the German language has not undergone modifications in grammar corresponding to those of vocabulary. Indeed many purists affirm that an opposite movement has taken place, and describe the German of Luther, for example, as not only stronger and

purser, but even as simpler in idiom. That question may well be left to the philologists, on whose domain I have already trespassed too long. It is sufficient to say that the clumsy requirements of German syntax, the pedantic formalism side by side with the reckless license of compounds, the wild manipulation of the particles which hold the sense suspended till the logical clue is lost, and the scandalous impurity of the vocabulary, are obstacles to a flowing eloquence which time in no degree lessens. No one will pretend that the novelty of Parliamentary institutions explains the lack of forensic orators. France had no school for political orators till 1789, yet when the States-General met a Mirabeau, a Robespierre, and a Danton were not wanting. Eloquence of the bar or the pulpit, too, is as rare in Germany as eloquence of the tribune.

The annals of Germany are singularly barren of oratorical episodes. Neither the strange vicissitudes of the Frankfort Parliament, nor the stormy records of the Prussian Diet in the past decade, produced a single orator of the first rank or a forensic combat of enduring interest. The occasion and the subject did not fail. In the one case a little band of zealots, amid infinite discouragements, were trying to solve the problem of German unity on a democratic basis; in the other a Liberal majority was struggling to realise in actual statutes the tardy and delusive concessions of the Crown. Many names figure, indeed, at both places, as bold and ready speakers. Waldeck represented the spirit of democratic prudence, just as Jacoby represented that of democratic impetuosity; and both were men of admirable talents and uncompromising patriotism. At present, indeed, their fame suffers from the timidity of contemporary historians. As the limits of Parliamentary freedom at the time marred the effect of their speeches in the House, so the censorship of the press, which is very jealous of dynastic and aristocratic interests, will not permit even history to do them justice. But history will never make a great orator of either of them. Waldeck has been dead six years, and Jacoby is almost withdrawn from politics; but many of their friends and their foes in the hard fight for constitutional guarantees are yet active in public life, and leaders in the several Parliamentary factions.

Prince Bismarck has gained such an extraordinary position in the field of diplomacy and general politics that his position as a leader in legislation is awarded a minor importance. But he would have won no insignificant rank even as a private and untitled member. A great orator indeed he is not, and would in no circumstances become. Not to mention other defects, he wants imagination, the

power of pathos, real or counterfeit, grace or art of manner, an effective voice, and a ready utterance. Without these or some of these qualities oratory, even of the second rank, is impossible. But without accepting Earl Russell's theory that eloquence has no influence on Parliamentary leadership, it is easy to show from history that the two are by no means inseparable. Such qualities as fit one for power in an assembly, independently of eloquence, Prince Bismarck notoriously possesses. He can persuade or command with equal skill and equal effect; but he is moreover a debater of no ordinary accomplishments. He has a resolution which wins respect if not obedience, and which with a little less military imperiousness would be wonderfully effective. He is witty and humorous above most of his countrymen. He is always concise and forcible. His delivery is somewhat slow and hesitating, so that his speeches read as well as they sound; but they may be studied as models of exact, logical language. His faculty of condensing a plan or a policy into an epigram is so well known that I shall scarcely be pardoned for citing such phrases as "The battles of this generation are to be fought out with iron and blood," or "We shall not go to Canossa," which have been adopted into the popular heart. And finally Prince Bismarck has the valuable art of keeping silent when it is inexpedient to speak. If he spoke less seldom he would speak with less authority. In these later days, however, he has been more successful in restraining the desire to speak than in controlling his language when he speaks; so that in the last session of the Reichstag he laid aside on several occasions the good taste of the tribune and the prudence of the responsible Minister in order to chastise his active Ultramontane foes.

This brief mention of Prince Bismarck naturally requires some reference to his colleagues on the Ministerial Bench. Herr Delbrück whose official title is President of the Imperial Chancellery, and who in fact the man-of-all-work in that busy establishment, is one of the modern discoveries of his chief. Of the faithful *bourgeois* whom Prince Bismarck has called into public being Delbrück is by no means the least. He was found working in the lower strata of the Prussian bureaucracy, recognised by Prince Bismarck as a useful man without any awkward political views, and made a sort of Vice-Chancellor. It falls to him to respond to interrogatories in the Reichstag. He is a very small man, with a trim figure, which is always fitted inside of faultless clothes; he has a smooth face, and a gold snuff-box which he gracefully taps now and then; and he speaks in the deep, dry, formal tones which become the genuine bureaucrat. He is on

of those formidable men of details so harassing to the imaginative member of the Opposition. He may, indeed, have ideas, though it is no part of his duties to have them; but his mastery of facts would seem necessarily to occupy his memory at the cost of fancy, or of any other creative faculty. He is provokingly urbane, and mechanical in telling off details to the curious, and deserves to be called the Ready Reckoner of the Parliamentary Household.

After Delbrück in public importance, though far before him in original acquirements, comes Dr. Falk, the Minister of Education and Public Worship. This officer, whom the Ecclesiastical Laws have made so famous that the Ultramontanes treat him as a subordinate monster, while the English newspapers misspell his name, was formerly, like Delbrück, an official in one of the Ministries. In 1872, on the dismissal of Dr. Von Mühler, he became his successor. Like Dr. Hermann, President of the National Protestant Council, Dr. Falk is a jurist, and is doubtless troubled with as few theological scruples as could be asked of a man called to administer the affairs of three great sects. As he is not a member of the Federal Council, he sits in the Reichstag as a private deputy. In that body he has never interfered, to my knowledge, in the great debates on ecclesiastical questions; but in the Prussian Diet he is the leading champion for the State and the policy of Prince Bismarck. He is, too, a very earnest, aggressive, and capable champion. While Prince Bismarck manages in his bold sweeping style the broader phases of the controversy, the Minister of Public Worship works up all the details of the case, and meets the Ultramontanes on the most remote fields of action. He is learned in Church history and canon law, in social science and dogmatic theology. Although he has somewhat the air and manner of the professor, he is really a very pugnacious person, and his oratory is of the best that Prussia has to offer.

The most experienced politician in the Government, after Prince Bismarck, is Camphausen, the Minister of Finance. He is an original Liberal, who floated about on the political waves for a long time uncertain where he would finally reach land till 1869, when he became Finance Minister, and was retained in the same position by Prince Bismarck. He had and still enjoys a good reputation as a financier. In late years, however, he has grown stout and Conservative, and is now bitterly detested by the Liberals. His manner in debate is forward and pompous; he is sarcastic without being witty; and he is altogether an exceedingly uncomfortable person as a foe or a friend.

The War Minister, Kamecke, never speaks, but is represented by General Voights-Rhetz, who is a very good speaker indeed. Among the other members of the Government there is no one of sufficient prominence to deserve mention. They are not much more than bureau clerks, with the title of Ministers; though it is perhaps a sign of the times that two of them, Dr. Achenbach, Minister of Commerce, and Dr. Friedenthal, Minister of Agriculture, are of Jewish origin.

If there be any Government party in the German Parliament it is the National-Liberal, and its leader is Edward Lasker. The career of this young deputy excites singular reflections on political life in Prussia. He undoubtedly owes his position in the present and his prospects for the future to circumstances of birth and fortune which were once regarded by him, and in theory still are, very serious obstacles to political preferment. He is a Jew and without fortune. If he had had aristocratic connections and had been a sound reactionist when he began his legal career twenty years ago at Berlin, he would have enjoyed easy promotion through the several stages of an advocate's career, would have found an early opening in the judiciary, and would now have a high position on the bench, and the satisfaction of a good salary. But in that case he would have been only a wheel in the mechanism of the State, while fate had chosen him for a better destiny. He abandoned the plan of a judicial career, and returned to his profession, with short excursions into the field of literature. The path of literature led him into the field of politics. The writings which attracted notice were mostly political articles, which he furnished to journals and other periodicals in Berlin, and which revealed to the public the advent not only of an elegant writer but of a sound and original political thinker. In those days he was filled with the buoyant radicalism of youth, and became an earnest member of the so-called Party of Progress. Berlin elected him to the Prussian House in 1865, the closing year of the "Conflicts-Zeit." He was re-elected in 1866, but witnessed Sadow almost as a silent member. In the formation of the National-Liberal party, after the humiliating "reconciliation" in 1866—a party which was to combine the two almost contradictory objects of a Ministerial party and a Reform party—Lasker left his Radical friends and joined the new faction. Since that time his progress has been steady and rapid, and he is now the leader of his party in both the Prussian House and the Imperial Parliament.

Lasker is as small as Delbrück, though not so stout, and his Jewish features are as distinct and pronounced as his Jewish faith.

His voice is high, and, notwithstanding a slight lisp, very clear. Few speakers make themselves heard more easily, not only in the Prussian House of Deputies but also against the wretched acoustics of the Reichstag; and few could throw so much emphasis into so modest an organ. These merits he owes in great part to his singular articulation. Somebody has said that an essay of Emerson is like a string of pearls, because the sentences may be told off one by one, each complete in itself. The same sort of a description may be applied to the articulation of Lasker: The words drop from his tongue, clear and sharp, like the ticking of a rapid pendulum; and he has a habit of accumulating speed as he moves through a sentence till the end, when he lets his voice drop plumply on the last word, and begins again. It is somewhat mechanical, and even monotonous, but very effective in debate. Unfortunately Lasker, like many other fluent and ready speakers, is not sufficiently sparing of his gifts. His position as spokesman of the National-Liberal party gives him, of course, great authority, and his ability and earnestness give him still more; but his oratory has not improved during the past year or two, and many people believe that his power over an audience is on the wane. He appears to the best advantage when he takes the offensive. The English public have learned from time to time through the press about Lasker's exposure of financial scandals among his proud aristocratic foes—how he revealed to the world one Conservative magnate deep in the most vulgar sort of railway swindles, and how he drove a covetous old Junker Minister in disgrace from office. In enterprises of this sort it is not unjust to say that the social and political indignities which his people have suffered from the feudal aristocracy sharpen and guide his zeal. Of course this deputy—who, next to Prince Bismarck, is perhaps the most powerful politician in Germany, who is a man of culture and refinement, and of unblemished character—is not known at Court. Last session he made publicly in the Prussian House of Deputies certain grave charges against a dignitary in Court circles, a member of the Upper House. Conscious of his innocence, the noble peer did not attempt a refutation in the Diet, nor before the civil courts, but being in some way a military personage, he procured a "vindication" from a so-called "tribunal of honour" as the result of a secret investigation among his military comrades, and a few days since the private secretary of the Emperor transmitted the verdict to the President of the Herrenhaus. It is a grand privilege to be tried by a court before which your accuser is not permitted to appear. In conclusion, it must be said of Lasker that apart from his Parliamentary talents he

is a writer of great elegance and force, and that he might have become famous in literature if he had never embraced the cause of politics. He is in all respects an admirable character, and one whom the titled dunces of the Prussian aristocracy might study with advantage to themselves and their country.

The National-Liberal party counts many other able men, some of whom, perhaps, bear with impatience the sway of a young Hebrew lawyer. Heinrich von Treitschke, for instance, who has transferred his professor's chair from Heidelberg to Berlin, and who had a reputation as a student of history and a graceful writer long before he became a politician, is one of the staunchest and healthiest of Liberals. His treatment of political questions is fresh, broad, philosophical, and he has great authority among his colleagues. Unfortunately his delivery is inferior to his matter, and it is painful to see him leave the pen for the platform. Bennigsen, of Hanover, has at least paternal claim on the leadership of his party, for he is the man at whose suggestion, after the war of 1866, the National-Liberals gave themselves a name and became a Parliamentary fact. He is a practical, safe man, and is now President of the Prussian House of Deputies. His neighbour in the Reichstag, Dr. Simson, is another man who, after fighting through the earlier constitutional campaigns as a leader, has now settled back into his deserved repose. An admirable Parliamentarian, and a man in whose calm judgment and perfect fairness all parties had confidence, he was chosen to preside over the first Imperial Parliament; and the position was indefinitely at his disposal. Ill health forced him a year ago to retire. He was succeeded by Forckenbeck, another Liberal, although a nominal Roman Catholic. He is burgomaster of the city of Breslau, in Silesia, and is one of the younger politicians of Prussia. He has made himself familiar with the duties of his place, and enjoys the support of the whole House; but he lacks a good voice and a dignified manner, which our prejudices exact of the Speaker of such an assembly. There are other members of capacity, but they can receive only a mention in this article. Louis Bamberger, one of the exiles of 1848, is a practical banker, and speaks frequently on financial questions; Carl Braun, a journalist and advocate, is a clever and popular speaker on general subjects; Schulte is active in the ecclesiastical conflict; Heinrich Oppenheim is another authority on economical topics; and there are many others whose absence from these pages implies no indifference to their merits.

The Ultramontanes, as a party, share with the National-Liberals the debating talent of the country. Three of their members

Mallinckrodt, Reichensperger, and Windthorst, have carried on their side of the ecclesiastical contest with a skill, an audacity, and a persistence which are not the less admirable because they are exerted in a hopeless cause. The first of these hardy champions has been removed by death from the field of political warfare. But Hermann von Mallinckrodt is so conspicuous a figure in the modern Parliamentary life of Germany, and his part is so closely connected with the greatest political issue of these days, that even the traditions of his incisive eloquence have a present value. A member of the Catholic aristocracy of Westphalia, he could, perhaps, trace his family connections and his religious heritage back to Saint Boniface himself. In more prosperous times he was employed in the local administration of the province, just as he was an active supporter of the Government ten years ago, when Bismarck was trying to strangle Liberalism instead of Ultramontanism. After the outbreak of the ecclesiastical conflict he was one of the most determined leaders of the Opposition. Mallinckrodt was not only a man of broad general culture, but in certain subjects—such, for instance, as Church history and dogma—he was a profound and accurate scholar, and almost the only Catholic member who could carry the debates up to that elevation. In him Dr. Falk and Professor Gneist found no unworthy foe. In an intellectual sense his speaking was of the very highest sort. A great orator to sway a popular audience he was not, for his manner was cold and unsympathetic; but he knew how to rivet the general attention by the closeness of his logic and terrify his enemies by the power of his sarcasm. His delivery was quite unlike the German type. He was calm, moderate, and full of self-possession; he was familiar with all the little arts of gesticulation and elocution, and his speeches were specimens of polished and masterly invective. In spite of the exasperating effect of his oratory, Mallinckrodt was perhaps more generally respected than any of his Ultramontane colleagues. When he died last winter not the Catholic press alone paid his memory tribute, but the Liberal journals mourned the loss of a stalwart foe and an accomplished Parliamentary debater. Windthorst enjoys in an inferior degree many of the qualities which made Mallinckrodt so formidable. Less successful in the use of studied irony, and far below in the breadth and elegance of his acquirements, he is superior in running debate, in rapid repartee, and as a Parliamentary manager. He carries on for his faction all the details of the battles, argues the Parliamentary questions, and in general watches all the side issues that spring up along the way. To this work he brings a

fertility of expedient, a ruthlessness of purpose, and a sharpness of wit such as no other member can show. All this is set off by a provoking coolness of manner which is not far from impudence. He has a small, insignificant figure—the third, after Lasker and Delbrück, to relieve the gigantic proportions of the Chancellor—and under the fire of the fiercest attack he lolls sleepily in his seat, with one eye always open to the chance for a trenchant interruption. He does not add dignity to the cause of the Church, but he makes it picturesque, which in a German Parliament is something. Windthorst is a Hanoverian, and was one of the favourites of the exiled King, whom he has by no means forgotten. He hates Bismarck with all the fervour that he can borrow from two grievances—the conquest of Hanover and the laws against the Church—and he causes the great Minister a more persistent and systematic annoyance than all the other Catholic members. Peter Reichensperger, the third member of the late triumvirate, is cast in a different mould. He was a leading jurist before he became a leader in the “Centre,” and he has never quite forgotten the jurist in the legislator. In his political views and tendencies he is more moderate than Mallinckrodt and Windthorst. His speeches are carefully prepared, and are concise, lucid, and cogent. As he discusses the Church question in the tone of a man who conscientiously feels aggrieved, instead of making it a subject on which to say disagreeable things of his adversaries, he is more fairly treated by the members, and serves his own cause not the less. Another Reichensperger, his brother, is also a deputy from Cologne, but is not so able a debater. He has been active in the cause of the Cologne Cathedral, and has written several treatises on sacred art.

In regarding the wealth of talent possessed by the Roman Catholic faction there is certainly some ground for surprise. But it must be remembered that the work of that party in Parliaments now is the negative one of destructive criticism; and that whatever may be said of criticism of the first class, criticism of the second class is one of the cheapest of arts. Men of clever tongue and fluent speech, who from places of assured irresponsibility can watch the acts of responsible rivals, need no other encouragement. Every Demosthenes is an excuse for his own Phocion. In the ecclesiastical policy of Prince Bismarck there are many defects which reveal themselves even to the eye of friendship; and it is not strange that cultivated men like the Ultramontane leader should find it easy in Parliament to attack that policy with dramatic effect. It would indeed be strange if this were not the case.

The term "revolution" in Germany has been adopted into the jargon of the schools. Every philosopher who lectures at a university gives at least one hour each season to the fundamental difference between revolution and reformation, with personal examples drawn perhaps from Napoleon and Luther. The former revolutionised without reforming; the latter reformed without revolutionising. The one was a pernicious disturber of social order; the other was a beneficent corrective force. The Frenchman pursued the French method; the German, the German method. This is the accepted formula, but its application to the course of events in history is not so simple. Of which of these two processes, for instance, is the existing Parliamentary system the result? The discontented Radical, who chafes under military domination and the fetters imposed by law on all healthy political agitation, answers that it is the result of a timid unfinished reform. The rural Junker growls that it is nothing less than a revolution in the original principles of Prussian society. Both in a certain sense are right. The Radical could justly say the changes are neither sweeping nor secure enough to be called revolutionary; while the Conservative could reply that the uprising of 1848 frightened the King into constitutionalism, and that many leaders in that uprising now enjoy the honour and the rights of deputies. This last fact is certainly one of the most striking triumphs of an irresistible progress. That the insurrection of 1848 was imprudent in a practical sense is beyond dispute, that it was not even politically justifiable may be pretended; but that the leaders, who afterwards became exiles, were conspirators or dangerous citizens, or anything but spirited and generous patriots, the most servile courtier will no longer assert. The vengeance of frightened princes drove them into banishment, but could not break the ties of their patriotism. When the amnesty was proclaimed after the establishment of the North German Confederation, many of the exiles returned, and in 1870 still more came, and re-entered at once into the political life of the Fatherland. They are mostly men of education and talents; and their experience in England and America under the operation of free institutions does not impair their value as citizens at this stage in German history.

A typical man of this class is Dr. William Loewe, generally known in Parliamentary literature as Loewe-Calbe. The record of his life reads like a complete chapter out of the revolutionary history of Germany, and the production of some of the leading features in this place will serve the uninformed reader a useful turn. He was born near Magdeburg in 1814, soon after the expulsion of the French had

revealed to Prussia the need of recuperation and the opportunity of reform; he studied at Halle, graduated, and became a practical physician. In 1848 he was chosen to represent the district of Calbe in the Frankfort Parliament. When the more democratic wing of this body seceded to Stuttgart and organised as the "German Parliament," Dr. Loewe followed and was made president. Again the military interfered, and the sessions were broken up. Driven into the street at the point of the bayonet, the little band showed a compact front to the sympathetic citizens; and, as the last scene, Dr. Loewe and the poet Uhland placed themselves with uncovered heads before the column and led it solemnly through the old Schwabian city. For his share in this drama Dr. Loewe was prosecuted by the Prussian Government. After the local court at Calbe had refused to entertain the case, and the criminal court at Magdeburg, entertaining it, had acquitted him, the superior court found him guilty and sentenced him to imprisonment for life. The accused had, however, escaped to Switzerland, and the sentence amounted only to a decree of exile. He lived two years in Switzerland, two years in London, and eight years in New York, and only returned to Germany in 1861 when the amnesty of the Crown had cancelled the sentence of the court. Since then he has lived in Berlin, dividing his time between the practice of his profession and legislative work. He is a member both of the Prussian Lower House and the Imperial Parliament, and is first vice-president of the former. This revolutionary character, who was once condemned for political conspiracy, who is now leader of the "Party of Progress," and in colloquial vernacular is called a Radical, is, on the whole, a moderate and respectable Conservative. He has, perhaps, Mr. Bright's cast of mind. Firm, rather than violent in his convictions, of a broad practical, rather than an acute understanding, conciliatory towards everything but wrong, he is really no iconoclast, and owes his name as a Radical to the singular ease with which Radicals are made in Germany. As a speaker he is strong, clear, and outspoken. In general an enemy of the military camarilla, he silenced his preferences last winter before the public welfare, and voted for the Septennate and the General Staff. Like all the advanced Liberals, Dr. Loewe has supported the measures against Ultramontanism.

The other leaders of the "Fortschritts-Partei," as it is called, are Eugene Richter, Schulze-Delitsch, and Von Hoverbeck. The first is a lawyer who has taken to literature, and is the idol of the Berlin democracy. The second is better known in England from his labours in behalf of the working people, and from the

operative system which bears his name. Von Hoverbeck is a burly countryman who suggests the Tichborne Claimant, and is worth attention as an aristocrat who has become a Radical. Further around on the same side of the House are still more extreme opinions—the social democrats, whose foremost men are Hasselmann and Sonnemann. All these persons are leaders in their respective actions, but not in any sense leaders of the House; and they are accordingly excluded from the scope of this article. The Right of the House, where sit the Conservatives, labours under the same disqualification. It is divided into half a dozen petty factions, scattered at intervals along the road from mediævalism, but there is no homogeneous party and no striking political talent. The seats are mainly filled by elderly gentlemen from the country, who hold perfectly respectable views about property, marriage, and religion, and have no other apparent object in Parliament except to keep out younger and less prudent men. The extreme Conservative benches seat one deputy, however, a tall spare man in uniform, whose mind has not yet fallen a prey to the masterly indolence of a rural noble. Count von Moltke is the best listener in the House, and he can speak if occasion requires.

THE FAËRY REAPER.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

TIS on Eilanowen,
There's laughter surely !
For the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain.

It springs by moonlight
So stilly and purely,
And it drinks no sunlight,
Or silver rain ;—
Tho' the shoots upcreeping
No man may see,
When men are reaping
It reapt must be ;
But to reap it rightly,
With sickle keen,
They must lead there nightly
A pure colleen !

Yes, pure completely
Must be that maiden,
Just feeling sweetly
Her love's first dream.
Should one steal thither
With evil laden,
The crop would wither
In the pale moon's beam !
For midnights seven,
While all men sleep,
'Neath the silent heaven
The maid must reap ;
And the sweeter and whiter
Of soul is she,
The better and brighter
Will that harvest be !

The Faery Reaper.

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In Lough Bawn's bosom
The isle is lying,
Like a bright green blossom
On a maiden's breast—
There the water-eagle*
O'erhead is flying,
And beneath the sea-gull
Doth build its nest.
And across the water
A form gleam'd fair,
And the farmer's daughter
Dwelt lonely there :—
And on Eilanowen
She'd sit and sing,
When the Fays were sowing
Their seeds in spring.

She could not hear them,
Nor see them peeping ;
Tho' she wandered near them
The spring-tide thro',
When the grouse was crowing,
The trout was leaping,
And with hare-bells blowing
The banks were blue.

But not by moonlight
She dared to stay,
Only by sunlight
She went that way.
And on Eilanowen
They walked each night,
Her footprints sowing
With lilies white !

When the sun above her
Was brightly blazing,
She'd bare (God love her !)
Each round white limb.
Unseen, unnoted,
Save fay-folk gazing,
Dark hair'd, white throated,
She'd strip to swim !

* *The osprey—(Paudiou).*

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Out yonder blushing
 A space she'd stand,
 Then falter flushing
 Across the strand,—
 Till the bright still water
 Would sparkle sweet,
 As it kiss'd and caught her
 From neck to feet !

There, sparkling round her
 With fond caresses,
 It clasp'd her, crowned her,
 My maiden fair !
 Then, brighter glowing
 From its crystal kisses,
 The bright drops flowing
 From her dripping hair,
 Outleaping, running
 Beneath the sky,
 The bright light sunning
 Her limbs, she'd fly,—
 And with tinkling laughter
 Of elfin bowers,
 The Fays ran after
 With fruit and flowers !

Could the Fays behold her,
 Nor long to gain her ?
 From foot to shoulder
 None white as she !
 They cried " God keep her,
 No sorrow stain her !
 The Faëry Reaper
 In troth she'll be !"
 With stalks of amber
 And silvern ears,
 From earth's dark chamber
 The grain appears.
 'Tis harvest weather !
 The moon swims high !
 And they flock together
 With elfin cry !

The Faery Reaper.

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Now, long and truly
I'd loved that maiden ;
And served her duly
With kiss and sign ;
And that same season
My soul love-laden
Had found sweet reason
To wish her mine.
For her cheek grew paler,
Her laughter less,
And what might ail her
I could not guess.
Each harvest morrow
We kissing met,
And with weary sorrow
Her eyes seem'd wet.

“ Oh, speak, *Mavourneen*,
What ails ye nightly ?
For sure each morning
’Tis sad ye seem !”
Her eyes not weeping
Looked on me brightly :—
“ Each night when sleeping
I dream a Dream.

’Tis on Eilanowen
I seem to be,
And bright grain growing
I surely see ;—
A golden sickle
My fingers keep,
And my slow tears trickle
On what I reap !

“ The moon is gleaming,
The faeries gather,
Like glow-worms gleaming,
Their eyes flash quick ;
I try while reaping
To name ‘ Our Father !’
But round me leaping
They pinch and prick—

The Gentleman's Magazine.

On the stalks of amber,
 On the silvern ears,
 They cling, they clamber,
 Till day appears !
 And here I'm waking
 In bed, once more,
 My bones all aching,
 My heart full sore !"

I kissed her, crying
 "God bless your reaping !
 For sure no sighing
 Can set you free.
 They'll bless your wedding
 Who vex your sleeping ;
 So do their bidding,
Ma cushla chree !

But oh, remember !
 Your fate is cast,
 And ere December
 Hath fairly past,
 The Faëry Reaper
 Must be a Bride,
 Or a sad cold sleeper
 On the green hill-side !"

"Sure wedding's better
 Than dying sadly !"
 She smiled, and set her
 Soft hand in mine.
 For three nights after
 She labour'd gladly,
 'Mid fairy laughter,
 And did not pine ;
 And when the seven
 Long nights were run,
 Full well 'neath Heaven
 That work was done :
 Their sheaves were slanted,
 Their harvest made,
 And no more they wanted
 A mortal's aid.


The Faery Reaper.

'Tis on Eilanowen
There's laughter nightly,
When the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain !
God bless that laughter !
That grain blow brightly !
For luck came after
My Mary's pain.
And when sweet Mary
Was wed to me,
Sure the folk of faëry
Were there to see :—
The white board spreading,
Unheard, unseen,
They blest the wedding
Of a pure colleen !



CHARLES KINGSLEY IN THE SADDLE.

BY W. SENIOR.

“ITH him I have cast in my lot, to live and die, and be buried by his side.”

So, sitting in the saddle on one of the beautiful moorland eminences overlooking the North Hants parish where he had cure of souls, and referring to the humblest type of his parishioners, soliloquised Charles Kingsley. And so has it befallen; the good Christian gentleman dwelt among those dark-haired, ruddy Hampshire men for over thirty years; lived the life of the healthy-hearted in their midst, knowing all their ways and wants, sympathising with them in their sorrows, rejoicing when they rejoiced; and, alas! all too soon for them and for us, he has died in the prime of his life, and was buried, even as he wished, by the side of his own people.

The death of such a man as Charles Kingsley demanded, as it obtained, the notice accorded only to persons who have left a name on the muster-roll of fame, and the written reviews of his life dealt with his many-sided character in a manner to show how soundly and generously the English critic can appreciate, appraise, and lament the worthy labourer in the fruitful vineyard of literature. His greatest creations, all the better perhaps for flaw-specks here and there, have received their due; the unspottedness of his character, his fidelity to the career which he chose for the exercise of his faculties, were acknowledged in all honour. This and more, however, we must here be content to take for granted.

There are two essays published in *Fraser's Magazine* during 1858, which, so far as I have seen, were not referred to in any of the obituary notices which all classes of Englishmen, and English speakers, must have been indeed sorry to read, when the fatal announcement of Kingsley's death was telegraphed to the world. The one he terms "My Winter Garden," the other "Chalk Stream Studies." They are most delightful prose idylls; more than that, they pourtray an aspect of Kingsley's character which is a very pleasant one to contemplate, and which seems somewhat

to have faded out of notice. In them, too, we shall find illustrated with peculiar exactness the many, and not unfrequently diverse, elements which combined to form a noble nature, the comprehension of which cannot be complete unless we study him through them.

The first of these fugitive writings is a superb and sustained self-communing which has such an air of actuality about it that we may without question accept the circumstances of its occurrence; herein also I find justification for the, to some, perhaps startling title given to this paper. Charles Kingsley in the saddle was to many connoisseurs of oratory a pleasanter sight than Charles Kingsley in the pulpit; the whole country-side would tell you he was a splendid horseman, but with all deference it might be said that the gift of an eloquent tongue was not his. Well can I remember the figure of a wiry, eager-eyed, manly-faced man, pelting down one of the sandy roads in the Eversley country as if he formed part of his favourite cob, and bearing about him an evidence of the intensest enjoyment: well remember also the comment of a Hampshire farmer after the rector had cantered by: "Begad, if he hadn't been a parson he would have been the stiffest cross-countryman in these parts." This was saying a good deal, for the huntsmen in that district are no novices; but it was true.

Here, then, we have Kingsley photographed by himself in the saddle, blown upon by the chilly March breeze, but confident that he can always be warm if he chooses in that Winter Garden to which he conducts us. On the way he takes us into his confidence, and draws himself with that wonderful power of language which characterised the author of "Westward Ho." In addressing the friend to whom he is explaining the secret of his happiness in "this monotonous country-life," he reveals himself as heart and soul a naturalist and a sportsman. The Westminster Canon could tell you as much about birds, beasts, and fishes, about trees and flowers, and all that blooms under the sun, as any living being, and his eye would kindle at the thought of how many beauties the world has in store for those who turn their inquiring gaze towards them. There is a perfect history in that strange title to his work on the West India Islands--"At Last." For years he had longed to be in the tropics, and then the time came when he could shake himself free from his duties, and set sail towards the luxuriant islands of the western seas. Dean Stanley, who understood Kingsley as man seldom understands man, said truly, in his Westminster Abbey sermon in memory of his departed friend, that in every pore he was alive and awake to the beauties of Nature, and that his "eagle eye seemed to discern every

shade and form of animal and vegetable life ; that listening ear, like that of the hero in the fairy tale, seemed to catch the growing of the grass, and the opening of the shell."

Remembering his enthusiastic love of out-door pursuits, it is not surprising to be told by Kingsley, as he takes his morning's ride, that once his brains were "full of bison and grizzly bear, mustang, and bighorn, Blackfoot and Pawnee, and hopes of wild adventure in the Far West ; which," he added, "I shall never see," little dreaming that in years to come a trip across the Rocky Mountains would sow in that iron constitution seeds of death.

His pulses, declares this genial country parson, throbbed as often as he saw the stag's head in his friend's hall ; and then with mock dolourousness, and with just a *soupcon* of that muscular Christianity of which it was said he was the original patentee, and which, if it means anything, means making the best of both worlds, he confesses that when one can no longer enjoy the sights after which one longs, it is best to take the nearest and look for wonders, "not in the Himalayas or Lake Ngami, but on the turf, on the lawn, and the brook in the park. For there it is, friend," he goes on—

The whole infinite miracle of nature in every tuft of grass, if we have only eyes to see it, and can disabuse our minds of that tyrannous phantom of *size*. Only recollect that great and small are but relative terms ; that in truth *nothing* is great or small save in proportion to the quantity of creative thought which has been exercised in making it, that the fly who basks upon one of the trilithons of Stonehenge is in truth infinitely greater than all Stonehenge together, though he may measure the tenth of an inch, and the stone on which he sits *five-and-twenty* feet.

Kingsley's Winter Garden is at the present moment just what it was when he drew rein and slowly wandered on beneath the lofty roof of the ever fragrant pine wood, with the creaking of the saddle and the soft footfall of the mare upon the fir-needles jarring upon his ears. He calls this "ugly, straight-edged, monotonous fir plantation," into which he leaps over the furze bank, his Cathedral (*how* like him to interject "wherein if there be no saints there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols !"). It is glibly said sometimes that we in the old country have lost the art of the lighter and more popular form of essay writing, and bequeathed it to the Hawthornes, Emersons, Russell Lowells, and Dudley Warners of the new world. What, then, is this which Kingsley has in his Winter Garden ?

Endless vistas of smooth red, green-veined shafts holding up the warm dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom, paved with rich brown fir-needle, a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green

f, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Willement improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation—while for incense, I have fresh healthy turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling exotic odour which fills a Roman Catholic Cathedral. There is not a breath of air within, but the breeze sighs over the roof above in a soft whisper. I shut my eyes and listen. Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the golden sands in Devon, far away! I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore and die away to rise again. It has two notes, two keys rather: that Eolian harp of fir-needles above my head, according to the wind is east or west, the needles wet or dry. This easterly key of the day is shriller, more cheerful, warmer in sound, though the day itself be colder; it grander still, as well as softer, is the sad soughing key in which the south-east wind roars on rainladen over the forest, and calls me forth—being a minute philosopher—to catch trout in the nearest chalk stream.

So far the poet; now the sportsman. Still jogging along among the red fir stems, he ponders upon Life—"that one word Life,"—till, reflecting that all we can do is to "dazzle and weary our eyes like clumsy microscopists by looking too long and earnestly through the imperfect and by no means achromatic lens," he determines to think of something else. A hare races towards him through the ferns, and just as learnedly as he discoursed of everything else, he discourses of the frightened animal, and is only stopped by the appearance of a great dog fox, at which the rare old mare lays back her ears, and stands still as a statue, though he can feel her trembling between his knees—knees which one would dare wager instinctively closed upon the saddle in true fox-hunting grip, as in the Dartmoor scenes where young Kingsley passed his youthful years.

From time to time a novelist of the Whyte-Melville type makes a tingle with his description of a ride after the hounds; but I know nothing in fox-hunting literature so graphic and soul-stirring as Kingsley's account of the flight of the fox, the pursuit of the hounds, and the tearing by of the hunters. He wants to waken the echoes, "break the grand silence by that scream which the vulgar view-looker call." His heart leaps into his mouth, the fifteen-year-old horse rears into the air. But no! he reins in himself as he reins in his horse, watches his red-coated friends ride away through the wood, and as he waves them on feels in all cheerfulness that his hunting days are over, yet is righteously proud that "county, grass and forest, down and vale," once knew his deeds, and that his gallant steeds now threading their ways through the dreary yellow bog know that he can ride if he so chooses; "and," adds he, "I am vain enough to be glad that you know it."

The poet, the sportsman, and next the parish priest. He says—

and can we not see the tightened lines of his determined mouth, and bushy brows over kind iron-grey eyes the while?—

It is past two now, and I have four old women to read to at three, and an old man to bury at four, and I think on the whole that you will respect me the more for going home and doing my duty. That I should like to see this fox fairly killed or even fairly lost I deny not. That I should like it as much as I can like any earthly and outward thing I deny not. But sugar to one's bread and butter is not good; and if my Winter Garden represent the bread and butter, then will fox-hunting stand to it in the relation of superfluous and unwholesome sugar; so farewell, and long may your noble sport prosper.

Shocking sentiments these no doubt to many estimable people. But the peasants and farmers around Eversley in their hearts will as long as they live think of Kingsley as their genial friend and wise counsellor, who in both letter and spirit ever fulfilled his sacred trust.

The poet, sportsman, parish priest, and lastly the philosophic naturalist. For the mare's head is at length turned homewards, and though she blunders at every step among the fir stems, fetlock deep in peat, and jumping the "uncanny gripes" at every third stride, he talks of "Aira cæspitosa, most stately and most variable of British grasses," of gravel, mould, and heather; of decent public buildings, Scotch firs, and painters; hares, cattle, and turfparers; Snowdon in the glacial era, the Œon, James the First and his admired hero Raleigh; Goethe's Helena, green comets' tails, Australian bushmen, and Celtic trackways; and so goes across the village-green, where his applause encouraged many a sturdy cricketer on the summer evenings, up a hollow lane between damp shaughs and copses, to the old women in the cottages, and thence to the quiet rural churchyard to perform a rite which, ere this year was a month old, his weeping friends under spreading fir branches of his own selection performed for himself.

Kingsley drew the line at fox-hunting, but he made amends with his fly-rod. The chalk stream trout had as much reason to fear him as did the black sheep of his parochial fold. Few anglers can draw so much delight from their recreation as did Kingsley. He was a trifle apt to be dogmatic in his theories upon flies and fish, as a man has a right to be who marries his enthusiasm to general scientific knowledge. He was a noted mountain fisherman, but better still he could succeed in the cica, steady, lowland streams which tax the skill of the best of us. Even in the saddle up among the fir-needles he must needs give a passing thought to his favourite pastime, of which he elsewhere said, "The angler is brought close face to face with

flower and bird and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered, and the only part in general which never feels the drought of summer 'the trees planted by the waterside whose leaf shall not wither.'" The habit, very common to him, of putting his foot firmly down on a thing in which he believed comes out conspicuous in "Chalk Stream Studies"—a veritable encyclopædia to the trout fisher. The lackwater, a westerly tributary of, and other smaller streams in the Eddon watershed, were within easy reach of Eversley Rectory, and the Mayfly, "mortal strong last night, gentlemen," as the keeper marked, would invariably tempt him forth—as it tempts every proper-spirited Waltonian—to the familiar waterways. He was able in these well-stocked and well-preserved waters in a most literal sense to cast his lines in pleasant places, where the ancient mill hummed forever below giant poplar spires, bending and shivering in the steady breeze. Failing fish, he prys into the mysteries of insect life, abuses the Transatlantic curse *Anacharis*, distinguishes in the tangled forest, "denser than those of the Amazon, and more densely peopled likewise," grass, milfoil, water crowfoot, hornwort, startwort, horsetail, and a dozen other delicate plants, never forgetting, however, that there is work to do, seeing that while the green drake is on all 'hours, meals, decencies, and respectabilities must yield to his caprice." Through his pocket lens he shows you millions of living creatures upon the *Vorticellæ*; he takes you to the muddy bottom and lectures you upon the grubs, tadpoles, and water crickets.

Just as when in the saddle he had glorified the foxhound as being next to a Greek statue in grace and strength, so by the river with the spare casts wound round his hat he lauds the transcendent merits of drakes green, brown, and white; of the dun, black alder, and yellow sally, in particular, and of the four great trout-fly families, *phryganæ*, *ephemeræ*, *sialidæ*, and *perlidæ*, in general, laying down the very excellent law that the caperer, March brown, governor, black alder, with two or three palmers, are sufficient to show sport from March to October, and that "if they will not kill, the thing which will kill is yet to seek." In the whole range of angling literature there is nothing to surpass—nay, nor to equal—in beauty of language, play of fancy, marshalling of facts, and flow of vigorous narrative, these forty-nine pages of "Chalk Stream Studies."

In these essays, and on many another page, Kingsley's motto is "Be sportsmanlike and sin not." In a still older contribution to *Fraser* (1849), in a charming paper upon North Devon, he puts in a plea for sportsmen on the ground that some of our most perfect

topographical sketches have been written by them, and while admitting that the majority of sportsmen are the most unpoetical of men, he argues that for most of them it is sport which at once keeps alive and satisfies the æsthetic faculties, and helps to make them purer, simpler, and more genial. "Esau," he says, "is a dumb soul, especially here in England; but he has as deep a heart in him as Jacob, nevertheless, and as tender." Kingsley was an exception to his own ruling, for in this matter he was both Esau and Jacob.



THE PHYSIOLOGY OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," &c.

THERE is a botanical theory that a flower is nothing more than a leaf in which full development has been arrested. It is more beautiful than the leaf by reason, not of its perfection, but of its imperfection. Even so the leaf is a degenerate twig and the fruit a degenerate flower: so that degeneracy comes from the loss of vital strength, and not, as would be judged at first sight, from its increase. This is not, I believe, the orthodox scientific doctrine, but it is plausible enough to suggest an analogy. The history of a plant, according to the theory of degeneration, is strikingly like the pedigree of literary and artistic genius, according to any of the hundred definitions of that indefinite word. So far as known facts combine into a probable law, a creative intellect is never created spontaneously. Like dukes and princes, men of imagination have ancestors between themselves and Adam. *Bon chasse de race.* The lives of the mothers of great men form an important branch of biographical literature: and it is usual, even in the maternal line, to find traces of hereditary taste or talent tending towards original production. The mute, inglorious Milton finds a glorious tongue in his great-grandson: the great statesman is the heir of the village Hampden. The theory, though more than merely probable, is by its nature incapable of exhaustive proof: but instances are notorious enough to found thereon a reasonable assumption that heredity of talent precedes individual genius even if the tendency has never made itself conspicuous, or, like the gout, has passed over several generations or two here and there. But, on the other hand, it is yet more certain that genius, like the blossom with its fruit, is a leaf while it crowns the family tree. The man of talent is the ancestor of the man of genius, but the man of genius is the ancestor either of nobodies or of nobody. Descendants of great warriors, painters, and musicians who lived two or three generations are hardly to be found. While the families of great soldiers and statesmen swarm, there is scarcely a man in Europe who can boast of a great poet or other artist in the direct line of his pedigree: probably there is not even one who can boast of two such forefathers. The rough stem runs into the leaf, the leaf to the flower, and the

flower to the fruit of good work, or—to seed. To pursue the analogy to its end, the full beauty and productiveness of imaginative genius correspond to the effect of decaying vitality.

Analogy, built upon an unscientific metaphor, is of course no argument: but it is a fair explanatory illustration of a theory that rests upon surer ground for its foundation. That the creative imagination or any other mental gift so far resembles disease as to require non-natural conditions for its exercise is not the popular doctrine. The well-known and often quoted couplet about the near alliance of great wit to madness is directly opposed to the far more pleasant belief in sound minds in sound bodies as the most favourable condition for the production of the best work of all kinds. The tone of hero-worshippers themselves is to deplore eccentric indulgences as weaknesses of genius rather than to recognise in them the artificial atmosphere necessary for production and creation. The popular doctrine is thoroughly wholesome, because it is taught by the many for the many, and to teach otherwise, in a broad way, would risk the popular confusion of genius with its accidents. But all safe, wholesome, popular doctrines have an unfortunate tendency to turn men at large into a great flock of sheep—ininitely better worth owning than a herd of red deer, but proportionately less full of individual character. The history of how imaginative work is done reads very like a deliberate and apparently insane effort to keep up the action of brain fever by artificial stimulus, as if creative genius were literally an unsound habit of mind requiring an unsound habit of body—*mens insana in corpore insano*. Balzac, who had the disease of creative genius in its most outrageous form, “preached to us,” says Théophile Gautier, “the strangest hygiene ever propounded amongst laymen. If we desired to hand our names down to posterity as authors, it was indispensable that we should immure ourselves absolutely for two or three years: that we should drink nothing but water and only eat soaked beans, like Protogenes: that we should go to bed at sunset and rise at midnight, to work hard till morning: that we should spend the whole day in revising, amending, extending, pruning, perfecting, and polishing our night’s work, in correcting proofs or taking notes, or in other necessary study.” If the author happened to be in love, he was only to see the lady of his heart for one half hour a year: but he might write to her for the cold-blooded reason that letter-writing improves the style. Not only did Balzac preach this austere doctrine, but he practised it as nearly as he could without ceasing altogether to be a man and a Frenchman. Léon Gozlan’s account of the daily life of the author of the

Comédie Humaine has often been quoted. He began his day with dinner at six in the afternoon, at which, while he fed his friends generously, he himself ate little besides fruit and drank nothing but water. At seven o'clock he wished his friends good night and went to bed. At midnight he rose and worked—till dinner-time the next day: and so the world went round. George Sand calls him, "Drunk on water, intemperate in work, and sober in all other passions." Jules Janin asks, "Where has M. de Balzac gained his knowledge of woman—he, the anchorite?" Love and death came to him hand in hand: so that he might be taken as an example of the extreme result of imaginative work obtained by the extreme avoidance of artificial stimulus, and therefore as a fatal exception to the general theory, were it not for one little habit of his which, though a trifle in itself, is enough to bring his genius within the pale of the law. When he sat down to his desk his servant, who regarded a man that abstained even from tobacco as scarcely human, used to place coffee within reach, and upon this he worked till his full brain would drive his starved and almost sleepless body into such self-forgetfulness that he often found himself at daybreak bareheaded and in dressing-gown and slippers in the Place du Carrousel, not knowing how he came there, and miles away from home. Now coffee acts upon some temperaments like laudanum upon others, and many of the manners and customs of Balzac were those of a confirmed opium eater. He had the same strange illusions, the same extravagant ideas, the same incapacity for distinguishing, with regard to outward things, between the possible and the impossible, the false and the true. His midnight wanderings, his facility for projecting himself into personalities utterly unlike his own, belong to the experiences of the English Opium Eater. On this assumption, the exaggerated abstinence of Balzac is less like an attempt to free the soul from the fetters of the flesh than a preparation for the fuller effect of a stimulus that instinctive experience had recommended. In any case his intemperate temperance is the reverse of the conditions in which wholesome unimaginary work can possibly be carried on.

Byron affords a similar, though of course less consistent illustration of a tendency to put himself out of working condition in order to work the better. "At Disdati," says Moore, "his life was passed in the same regular round of habits into which he naturally fell." These habits included very late hours and semi-starvation, assisted by smoking cigars and chewing tobacco, and by green tea in the evening without milk or sugar. Like Balzac, he avoided meat and wine, and so gave less natural brain-food room for more active play.

Schiller was a night-worker and a coffee drinker, and used to work on champagne. Not only so, but he used an artificial stimulus altogether peculiar to himself—he found it impossible, according to the well-known anecdote, to work except in a room filled with the scent of rotten apples, which he kept in a drawer of his writing-table in order to keep up his necessary mental atmosphere. Shelley's practice of continually munching bread while composing is not a mere piece of trivial gossip when taken in connection with more striking and intelligible attempts to ruin the digestion by way of exciting the brain, and when it is remembered that his delicate and almost feminine organisation might require far less to throw it off the balance than naturally stronger frames. At all events it seems to point to the same instinctive craving for abnormal aids to work when the imagination is called upon—as if it were not intended that the creative power should be a function of the natural man. Of course there is no need to suppose that the stimulus is always or even often adopted with the deliberation of the actor who used to sup on underdone pork chops to inspire himself with the mood proper to tragedy. Nor need the stimulus be of a kind to produce intoxication, in the vulgar sense of the word. So long as it puts the body into a non-natural condition, in the way pointed out by individual instinct, it seems that the physical conditions of imaginative work are fulfilled.

Unfortunately for any complete treatment of the question, a sufficient body of data is not easily gathered. Great artists, in all fields of work, are notoriously shy of publishing their processes, even when they themselves know what their processes are. It is, however, always legitimate to argue from the known to the probable; and if it can be gathered that all great imaginative work, whenever the process is known, has been accompanied with some abnormal habit, however slight, it is fair enough to assume that the relation of cause and effect has something to do with the matter, and that some such habit may be suspected where processes are not known. There are, however, two great imaginative authors of the very first rank whom believers in the pleasant doctrine that the highest and freest work can be done under the healthiest conditions of fresh air, early hours, daylight, and temperance—which does not mean abstinence—have always claimed for their own. One of these is Goethe. He and Balzac are at precisely opposite poles in their way of working. Here is the account of Goethe's days at Weimar, according to Mr. G. H. Lewes. He rose at seven. Till eleven he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he worked on again till one. At two he dined. "His appetite was immense.

on the days when he complained of not being hungry much more than most men . . . He sat a long while with wine, chatting gaily, for he never dined alone . . . fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles." There was no dessert—Balzac's principal meal—or coffee. Then he went to the theatre, where a glass of punch was brought him at six, and he received friends at home. By ten o'clock he was in bed, and he slept soundly. "Like Thorwaldsen, he had a talent for . . ." No man of business or dictionary maker could make a healthy arrangement of his hours. The five or six hours of morning work, which left the rest of the day open for society and recreation, the early habits, the full allowance of sleep, and the moderate use of food are in glaring contrast to Balzac's short and fitful slumbers, his night work, and his bodily starvation. But he is a magined Faust is not to be so easily let off from his share in making a rule. There is no need to quarrel with Mr. Lewes for his way of it of his way to prove that Goethe was not necessarily a toper because he liked wine and had a good head. Though a great deal of wine was no doubt essential to his general working power, it was used rather as a tonic than an immediate stimulant, because it came instead of during work hours. But this is significant of the same thing only in a different way. Goethe differed from almost every poet in not doing his greatest work at a white heat; and not only that, but he differed also in constantly balancing his reasoning with his creative faculties. I doubt very much if those long hours of early work were often spent in the fever of creation. Goethe was a physiologist, a botanist, a critic; and the longer he lived the more and more of a *savant*, if not less and less of a poet. His imagination was most fertile before he settled down into these various ways, but not before he settled down into a full appreciation of his work. Balzac would write the draft of a whole novel at a sitting, and then develop it on the margins of proofs, revises, and corrects. Goethe acted as if, while art is long, life were long also. If the contrary is proved, I must consistently hold that Goethe was a philosopher before dinner time and the poet in the theatre, or that those long after-dinner hours over his two or three bottles of wine. That these later hours were often spent socially proves that it is one way or the other. Some men need such active influences of some form of mental stimulus. Alfieri found or made his ideas come by listening to music or galloping on horseback. Instances are not wanting in every-day life of men who cannot think to good purpose if they are shut up in a room with a pen, and who find their best work done in the street. *XIV., N.S. 1875.*

inspiration in wandering about the streets and hearing what they want in the rattle of cabs and the seething of life around them, like the scholar of Padua, whose conditions of work are given by Montaigne as a curiosity. "I lately found one of the most learned men in France . . . studying in the corner of a room cut off by a screen, surrounded by a lot of riotous servants. He told me—and Seneca says much the same of himself—that he worked all the better for this uproar, as though, overpowered by noise, he was obliged to withdraw all the more closely into himself for contemplation, while the storm of voices drove his thoughts inward. When at Padua he had lodged so long over the clattering of the traffic and the tumult of the streets that he had been trained not only to be indifferent to noise, but even to require it for the prosecution of his studies." So we learn from Mr. Forster that "method in everything was Dickens's peculiarity, and between breakfast and luncheon, with rare exceptions, was his time of work. But his daily walks were less of rule than of enjoyment and necessity. In the midst of his writing they were indispensable, and especially, as it has often been shown, at night." When he had work on hand he walked all over the town furiously and in all weathers, to the injury of his health. And his walks, he it observed, were frequently what Balzac's always were—at night; so that in the matter of hours he must be taken as having conformed in some important respects to Balzac's hygiene. Now Goethe was also an essentially out-of-doors man by nature—not one to let his pen do his imagining for him. He was no slave of the ink-bottle as some are, who cannot think without the feather of a goose in their hands, by way of a sometimes appropriate talisman. There is a well-known passage in one of the Roman Elegies to the effect that inspiration is to be sought more directly than within the four walls of a study, and that the rhythm of the hexameter is not best drummed with the fingers on a wooden table. And if it is true, as he tells, that "Youth is drunkenness without wine," it seems to follow, according to his experience, that those two or three bottles of wine are not altogether needless as an aid to inspiration when youth is gone by.

The fellow instance of imaginative work triumphantly carried on under the most admirably healthy conditions is that of Scott. He used to finish the principal part of his day's work before breakfast, and, even when busiest, seldom worked as late as noon. And the end of that apparently most admirably healthy working life we also know. "Ivanhoe" and the "Bride of Lammermoor" were dictated under the terrible stimulus of physical pain, which wrung groans from him between the words. The very two novels wherein the creative power of the arch-master of romance shows itself most

were composed in the midst of literal birth-throes. It was made that grimmest of all bad puns—"When his audible g filled every pause, 'Nay, Willie,'" addressing Laidlaw, who or him and implored him to rest, "'Only see that the doors . . . I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to our- but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in L.'" So far from affording any argument to the contrary, the of the years during which his hand was losing its cunning to illustrate the penalty of trying to reconcile two irreconcil- ings—the exercise of the imagination to its fullest extent, and ervice of conditions that are too healthy to nourish a fever. s of his review of Ritson's Caledonian Annals, he himself 'No one that has not laboured as I have done on imaginary can judge of the comfort afforded by walking on all fours ing grave and dull." There spoke the man who habitually thout artificial help drew upon his imagination at the hours nstinct has told others they should be employing not their out their reason. The privilege of being healthily dull before ist must have been an intense relief to one who compelled f to do unhealthy or abnormal work without the congenial help normal conditions. Herder, in like manner, is accused by incey, in direct terms, of having broken down prematurely he "led a life of most exemplary temperance . . . if he had been a drunkard or an opium-eater he might have ed to weather the point of sixty years." This is putting things strongly, but it is said of a man of great imaginative by a man of great imaginative power, and may therefore ken as the opinion of an expert all the more honest e he is prejudiced. A need must be strongly felt to ressed with such daring contempt for popular axioms. At the ime "the German Coleridge" did not manage so very badly, that he worked hard till sixty, and he allowed himself as much as his exceptionally delicate nervous system would stand; so that ity he seems to confirm the general rule by example rather than y of exception. Scott is a far better type of the exception that ves the rule. Genius has been defined in as many different s there have been people who have tried to define it. But s the most suggestive I ever heard is the attempt to destroy eptionally strong constitution for the gratification of a mental icy—the physique of an elephant, as I heard it roughly put, e conduct of a slave-driver who is his own slave. There must : exceptionally strong constitution to bear an abnormal strain e effort by every means to do more than nature when kindly;

treated will allow. The true working life of Scott, who helped nature by no artificial means, lasted for no more than twelve years from the publication of "Waverley" till the year in which his genius was put into harness, so that of the two men, Scott and Balzac, who both began a literary life at nearly the same age, and were both remarkable for splendid constitutions, the man who lived abnormally beat the man who lived healthily by full eight years of good work, and kept his imagination in full vigour to the end.

That night and not morning is most appropriate to imaginative work is supported by a general consent among those who have followed instinct in this matter. Upon this question, which can scarcely be called vexed, Charles Lamb is the classical authority. "No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. The mid internal light, that reveals the fine shapings of poetry, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Milton's morning hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight: and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper." "This view of evening and candlelight," to quote his commentator, De Quincey, once more, "as involved in the tall delight of literature, may seem no more than a pleasant extravaganza, and no doubt it is in the nature of such gaieties to travel a little into exaggeration; but substantially it is certain that Lamb's sincere feelings pointed habitually in the direction here indicated. His literary studies, whether taking the colour of tasks or diversions, courted the aid of evening, which by means of physical weariness produces a more luxurious state of repose than belongs to the labour hours of day; they courted the aid of lamplight, which, as Lord Bacon remarked, gives a gorgeousness to human pomps and pleasures such as would be vainly sought from the homeliness of daylight." Those words "physical weariness," if they do not contain the whole philosophy of the matter, are very near it, and are at all events more to the point than the quotation from Lord Bacon. They almost exactly define that non-natural condition of body which on other grounds appears to be proper to the non-natural exercise of the mind. It will be remembered that Balzac recommended the night for the artist's work, the day for the author's drudgery. Southey, who knew how to work and how to get the best and the most out of himself as well as anybody who ever put pen to paper, and who pursued the same daily routine throughout his whole literary life, performed his tasks in the following order: From breakfast till dinner, history, transcription for the press, and, in general, all the work that Scott calls "walking on all fours." From dinner till tea-reading, writing, the newspapers, and frequently a siesta.—he

was a heroic sleeper, and slept whenever he had the chance. tea, poetry, or whatever else his fancy chose—whatever work upon the creative power. It is true he went to bed regularly past ten, so that his actual consumption of midnight oil was extravagant. But such of it as he did consume was taken as a stimulant for the purely imaginative part of his work when the labour required no stimulant was over and done. Blake was a painter by day and a poet by night; he often got out of bed at midnight and wrote for hours, following by instinct the deliberate practice of impulsive workers. Now bodily weariness is simply bodily weakness induced artificially; its production by hard walking, hard work, hard living, or hard study looks like an instinctive effort on the part of energetic men to put themselves for the time and for a season into the chronically unhealthy condition of naturally indolent men. Indolence, that is to say chronic fatigue, appears to be the natural habit of imaginative brains. It is a commonplace to note that men of fertile fancy, as a class, have been notorious for their laziness in the work of formulating their ideas even by the toil of writing them out, much more by passing them through the crucible of the ink-bottle. In many cases they have needed the very active stimulant of alcohol. The *cacoëthes scribendi* is a disease common, not to imaginative men, but to imitative minds. Probably no hewer of wood or carrier of water undergoes a tithe of the toil of those whose work is supposed to be play, but is in fact a battle, every moment, between the flesh and the spirit. Campbell, who at the age of sixty-one could drudge at imaginative work for fourteen hours a day like a galley slave, yet, as he says in one of his letters, “be as cheerful as a child,” is in a much less industrious tone of the work which alone was natural to him. “The truth is, I am not writing poetry but prose; it is the prose that keeps me more idle and abstracted than you can believe. I pass hours thinking about what I am to compose. The time employed in composition is but a fraction of the time lost in thinking about it.” “At Glasgow,” we read of him even when a young man, “he seldom exercised his gift except when roused into action either by the prospect of gaining a prize or by some stirring event.” Campbell, if not a great man, was a typical worker. He was a man—whom, whatever may be thought of his imaginative powers, no other type—struck off his Ramblers and Idlers at a heat when the demands of the press forbade his indolence to put off his work for a moment: he did not give himself even a minute to read over his papers before they went to the printers. He would not have been a *Rasselas* except for the necessity of paying for his mother’s support; and yet he was a laborious worker where the imaginative

was not concerned. The elder Dumas had to forbid himself, by an effort of will, to leave his desk before a certain number of pages were written in order to get any work done at all. Victor Hugo is said to have locked up his clothes while writing "Notre Dame," so that he might not escape from it till the last word was written. In such cases the so-called "pleasures of imagination" look singularly like the pains of stone-breaking. The hardest part of the lot of genius, I suspect, has been not the emotional troubles popularly—and with absurd exaggeration—asccribed to it, but a disgust for labour during the activity of the fancy and the necessity for labour when it is most disgusting. And as it is not in human nature to endure suffering willingly, the mood in which such labour is possible calls for artificial conditions by which it can be rendered endurable.

The passing mention of Blake indirectly suggests an objection. Nature has thought fit to place an insuperable bar between painters and night-work: and yet the work of the painter is as imaginative in character as that of the poet, while painters have shown no tendency, as a class, to break down under the strain. Artists in form have not often followed the example of Michael Angelo, who stuck a candle in a lump of clay, and the lump of clay on his head, and chiselled till morning. But then writing is the exercise of the imagination, including conception as well as execution; painting is the record of previous imagination, and so belongs to the daylight, even according to Balzac's rule. Skill, intelligence, the eye and the hand, which work best under natural and healthy conditions, have to bear the strain. Because his hand and mind work by day, it does not follow that the painter's fancy is not a night-bird—only, happily, it is not called upon to labour in its dreaming hours. Musicians, who might be expected to demand the conditions of imaginative literature in a ten-fold degree, have, in fact, breathed as common air the stimulating and unhealthy atmosphere that authors only enter when they need it. Musical genius is, so to speak, a self-supporting fever, that finds in every sort of exciting stimulus not its artificial but its natural and healthy atmosphere. Exceptions, like John Sebastian Bach, prove the notoriety of the rule by the stress which is laid upon them. The manners and customs of great artists in sound tend to support the general rule concerning all imaginative work to an infinite extent, but it would be unfair to argue from those who breathe poison for their native air to those who merely use poison in order to escape from the common air of the unimaginative world.

It is notorious that creative genius is essentially of the masculine gender. Women are the imaginative sex, but the work, which nature seems to have distinctly allotted to them, has been done by men—

really strange phenomenon is not due to the fact that women written comparatively little, because, if it were, the little creative work they have done would have been great in quality, could surpass in quantity the other work they have done. But not been great in quality compared with that of men and, mixed with the rest of their own work, has been infinitesimally

No woman ever wrote a great drama ; not one of the world's poems came from a woman's hand. In their own domain of work women have been, and occasionally are, great realists, great painters, great masters of style, great psychologists—but not inventors, and very seldom inventors at all. Probably everybody will be able to name off-hand one or two exceptions to what is usually like a very dogmatic and sweeping piece of criticism—and probably everybody will name exactly the same one or two. Nobody is looking for absolutely great imaginative work, in any branch of art, from a woman ; and, when by chance it comes, the attention it excites is multiplied by wonder. People say “See what a woman can do”—not “See what women can do.” In music, especially in the more imaginatively creative art, wherein they have had a free and open field ; it is legitimately dogmatic to deny them any place at all. It is, therefore, not surprising that the natural imagination of women is comparatively barren while the ordinary unimaginativeness of men is relatively fertile, it is impossible to doubt that the way of work has something to do with the matter. And if examples tend to prove that creative genius among men instinctively works under artificial and unhealthy conditions of body, while work wherein the imagination is not tasked is for the most part carried on under the calmest and healthiest conditions, it would follow that women at large fail to produce great creative work by reason of their good working qualities because they do not in general use artificial stimulants and irregular hours of life to help their brains to wear out their bodies. They keep themselves broad awake in order to dream. They seek to do creative work, and take as models the lives of men who do imaginative work—that is to say, precisely the opposite routine to that of men by whom imaginative work is done. These prove negatively what the examples of creative genius prove positively. If men work late into the early hours, it is to continue their day's work, not to begin it. It is interest that chains them to the desk at night, not impulse that calls them there. All philosophers have always been sober men ; but they have taken their indulgences in freshments and recreations—as interruptions to work, and not as necessary accompaniments. If Balzac's may be taken as the type of *the artist's life*, Kant's may be taken as the type of *the*

student's. The habits of both are equally well known. Kant also gave a daily dinner party; but when his guests were gone he took a walk in the country instead of seeking broken slumbers in a state of hunger. He came home at twilight, and read from candle-light till bed time at ten. He rose punctually at five, and, over one cup of tea and part of a pipe, laid out his plan of work for the day. At seven he lectured, and wrote till dinner time at about one. The regularity of his life was automatic. It was that of Balzac save in wanting all the accepted conditions of health—early rising, early lying down, moderate daily work, nightly rest, regular exercise, and a diet regulated with the care not of a lunatic but of a physician. A cup of tea and half a pipe in the morning cannot be looked upon as stimulants to a man in such perfect health as Kant always enjoyed; and, if they can be, let it be observed that it was while engaged with these he thought about his work—it was his hour for what Campbell called his "*fuming meditations*." He certainly used no other stimulant to work in the common sense of the word; but even he illustrates, on another point, the need of the mind for artificial conditions, however slight they may be, when engaged in dreaming. During the bandman's holiday between his walk and candle-light he sat down to think in twilight fashion; and, while thus engaged, he always placed himself so that his eyes might fall on a certain old tower. This old tower became so necessary to his thoughts that, when some poplar trees grew up and hid it from his window, he found himself unable to think at all, until, at his earnest request, the trees were cropped and the tower brought into sight again. Kant's old tower recalls Buffon's incapability of thinking to good purpose except in full dress and with his hair in such elaborate order that, by way of external stimulus to his brain, he had a hair-dresser to interrupt his work twice, or, when very busy, thrice a day. It is curious to note the touch of kindred between the imaginative *savant* Buffon and the learned artist Haydn, who could not work except in Court dress, and who used to declare that if, when he sat down to his instrument, he had forgotten to put on a certain ring he could not summon a single idea. How he managed to summon ideas before Frederick the Second had given him the said ring we are not informed. But even these trivial instances of caprice help to suggest that when the fancy is called upon the ordinary conditions of straightforward work must be considered at an end. Fancy dictates the terms on which she condescends to appear. Of Dickens we are told that "some quaint little bronze figures on his desk were as much needed for the easy flow of his writing as blue ink or quill pens."

But, unhappily, the terms dictated by creative fancy have not been

and are not always so innocent as blue ink, coffee, late hours, or rotten apples. A true and exhaustive history of how great imaginative work has been done would be too sad a chronicle, and would be good for nothing but to recall biographical memories that are better forgotten. No doubt most readers will be able to supply from memory instances enough to judge for themselves how far the well-known examples here given exemplify and account for the connection of creative genius with a tendency to chronic suicide. And if the necessity of this connection be admitted, then the question arises, How far is any man justified or not justified in adopting in intellectual matters the doctrine that the end justifies the means? If he feels—and biography speaks vainly if he is held to be mistaken in feeling—that the work for which nature intended him must be left undone unless he deliberately elects to ruin his health, to become an awful warning to the white sheep of the social sheepfold and a stumbling-block to would-be imitators, what is he to choose? All the branches of the question, all its most trifling illustrations, lead to that broad issue which has never yet been boldly faced or fairly answered. The strange manners and customs of men of genius have often enough been defended as unfortunate weaknesses by their apologists: it seems to me they ought either to be condemned as unworthy of men of sense and will, or else boldly asserted as the necessary instruments of the work that owes its birth to them—as the artificial means of producing strength out of weakness which a man who lives for his work *ought* to use. If creative genius is really an unhealthy condition, it must require unhealthy methods to produce and sustain its action. It is not the healthy oyster that breeds the pearl. Nor is this a dangerous theory. The oyster does not deliberately produce in itself the disease of pearl-bearing, nor can any man—it need hardly be added—give himself genius by adopting and abusing the artificial means that enable genius to work when it is already there. The disease suggests its appropriate conditions: the conditions clearly cannot bring about the disease. The morality of the whole question, and its application to any particular case, must be settled by everybody for himself; but a story of a hurdle race at Gadshill, told in Mr. Forster's life of Dickens, contains in a homely way the summing up of its philosophy. "Among other oddities we had a hurdle race for strangers. One man—he came in second—ran 120 yards and leaped over ten hurdles in twenty seconds, *with a pipe in his mouth and smoking it all the time.* 'If it hadn't been for the pipe,' I said to him at the winning post, 'you would have been first.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he answered, 'but *if it hadn't been for my pipe I should have been nowhere.*'"

IN OHIO.

BY GEORGE DAWSON.

HAVING a strong desire to see those people in America who bear the chief burdens of national life, who work hard, and live and die unrecorded, and who are the strength of the State, I was glad when the arrangements made for me as a lecturer by my indefatigable and courteous agent, Mr. Redpath, of Boston, bid me go among the smaller towns and villages of Ohio. There I could see the farmer at home, the cheesemaker at work, the country Court House, the village church, and the village school. A night journey brought me at early morn to a far-away station, where was a junction with the Marietta and Cincinnati Railway. New-comerstown it was called; and I felt very much as a new comer when in the grey dawn I sought out some hotel where breakfast might be got before taking the train for Marietta. I found the hotel, got the breakfast, and started by an "accommodation" train. Speed was sacrificed to "accommodation," and we made our slow way, passing Dexter and Cambridge, Elba and Caldwell, Whipple and Salem, Hiramburg and Post-boy. As I journeyed, the conductor put his head into the car to inquire whether I was "on board." Answering with a prompt "Here!" on I went until at a station a short distance from Marietta an Englishman entered the car and greeted me heartily. He had been a fellow passenger on board the ship in which I had sailed to New York, and was then staying at Marietta to look after the interests of some English shareholders in the railway on which we were travelling. He brought an invitation from the gentleman who superintended the line, and who, on our reaching our destination, renewed in person his hospitable offer. To his house I went, and there found that frank, gracious, and hearty kindness so general among the Americans. This hospitality is as careful as it is courteous: from the time that an American host receives you till the time of departure he takes you into his charge, sees that you see what you wish to see, helps you to find what you wish to find, and to know what you desire to know. Go where I would in the United States or in Canada, I met with this painstaking kindness and this patient care. Marietta is a picturesquely situated town at the confluence of the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers, and is separated from Virginia by

Ohio River, which at the time I there saw it was, from long night, almost fordable. The town is the oldest in the State, having been settled in 1788 by a company of New Englanders under the command of General Putnam, and it is now flourishing as the centre of a large trade in petroleum and the seat of iron foundries and chair factories. It is a sunny, pleasant looking place, with a college, good schools, and public buildings, and that charm of American towns, not for shade and beauty's sake.

The course of lectures in which I was to take part was under the management of the senior class of the college, and before the hour of going to the lecture-room these young gentlemen called upon me at the house of my hospitable host. A bright, intelligent, courteous group of young men these students were. On arriving on the platform of the large lecture-room I was surprised and a little disappointed to find the seats nearest to me empty, and the large audience crowded into those farthest away. I asked the chairman how this was, and he replied that the front seats were unfavourable for hearing. Before I had spoken many minutes a general move was made from the back to the front. Again I appealed to the chairman, when he told me that they could not hear in the back seats. Wondering where then they could hear, I went on with my discourse, which I afterwards found was heard by some and not by others. Of course I was blamed by some for the defects of the room, at which I was not surprised, being accustomed to be blamed when the ignorance of architects or the deafness of auditors makes hearing difficult or impossible. I remembered an old gentleman who had long been accustomed to listen to me, and when the deafness of age came on combined that "that young Dawson" (this was a long time ago) "did not speak as clearly as he used to do." The lecture-rooms in America are often too large, being built as Court Houses, assembly rooms, and concert halls, and therefore taxing the voice too much for the quiet monologue of a lecture.

Finding next day that the Court House was open and trials going on I entered, and took a seat among the spectators. In a short time a lawyer, a Welshman who had known me of old in South Wales, came to me and after a warm greeting told me that the Court was about to adjourn for luncheon, and that after that a trial for assault and battery would come on. I adjourned and returned, upon an introduction to the judge and an invitation to take a seat within the bar followed. The Court House was a large room, as large as it could be, with an elevated seat for the judge, a railed-off space for the lawyers, the jury, the witnesses, and the prisoners. The

oaths were administered with simple gravity and without any kissing of the book. The judge took his seat, the jury took theirs, the prisoners theirs, and the witnesses theirs; all sat and remained seated. The complainants sat between the judge and the jury, facing the prisoners, and at right angles to the jury.

The complainants, two in number, stated their case, and were cross-examined; the defendants stated their case, and were cross-examined; witnesses to character were called; the lawyers waived their right to address the jury (at which I was somewhat disappointed), and the judge summed up with admirable clearness and commendable brevity, and a verdict of acquittal followed. During the trial the wife of the elder defendant went within the bar, and sitting down by her husband and son, gave the baby into her husband's arms, in which welcome place the little one calmly slept. Occasionally a jurymen lifted up his heels and a lawyer exalted his boots; the judge wore no gown, and he and the lawyers wore their own hair and that alone. There was a free and easy air about the whole proceedings, I felt that here was a family examining into a charge of bad behaviour against two of its members, rather than a Government trying two prisoners for sinning against itself. Though all was so homely, judgment and justice, acuteness and common sense, ruled over all, and had the verdict been "guilty," the two sinners would have been marched off to prison as surely and as safely as they would have been in countries where tradition and custom surround judges and justice with the pomp and circumstance of olden times. To my pleasure in watching this trial there was one drawback: the judge spat, the lawyer spat, the jury, the witnesses, the audience, all, with few exceptions, spat, with regularity and frequency. In a pause in the proceedings I could hear the spitting like the first big drops of a summer shower. Even this, unfortunately, did but add to the homely and familiar character of the scene. Returning to my host's, I found a pleasant company assembled, professors from the college and others; and we had a lively discussion on free trade, and especially on an argument in favour of protection put forth by a learned professor of Harvard, who maintains that the United States are "cursed" by the facilities for agriculture caused by the abundance of fruitful land and its wide extent, which scatters the population and so hinders the civilisation which is created by the bringing together of men into large cities; and that to maintain these cities manufactures are necessary, and to maintain the manufactures protection is essential. Another night journey cut short the conversation as far as I was concerned, and I left Marietta with a lively remembrance of the pleasant

hours I had spent in it and of the pleasant people who had been so kind to me.

The smaller the town the more conspicuous is the school-house ; its height towers above the other buildings, and its only rival is the white wooden spire of the church. The school-houses are built very much upon one model, the class-rooms are numerous and convenient, and the playgrounds often larger than present needs require ; for the Americans expect to grow and therefore provide for the future. The school has more to do than to educate the children : it is the mill, so to speak, into which go children of English, Scotch, Irish, German, Russian, Italian, and Scandinavian parents, and come out Americans. Africa contributes its negroes, and now Asia is sending its Chinese. All must learn English, and the result will soon be that the population of the United States will be the most homogeneous of modern nations. Far from the great cities there is little or no choice of schools ; there is but one school in many places, and that is a good one, and all classes of children go to it. If any one does not choose that his children should mix with all the children of his neighbours he must have them taught at home, or send them away to some boarding school. I was unable to see or to hear of any ill effects arising from this mingling of classes, and I attribute the superior good manners of (what would be called in England) the lower classes in the United States to this early meeting with those above them. Possibly some vain ambitions may be stirred up, or some undesirable finery may be worn, but these are small evils compared with the strong feeling of fellow-citizenship which is created. The girls are sent to school clean and smart, and, even if a little too smart, feathers are better than filth, and a ring on the finger may be forgiven in the absence of holes in the stockings or rags on the back. One of my Ohio hosts told me that as I was a stranger he would just give me preliminary notice that the servants, as we English called them, would take the meals with us, adding that they would not come to help unless they did so live with the family. I told him that the arrangement would not disturb nor disgust me. At dinner time the gentleman who had taken the horse out of the buggy and the young lady who helped to make the beds took their seats at the dinner table, and very well behaved people they were ; they had been to the same school as the master and mistress ! I had seen a somewhat similar state of things in Wiltshire when I was a boy ; but there the labourers had little or no education, and a sheepish silence or a boorish bluster showed how little they were at their ease. The difficulty of getting servants in the cities of America is great and greatening, and were it not for the immigration

of Europeans sufficient help could not be got. Some of the most exacting of servants are not American born, and many an odd tale may be heard of the airs and graces of damsels of Irish birth or extraction. A gentleman happened to be in his own city drawing-room when his wife was trying to come to terms with a young lady who was condescending enough to propose to come as help. At length his patience gave way at hearing the many conditions proposed, and he turned suddenly to the damsel and asked her if she could play the piano. She replied that she was sorry that she could not. "Then," said he, "you will not do for us"; and so the interview closed. These difficulties about servants will increase until sensible people will do much of their own work, and so show that in such work there is no disgrace, and find that in doing it themselves there is a great gain of efficiency and peace. By some it is thought that the Chinese will become the domestic servants of the United States, and already Chinese laundries are established in Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities, and the Chinamen wash and iron in a way that few women can rival and none excel.

The schools I visited in Ohio were well appointed and well taught, the children clean, orderly, and intelligent, the teachers evidently well qualified for their work, which they seemed thoroughly to love. In some schools boys and girls were mixed in the classes; in some city schools they are separated. The schools are free schools, and I had some trouble to make it plain as a fact, though I could not make it clear as wisdom or justice, that we have education rates, compulsion, and school fees. The eyebrows of astonishment were lifted that rate-supported schools should not be free schools. Compulsion is not common in America, but it has begun, and will, if necessary, become universal, for there no one doubts that the State should see that every child has education enough to understand his duties as a citizen and to discharge them, and to do intelligently the work that he has to do in life. There is difference of opinion as to how far education should go, and as to whether the higher education, which can but be the good fortune of the few, ought to be paid for by the many. That question will have to be discussed hereafter in England and in America. All agree that all ought to have enough to start them in life and to make them intelligent citizens. All are not agreed that the Latin language or the higher mathematics should be taught at the public expense. Entering one of the class-rooms of the High School for girls in Philadelphia, I was somewhat surprised and amused to hear the teacher putting the question to her class, "What personal defect had Lord Byron?" This was promptly answered, and was followed by questions as to the effect

on his lordship's feelings which this defect in his beauty produced. Though I asked the young ladies a few questions I had not time to find out how far they were acquainted with the works of the noble bard. I mention this as an instance of what is regarded as at least debateable, the extent to which free education should be given. That there are defects in American schools the Americans are well aware, and many earnest men and women are seriously considering how the system may be amended. My opinion, whatever it may be worth, is that the schools of the United States are below the German standard and above the English. One lamentable want is the teaching of political economy, the laws of which can be made plain to children above ten or twelve years of age. The result is that in America, as in England, the foolishness about rag money, greenbacks, strikes, wages, and prices abound; sentimentalisms about luxury, usury, and capital are common, and absurd talk goes on about "manifest destiny"; and to some annexation of Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and what not seems more desirable than the use of those countries to be got by free trade with them without the trouble and difficulty of governing them. The United States have lands and to spare; to fill them with homogeneous people is work enough for long years to come; and a nobler work than to covet and win Mexico, Central America, and countries filled with alien races. The terrible war, from the effects of which the United States have not recovered, may teach a wiser ambition than that indicated in a remarkable speech made at St. Paul, in Minnesota, in 1860 by Mr. Seward, in which he said:—"In other days I have cast about for the future, the ultimate central seat of power of the North American people. I had looked at Quebec and New Orleans, at Washington and San Francisco, at Cincinnati and St. Louis, and it had been the result of my last conjecture that the seat of power for North America would yet be found in the valley of Mexico; that the glories of the Aztec capital would be renewed, and that it would become ultimately the capital of the United States of America. But I have corrected this view, and I now believe that the ultimate last seat of power on this continent will be found somewhere within a radius not very far from the spot where I stand, at the head of the navigation on the Mississippi River. I had never until now occupied that place whence I could take in a grasp the whole grand panorama of the continent, for the happiness of whose present people, and future millions, it is the duty of the American statesman to labour."

IS VERSE A TRAMMEL?

BY T. S. OMOND.

Johnson.—"But, Mr. Bayes, pray why is this scene all in verse?"

Bayes.—"Oh, sir, the subject is too great for prose."

Smith.—"Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer."

—*The Rehearsal.*

THE law as laid down in the above quotation from the witty Duke of Buckingham's play, wherein he satirised Dryden and the mouthing tragedy-mongers of his time, as Sheridan (taking the hint from him) did the bombastic emptiness of his contemporaries in the "Critic," has always been held to give truly enough the philosophy of the matter. It has been believed that in certain moods, under the inspiration of high imaginings, the poet naturally and without compulsion expressed himself in regular periods, verse being not an added ornament, but the mould into which his utterances spontaneously flowed. Our age, however, critical and sceptical here as elsewhere, has ventured to question the propriety of this law; and an article* in the February number of this magazine emphatically hailed such distrust of verse as an upward movement in the history of poetry. Without any wish to enter into controversy with the writer of that interesting article, I should yet like to dwell a little longer on some of his positions.

And first I agree with him in this, that whatever else we may think or say about Walt Whitman, he is unmistakably a poet, and to have his pages to refer to in the consideration of this question is all in all to us. For the critic can at best only collate the past: he cannot predict the future. It is his to say what poets have done, in what forms they have expressed their visions; but he steps beyond his province when he attempts to dictate what, therefore, the future poet *shall* do. He can but gather hints, and suggestions, and probabilities. The afflatus of poetry has—
—with reverence be it said—something divine about it, and blows where it lists. The singer, like Shakespeare's Cæsar, "doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus," with face upturned to heaven and we petty men "peep about under his huge legs," and listen and

* "The Trammels of Poetic Expression." By Arthur Clive. *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, page 184.

catch fragments of his song, which we piece together, and analyse, and explain, while still the mighty voice peals on above, in godlike contempt of our ingenious prosody.

Nevertheless, all created beings obey the law of their nature. Freedom is not obtained by defiance of restraint; the highest freedom can be reached only by obedience. Music is the ordered succession of sweet sounds, and these in its freest and wildest strain obey the laws of sound. So the singer, free and uncontrolled by scholiast and critic, is none the less, but all the more on that account, obedient to the laws of song. By his very nature he follows them; he alone has an intuitive perception of them. We can get to know them only by induction, and even then we only acquire a lip-knowledge—speculative, not practical. Burns did not study syntax or prosody in order to write poetry; nor can our study of his metres and language enable us to write like Burns. Still, we are able to discover what the laws were in obedience to which Burns, or Milton, or Homer sang. And if we find, amid great diversity, one law which all these three, and all poets whatsoever, have obeyed, the presumption grows strong that this particular law is a necessary canon of all poetry. It is still only a presumption, a probability; but it is a very strong one.

Now, such a law, it appears at first sight, we find in the necessity of rhythmical expression. Verse of some kind is common to all poetry. Not, necessarily, verse with an equal number of feet in each line: still less, rhyming or alliterative verse. These last are clearly accidents, extraneous ornaments of metre. But metrical form of some sort, rhythmical cadence, periodic recurrence of rise and fall, of beginning and termination, this is to be found in all poetry, and seems, indeed, its very touchstone. Is it not thus that we popularly distinguish between poetry and poetical prose? There seems some confusion in talking of "rhythmical prose" as distinguished from verse. If prose may be as rhythmical as we like without ceasing to be prose, and verse as irregular as we please without ceasing to be verse, where does the one end and the other begin?

To illustrate what seems to me the distinction between verse and prose, I will quote a sample of each. To set it in its strongest light, the verse shall be halting and poor, the prose highly wrought and masterful. I take the former from Macpherson's stilted version of the Ossianic poems, the latter from that master of English prose, De Quincey:—

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, whence are thy beams, O Sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave: but thou *thyself* movest alone. Who can be a companion of the

course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the Moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. . . . But on Ossian thou shinest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the Moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

—Martyrdom it is, and no less, to revivify by effect of your own, or passively to see revived, in defiance of your own fierce resistance, the gorgeous spectacles of your visionary morning life, or of your too rapturous noontide, relieved upon a background of funeral darkness. Such poisonous transfigurations, by which the paradise of youthful hours is forced into distilling demoniac misery for ruined nerves, exist for many a profound sensibility. And, as regards myself, touch but some particular key of laughter and of echoing music, sound but for a moment one bar of preparation, and immediately the pomps and glory of all that has composed for me the delirious vision of life reawaken for torment; the orchestras of the earth open simultaneously to my inner ear; and in a moment I behold, forming themselves into solemn groups and processions, and passing over sad phantom stages, all that chiefly I have loved, or in whose behalf chiefly I have abhorred and cursed the grave—all that should *not* have died, yet died; the soonest—the brilliant, the noble, the wise, the innocent, the brave, the beautiful.

Though both of these passages are written as prose—though the former labours under all the disadvantages of being a translation, and apparently far from a good one, while the latter stands before us as it left the master's hand—though in all respects of music and meaning and force and revelation and majesty the latter has by far the pre-eminence—nevertheless we unquestionably call the former poetry, and the latter poetical prose. What makes the difference? What but this, that De Quincey's magnificent periods are infinitely diversified, and conform to no standard of cadence; while Ossian's stately monotone preserves uniformity in diversity, manifesting marked recurrence of cadence, irregular, but still metrical? Uniformity in diversity, in a word, is the test and touchstone of poetry on its structural or mechanical side. Prose obeys no law of recurrence: it is *oratio soluta*, speech wandering on at its own sweet will; poetry is *oratio vincula*, speech conforming to certain structural rhythm and cadence.

That this distinction is imperfectly apprehended in Mr. Clive's article appears from the extraordinary assertion that the Hebrew poets wrote in prose. I am not acquainted with the "Handbook of Hebrew Antiquities" referred to, nor can I speak of my own knowledge as to the peculiarities of their metre. But that a metre

some kind is discernible in the Psalms, for example, has been acknowledged in almost all times, and is surely apparent enough even in our translation. It is generally said that this metre consisted mainly of parallelism, the lines not being of uniform length, but still forming couplets of definite cadence. We cannot of course expect our translation to reproduce this metre, and therefore it is printed as prose: but traces of it sufficiently appear, just as they do in Macpherson's prose translation of Ossian. As an example, take the passage quoted as a specimen of Hebrew prose from the Book of Job:—

Let the day perish wherein I was born,
 And the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived;
 Let that day be darkness, let not God regard it from above,
 Neither let the light shine upon it.
 Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it, let a cloud dwell upon it;
 Let the blackness of the day terrify it.
 As for that night, let darkness seize upon it
 Let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number
 of the months.
 Let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein;
 Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning.

As I have said, this translation does not reproduce the cadences of the original, and therefore my lines may be wrongly divided, and many of them seem clumsy and inharmonious: but surely even through the gross medium of translation some traces of the original metre and music sufficiently appear.

That poetry may be divorced from metre is no such new doctrine. "It is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesie," says Sir Philip Sidney in his "Defence of Poesie"; "one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry." Sidney, however, uses the word "poet" in a wide sense, including under it all creators or writers of imaginative literature, all authors of fiction, or as he terms it "feigning." But when the term "poet" is narrowed to its ordinary significance this dictum holds no longer true. Rhyme, indeed, is clearly adventitious, though even rhyme is no such late "invention of a barbarous age" as Milton asserted and most people believe. The traces of it in classical poetry are more numerous than is commonly imagined, and so capable a critic as Ferdinand Wolf believed the ancient ballad poetry of Rome to have been rhymed, citing such fragments as that of Ennius:—

Haec omnia vidi inflammari,
 Priamo vi vitam evitari,
 Jovis aram sanguine turpari.

On this, however, I do not insist. Rhyme is no necessary part of poetry. But with regard to verse the case is different. That later and grander "Defence of Poetry," which is cited to prove that Shelley held metre to be "but an accident of poetry," in reality treats the subject in a far deeper and truer spirit. For, just before, he has told us that "the popular division into prose and verse is inadmissible in accurate philosophy"; and he substitutes for it a distinction into "measured and unmeasured language," which substantially coincides with that laid down in this article. To suppose, indeed, that Shelley yielded to the tyranny of Custom when he wrote in verse—that he "condescended to harass his own tameless soul, and worked in chains"—is, I think, an absurdity which refutes itself. The necessity for metrical expression came from within, not from without: he felt, as he taught, that the influence of poetical language was due to the order and harmony of the sounds, no less than the meaning the words conveyed.

But what, it may be asked, is the use of debating about theories? One page of Walt Whitman is of more authority than all your philosophising. Now we have already agreed that the critic is not to dictate. But it must not be supposed that therefore he is not to criticise. There is bad poetry in the world as well as good, and the critic has to sort the one from the other. He is not to tell the poet what he shall sing; but it is his province to pronounce how he has sung. The time seems to have come for taking a dispassionate view of Whitman's achievements. The enthusiastic partisanship, along with the contemptuous rejection which in some measure gave it birth, may yield place to more impartial criticism. That Whitman is a poet no one surely will now deny. That he has written much exceedingly bad poetry, much that is totally unworthy of the name of poetry, ought surely to be equally acknowledged. To tell the truth, Whitman has qualities which seriously interfere with his genuine poetical powers. He is too self-conscious, too much wedded to certain theories, in fact a little too much of a doctrinaire, to attain that high self-forgetfulness which is essential to poetic truth. It is not that the man poses: one is often tempted to say so, but I think wrongly. It is Walt Whitman himself, in his native unaffected simplicity, who is posturing before our eyes in attitudes that seem theatrical. But he always remembers who and where he is. He has a theory to accomplish, a philosophy to translate into fact. He is the day-star of a new order, the herald of that democracy which fills his dreams. This democracy is not yet recognised by the world. It has still to vindicate its position, to claim its rightful

ity. He sees that "Democracy can never prove itself beyond until it founds and luxuriantly grows its own forms of arts, schools, theology, displacing all that exists, or that has been used anywhere in the past, under opposite influences." ("Democratical Vistas" p. 5.) He sets himself, consciously sets himself, to supply this want, in so far as one man can. He endeavours, consciously endeavours, to get rid of all old historic traditions, customs, trammels. He will write the poetry of democracy, such as *a priori* grounds it appears it must and will be. We may agree to his theories and respect his endeavours, while yet doubting whether the effect can be thus produced. Great movements grow of themselves. You cannot rear oaks in a hot-house, to supply an avenue to some parvenu's mansion. What the future has in store for American literature we shall seek in vain to guess. The instances are unlike any that the world has seen before; and the course of history, one hopes and believes, will not repeat the

Walt Whitman may be the pioneer of a new nationality of

We should have more hope of it if he did not so apparently assume to himself to assume that duty. Still, pioneer or no, it cannot but be important for us to see what are the characteristics of this strange outlandish poetry.

Has Whitman abjured verse? The statement is incorrect at once. "Leaves of Grass" is not printed in the same form as "Democratical Vistas." The latter is a prose pamphlet: the former is a collection of poems, written in exceedingly irregular verse. The verse varies greatly in its character. Occasionally it sinks into any metre, not disdaining even the assistance of rhyme:—

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Other times it expands into paragraphs, each occupying half a page, containing possibly nothing but a string of names, and bearing about as much resemblance to poetry, commonly so called, as the first part of Chronicles. But what is especially to be observed in connection with our subject is that in all his most passionate passages, whenever the thoughts are earnest and glowing and "poetical," the language instantly assumes a metrical cadence. Can the dullest ear miss the music in that grand and solemn dirge, "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn"?

Lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,

The great star early drooped in the western sky in the night;

'Tid—and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

O ever-returning spring! trinity sure to me you bring:
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?

Yet each I keep and all, retrievements out of the night;
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star, with the countenance full of woe,
With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering odour;
With the holders holding my hand, hearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine, and I in the midst, and their memory ever I keep—for the dead
I loved so well;
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands....and this for his dear
sake;
Lilac and star and bird, twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines, and the cedars dusk and dim.

This is Walt Whitman at his best. The most sceptical must recognise this as poetry. There is much that perplexes, even in these selected lines; one needs to be used to his terminology, to acclimatise oneself to his atmosphere. But there is the ring of poetry about it; and how much of that, think you, is due to the structural characteristics of the verse? Take him in another mood: read (for space forbids my quoting) the "reminiscence of the vulgar fate" of a stage-driver in his poem called "To think of Time." The description is most picturesque, the scene is vividly realised; with few touches the life of the driver is put before you, your sympathies are roused, vague thoughts of life and death crowd on you: yet you do not call it poetry, any more than a chapter of Dickens is poetry. The jerky clauses, the interminable paragraphs, these it is which come between you and the poet: it is a mere prose description.

This is not the place for a detailed examination of Whitman's poetry. The key-note of my criticism, however, has been sufficiently struck; the rest would consist of expounding and illustrating it. That criticism, after all, would not differ in its results very much from that of the article I am discussing. Only I want some more rigorous definition of the difference between prose and verse. I cannot admit a difference which depends merely on arrangement of type. I cannot allow that a passage from Milton becomes prose merely because it is printed as such. Our custom of printing in lines is merely to assist the reader. "He above the rest in shape and gesture proudly eminent stood like a tower" is not prose: but

that the reader may easily catch the splendid effect of the way in which those last four words come in, the passage is generally printed—

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower.

To imagine that verse is merely prose cut up into lengths is an error outstultifying the worst that the school of Pope ever committed. In the last dreary days of the decline of that once brilliant school, to possess ten syllables exactly was indeed held to be an essential feature of the heroic line: it was never held to be its sole criterion. He has yet to learn the elements of poetic expression who believes that metre is an adventitious garment, which a poet can don or doff at pleasure.

“The style,” said Buffon, “is the man.” Certainly style, if it be a garment at all, is a garment only in the sense in which the skin of an animal is its garment; part and parcel of the living organism. When a poet burns to express some high thought we are not to imagine that he casts about how he shall express it; no, the expression comes to him as part of the thought: to change the form of expression is to change the thought itself. Now, as a matter of history, one universal feature in all poets’ expression has been that it is metrical. From Moses and Homer down to Swinburne and Whitman the case has been invariably the same; the differences have been only in degree, in regularity of verse. Therefore it is that we have given them the name of poets. Why else should they be distinguished from the bulk of other writers? They are so distinguished, as singers; we have always recognised a distinction between poetry and prose, between *oratio soluta* and *oratio vincata*. That this distinction will never be abrogated it would be presumptuous to affirm. The vulgar idea that all poetical thoughts should be expressed in measured, all merely historical and dialectical in unmeasured language, is a deduction from the common rule. But that rule has never been absolute. It is not merely in our day that poetical prose has been written. The Periclean, the Augustan, the Elizabethan ages, all cultivated it highly. That Whitman should write poetical prose is therefore not a thing to be wondered at, nor does it necessarily break down for ever the barriers between prose and verse. But if it be found that he, too, in his most imaginative moods, in the moments when his genuine inspiration is strongest, tends, as all his predecessors have done, to find more fullness and satisfaction in measured and metrical language, the presumption grows stronger than ever that music and metrical cadence are a law of poetic expression.

Why this should be so is a question on which one scarcely likes to enter at a moment's notice. Yet the style in which the subject is dismissed in the article referred to tempts me to say a word on the matter. To compare verse to "Kentish fire," to regard lines as "monotonous divisions of empty noise," is doubtless the logical result of seeing nothing in metre but "trammels." Here at least the writer of that article is to be credited with the originality which he with less reason imagines to belong to his general discussion. But the least reverential mind may well be excused for hesitating to accept such teaching; and a little reflection will show us that the great poets of all ages have not been mere slaves of Custom when they worked in the "fetters" of metre.

The love of order is the product of civilisation. The savage can glory in freedom. The uneducated or ill-educated can exult in the unimpeded play of passion, careless of fitness or consequences. The mark of the awakening soul is to prefer the common weal to selfish pleasure. As civilisation advances, this tendency becomes stronger, it is apt to run into excess, to unjustly depreciate freedom. The aim of the jurist is therefore to advance both equally: his watch-words are order and liberty. To mature thought, it appears that the one is best attained through the other. As Goethe says:—

In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.

Freedom, in other words, is best attained by harmony with the conditions of life. Therefore, when we see a mind working harmoniously, without useless rebellion and without defeat, the spectacle gratifies both these fundamental instincts. We see freedom conjoined with order, and finding its highest development in order. But the use of the word "harmoniously" to describe such working tells us where such enjoyment is most commonly to be met with. It is in musical sound that the most satisfying example of such union is discovered; hence the word *harmony*, which we have learned to extend so widely. To produce order from chaos—to acquire mastery over the mob of common sounds, so often harsh and dissonant—and to do this by one's own endeavour, by impressing one's own personality on the shapeless mass—this is the triumph of art, and yields the purest enjoyment even to the bystander. The love of freedom, so sorely crushed by the tyranny of modern life, is satisfied without conflicting with that other and too often contradictory passion, the love of order. Not only do they not conflict, but each assists and sustains the other. The rudest form of this enjoyment may be "Kentish fire": the most perfect is the music of Milton or Beethoven. We are not ashamed of its lowly beginnings. Rather we would call attention to the

universality of its rudimentary forms. Two blacksmiths hammering on an anvil will keep time. Two strangers foregathering on their journey will keep step. The clodhopper listens with delight to the tramp of a marching regiment. Each in his way, however rude and simple, testifies to that love of rhythmic movement whose roots lie far deeper than any sensuous pleasure, deep in the fundamental instincts of our nature.

This same passion it is which finds joy in poetical metre. Common talk is but a babel of sounds; even prose periods are too complex and too ponderous; for the simpler and more delicate effects it must look to the poet's verse. Simplicity is not fatal to greatness; the ear may be cloyed with richness or stunned with massive majesty. Were this passion the only motive, the only desire to be gratified, we should never get beyond the simplest tunes, the most obvious forms of metre. But other needs come into play. Variety is as necessary as simplicity. To strike the balance between these two, to feed with proportioned pleasure all passions and appetencies of our nature, to gratify each changing impulse, so that satiety and weariness are undreamt of, this is the crown and glory of the perfect poet. Different ears will admire different singers: for one, the Miltonic grandeur; for another, the infinity of Shakespeare. For one, the aerial harmonies and fiery speed of Shelley; for another, the conscious richness and dreamful calm of Tennyson. But no poet can cut himself off from his hearers, so far as we can judge by history, and refuse to satisfy this craving: it is not his nature to do so, he is heart and soul a singer. And he whose nature is different, who knows not the desire of song, is *ipso facto* no poet. Nature has given him other work to do, and he records his teaching in solid prose.


And now to apply these remarks to the positions of the article before us. Mr. Clive may perhaps contend that his theory is the same as mine; that the difference is a matter of words; that what we call irregular verse he calls rhythmic prose, while by "verse" he means the recurrence of lines of equal length at stated if not uniform intervals. I certainly have difficulty in understanding how he would define his terms. The following sentences, which occur near the end consecutively, seem to me so directly contradictory that I marvel the same pen could write them:—"As to harmony and numbers, of this I am sure, that a great music flows naturally out of great thoughts, and is inseparable from exalted passion. This, too, I will say, that music is an accident, and by no means the soul of great thought and feeling, and of what we term poetry." If music is a natural outflow and inseparable accompaniment of poetry, I do

not see how it is not of the soul of poetry. Nowhere but in formal logic can an essential quality be distinguished from an inseparable accident. Grant me that music is inseparable from poetry, and I care not whether or no it be pronounced of its essence. The first of these two sentences expresses what seems to me the truth. Had this been the fixed creed of its writer, he could never have denied that metre is the natural expression of poetry, or talked of the divine muse being taught her steps by a dancing-master. For metre cannot be restricted to mean iambic or hexameter, blank or heroic verse. The only logical distinction, as Shelley has taught us, is into measured and unmeasured language. Whitman writes in metre on the burial of Lincoln, in prose on the burial of the stage-driver. We accept his verse and his prose with gratitude, but only in consideration of the former do we call him poet. He has preferred the less regular forms of metre, and frequently exchanges it for prose. We do not deny his right to do so: we take for granted that so his nature leads him. But we see that by so restricting himself he has shut himself out from certain fields, while he has opened others hitherto scarcely trodden. We welcome his large, profound, and simple cadences: we look elsewhere for delicate, elaborate, voluptuous harmony. The lover of poetry cannot afford to dispense with either. But he cannot conceive the possibility of having to dispense with both. He knows that harmony is the law of the universe, and music its unceasing expression: that the stars in their courses have rhythmic movements, and the spheric chime is a reality to reason. He sees the same law working in human life, and expressing itself in human action. And, above all, he hears it in those accents which have ever been held to be in the highest degree "inspired," in that rhythm or musical modulation in which the poet has always spoken, in which the highest truths of insight and imagination tend naturally and most perfectly to express themselves, coming before the singer's mind not harsh and needing his tuning, but framed in spontaneous cadence, "high thoughts," in fact, "to their own music chanted." Not the philosopher, the prose thinker, he sees, is the highest in the world of thought: the fateful doors open to the sacred spell of music: it is Apollo, the supreme singer, who looks round on nature, and exclaims--

I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine, are mine;
All light of art or nature; to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

THE PUNISHMENT OF FLOGGING.

BY J. ROLAND PHILLIPS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

T took us a long time to give up in this country the Mosaic idea of the retributiveness of punishment, and to adopt the more humane and politic principle that punishment should be reformatory and not vindictive, and should be inflicted only so far as it is supposed to have a deterrent influence. Time was when our law sanctioned the most brutal and degrading punishments for the most trifling offences. The drunkard was placed in the stocks, the woman of loose character was ducked in a pond, the beggar was whipped through the streets at the cart-tail, the pillory was in vogue, and hanging was not considered out of proportion to theft. And though the most able jurists, like Coke, aver that torture for the purpose of obtaining evidence was repugnant to the spirit of the law, yet torture was constantly resorted to up to the sixteenth century. Our criminal law was barbarous to a degree, and unworthy of any civilised country. Even in this nineteenth century men have been brought to the gallows for forgery and sheep stealing. Those were the days of heroic remedies, and if brutal punishments have the deterrent influence which we are now asked to believe they have England ought to have been a very paradise to dwell in, where violence was punished with violence, and the *lex talionis* prevailed. Still it was not found to answer. Notwithstanding the terrible penalties of the law, crime flourished to such an extent that the feelings of Englishmen were shocked at the frequency of capital punishment, and a new school of jurists became clamorous for reform. When the Legislature thought the time had come to readjust penalties and to do away with punishments so out of proportion to the offence, there were plenty of people who fancied that the ruin of the country would be involved in the change, and that society would be at the mercy of the criminal classes. There was no lack of advocates for the continuance of the old state of things, and prominent amongst these were our judges. But the good sense of the nation prevailed, the change was effected, punishment was better proportioned to the offence, and for an entirely different object, and crime did not increase. It was not until flogging had utterly broken down as an instrument for the repression of crime that it was cast aside. And

there has been no cause to regret the abandonment of the lash, for crime has not increased and life and property were never more secure than they are at present.

Unfortunately, however, the advocates of the lash had not died out when, some twelve years ago, a panic took hold of the public mind, and there was a great outcry for its revival.

In the autumn of 1862 several cases of robbery with violence took place in the streets of London. Timid people were frightened out of their wits, and to venture out in the dark was considered the height of foolhardiness. Probably there was an increase in cases of street robberies during that autumn, but there really was no sufficient cause for the alarm which took hold of the public mind. It should be remembered that the autumn of 1862 was an exceptional season. It was the year of the Great Exhibition. The streets of London were thronged with country people, who flocked up to town in thousands daily to see the sights that were to be seen. These were about town at all hours of the day, and until late at night. As a rule they carried their pocket money about their persons, and, being easily distinguishable from metropolitan residents, they offered an easy prey to thieves and pickpockets. Now there can be little doubt that the London thieves were strongly reinforced from the country, the chances of prey being so great. It was also the year of the Cotton Famine—a year of great stagnation of trade, of great idleness, and of great suffering. The streets of the metropolis were crowded by hundreds of ruffians who endeavoured to palm themselves off as Lancashire operatives to impose upon the public, and these were nearly all of the criminal classes. Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, was implored to deal with the matter. He refused to do so until he had investigated the subject, and the result of a careful inquiry went to show that there had been great exaggerations, and that the aspect of most of the cases was not nearly so bad as had been described. He further came to the conclusion that the law was sufficiently stringent to deal with the evil, and that the vigilance of the police had restored the public safety. In fact, the few garotters who were brought to justice were sufficiently dealt with in November of that year by Mr. Baron Bramwell, and garotting properly so-called practically ceased. The panic had subsided, matters had assumed their normal state, and Sir George Grey declined to introduce exceptional and retrograde legislation where there was no sufficient and justifiable cause.

But the effect of the panic remained, and those whose predilections had been always in favour of corporal punishment found their

ends strengthened. Headed by Sir Charles Adderley, and backed by flogging colonels, they introduced a measure authorising the infliction of the lash in all cases of robbery with violence. The opposition to the measure, though it emanated from some of the very best men in the House of Commons, was not strong, and flogging was thus restored to our statutes, after it had been abandoned upon the most mature deliberation, and condemned by the best intelligence of the nation.

How has this Act answered? Readers of the newspapers have no doubt that the lash has succeeded in repressing garotting to a degree beyond the most sanguine expectations of its advocates. We are constantly told that the cat has most effectually put down garotting (and when I speak of garotting, I mean here and throughout this paper the crimes for which the lash may be inflicted), and this view seems to be adopted by many of our judges, who, from the position they occupy, might be expected to know the result. But the judges are not better qualified to answer this than anybody else. They possess no special or exclusive means of knowledge. It is purely a question of fact, and the Judicial Statistics afford the only data upon which a right conclusion can be formed. If criminal statistics prove anything—and I assume that they are perfectly trustworthy—they prove beyond all doubt the utter groundlessness of the notion that robberies with violence have been put a stop to. They prove that crime flourishes now as much as it did before the passing of the Act of 1863. And this, I contend, gives a direct denial to the assertion which is constantly made that the cat has been effectual. In 1861 the total number of robberies with violence committed in England and Wales was 501. In 1862 the number was 468. That was the year of panic, when we were assured that this crime was terribly on the increase. In 1863 the number was 497. That was the year when Parliament authorised flogging in order to put a stop to it. In that year several convicts were flogged throughout the country, and one would fancy that the number would be considerably reduced in the following year. But, strange to say, nothing of the sort happened. On the other hand, there was a very marked increase of robberies with violence, the total amounting to 513. 1865 showed an excess over this of three, and in 1866 the number reached 680. 694 robberies of this class took place in 1867, and in 1868, when the Act had been in force for five years and had received a fair trial, these offences had reached the alarming total of 703. In the face of this, What of the deterrent influence of the lash? In seven years the offence had increased fifty per cent. Does not that

show that flogging does not act as a deterrent, and that it has utterly broken down in the only sense in which its infliction could be justifiable?—that, in fact, it is no more than the most bare remnant of the *lex talionis*, and that its revival in our Penal Code was a retrograde act which has not been justified by the result. It is true that in 1873 the number of robberies amounted only to 439, but that makes us very little better off than we were in 1862, and we have no guarantee whatever that next year we may not have to record a very much larger number. So far as evidence goes, flogging has been a failure. And yet we are constantly told, and asked to believe, that the lash answers its purpose admirably, that it is thoroughly deterrent, that it is the most effective punishment that can be inflicted, and has entirely stopped garotting! A greater delusion, I think, could not prevail. The belief in the deterrent influence of the cat is utterly unwarranted by facts.

But lest some objection may be raised to the figures that I have quoted on the ground that they contain cases where the offender has not been brought to justice, and that it is therefore impossible to determine the degree of criminality involved in each case, I will point to another return in the Judicial Statistics which gives the numbers of *committals* for offences punishable by the lash, and these returns are even stronger in favour of my contention. They show beyond a doubt that instead of a diminution there has been a marked increase in the number of committals for offences for which flogging may be ordered. In the ten years preceding the passing of the Flogging Act of 1863 the number of such committals was 3,261. In the next ten years—1864 to 1873 inclusive—the number was 3,380. While if we take a period of five years only, the increase is still more remarkable. In the period 1858-1862 the number of committals was 1,450, while in the five years 1864-1868 the number got up to 1,910, showing a most unquestionable increase.

Again, much is made of the fact that no garotter has been flogged twice. That such is the case I am willing to admit—at any rate so far as I have been able to obtain any returns from the governors of our principal county gaols. It is inferred from this that the convict who has been flogged, when he has undergone the term of his imprisonment, although he may not abandon his criminal life, so dreads the lash that he exercises his ingenuity to keep out of its reach. But the inference is not warranted. The mere fact that a man has not been flogged twice is no proof that he has not twice been convicted of the crime for which the lash may be ordered. In his first offence he may have been tried before a judge who believes in flogging,

and for the second offence before one who does not.* The first would award the cat—the other would not. Moreover the life and actions of a criminal are not so recorded that there is a certainty about his previous convictions. A garotter flogged in Newgate may when he is let out quit his old haunts and visit the north. If brought up there for highway robbery there would be no absolute certainty of his being identified with the one flogged in Newgate, and his second flogging would be put down as his first. Besides the Act which authorises whipping has only been in force for some eleven years, and flogging is generally awarded as an accompaniment to a short term of penal servitude. Five years is the shortest period of penal servitude, so that the number of garotters who have been released is proportionately small, and the time since which they have been again let loose upon society has been short. When flogging was allowed in the army it was a well known fact that the same men were over and over again flogged, and the experience of governors of gaols goes to show that men have been flogged for breach of prison discipline more than once. This is good evidence that the lash does not act as a deterrent even upon the individual himself, while the statistics which I have given show that it has not succeeded in the repression of robberies with violence.

And now again, as in 1862, there is a loud demand for the lash. We are assured that crimes of violence, especially aggravated assaults upon women and children, have of late increased to a terrible and most unprecedented extent. Some papers have gone so far as to devote a special column to the narration of such offences: recording every paltry case that they could lay hold of from Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Thus an impression has been created that crimes of this class have increased very much of late; and the result of the panic is a demand for the lash as the only effective punishment, on the ground that it has virtually put down the crimes for which it is legal to inflict it.

Is there any truth in the assertion that these particular crimes have been of late alarmingly increasing? With every confidence of being right, I venture to give the direct negative to this question. There has been no increase whatever. In the Judicial Statistics under the heading "Indictable Offences" we have a summary of the more serious cases. Under the heading "Assaults Inflicting Grievous

* Mr. Justice Denman says, "I have myself tried more than one prisoner for offences of that description [that is offences punishable with flogging] who had been flogged and imprisoned since 26 & 27 Vict. c. 34; and as far as I could judge they did not seem agreeably surprised when I gave them long periods of penal servitude, but the contrary."

"Bodily Harm" the number of cases during the last ten years has been as follows:—

1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873
281	295	272	295	409	395	362	314	360	381

which on the face of it shows a very marked increase, but it is explained by the fact that the magistrates instead of dealing with serious cases as if they were mere assaults have been led of late to send more cases for trial at the assizes. Under the heading "Aggravated Assaults on Women and Children" in the table which shows the number of cases summarily disposed of by magistrates we find the following figures:—

1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873
3043	3100	3047	2623	2690	2702	2571	2727	2608	2713

showing a decrease in actual numbers of 10 per cent. If to this we add for increase of population, the ratio of diminution is enhanced. Adding the two classes of offences together, we find the following:—

1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873
3324	3395	3319	2918	3099	3097	2933	3041	2968	3094

which also shows a very appreciable decrease. Indeed one very noticeable fact, which a study of the Judicial Statistics brings before one, is a general diminution of crime since the year 1869.

Statistics therefore show beyond a doubt that the present panic is due to ignorance of the real state of affairs and to erroneous impressions based upon insufficient data, or upon no data at all. The alarm is groundless. At any rate I have adduced facts, and the only facts which are available, in disproof thereof. And though I do not claim any infallibility for statistics I certainly do claim for them a greater value than for individual opinions.* What, then, becomes of the allegation that "crimes of violence have increased to an unprecedented extent"? The whole thing falls to the ground; and yet it is upon a foundation so false as this that the Legislature is pressed to introduce exceptional legislation. And what for? To meet a state of things which does not exist. I have already shown

* As a sample of individual opinion I may notice the answer of one stipendiary magistrate to Mr. Cross. Having read a pamphlet of the late Mr. Commissioner Hill, published in 1857, on Repression of Crime, in which no mention was made of crimes of violence, the inference is drawn that crimes of violence are of recent growth and did not then exist! The police superintendents of Manchester answer this very completely when they say that "brutal assaults are less frequent in proportion to the population than they were a few years ago, and very much less frequent if the comparison be made with twenty years ago."

that the demand for the lash is not supported by any evidence of its having repressed the crimes for which it may be inflicted. It has been freely administered by some of our judges. It has had a trial of ten years, and has failed. I have also endeavoured to show that there is no call for its extension to brutal assaults seeing that cases of this description are decreasing. And yet we are asked to adopt that most brutal and degrading punishment for offences which so vary in degree as to be utterly beyond definition.

The garotter and those who commit robbery with violence followed a desperate calling, and committed their offences deliberately and in cold blood. To these it may be imagined the punishment or chance of punishment was a matter of calculation. Garotting or throttling was effectually stamped out by the heavy sentences inflicted by Baron Bramwell before the Flogging Act was passed, and that Act, directed against robberies with violence, has not had that effect. And even assuming for the sake of argument that the cat in such cases has had a deterrent influence, it by no means follows that it would have the like effect in the repression of brutal assaults. In ninety cases out of a hundred these assaults are committed in hot blood, under the influence of drink, and very often under great provocation, when the calculation of the degree of punishment, or of any punishment at all, is entirely out of the question. Under these circumstances no punishment whatever can have a deterrent influence. So long as drunkenness prevails brutal assaults will be perpetrated, and until the whole moral tone of the people of this country shall have been elevated by education there will be acts of violence committed. It is not to the lash that we have to look for the repression of crimes of violence. The punishment of violence by violence will never cure the sore. The only wonder is that with the wretchedness and misery which pervade the lowest grade of society the evil is not far more glaring and more horrifying than it is.

Moreover, the law as it stands is amply sufficient to deal with all cases of this class. If the magistrates were not so enamoured of their summary powers or so anxious to save the rates they would commit the more grievous cases for trial before a higher tribunal, where the culprit could be dealt with in a proper manner. Of course it is a monstrous shame that a man who nearly murders his wife should receive less punishment than a boy who traps a rabbit, and it is this inequality and frequent inadequacy of punishment that is the real cause of the present outcry for more severe remedies.

The public indignation has been aroused chiefly through the absurd

measurement of punishments for offences of a totally different degree. But that is the fault of the administrators of the law rather than of the law itself. A steady and a resolute application of the severest penalties which the law now permits would be found ample to deal with all cases of brutal assaults. And so far as punishment can deter persons from the commission of violence, penal servitude would have as much, and more effect than flogging. Proof of this is given by the suppression of garotting (in the correct sense of the term) by means of the long terms inflicted upon garotters by Baron Bramwell at the Old Bailey in November, 1862.

Then let us consider for a moment what would be the consequence of punishing wife-beating by flogging. All those who have had anything to do with police-courts, or who read police reports, know how difficult it is to get a wife to prosecute her husband for ill-treating her. She does everything in her power to shelter him, and even if goaded by repeated brutalities to make a complaint, yet when she comes to the box and sees her husband in the dock she relents, and either refuses to give evidence or suppresses the truth, and often attributes the blame to herself. If that is so now when the punishment is a few months' imprisonment, and not considered very disgraceful by the neighbours in their own rank in life, how much more difficult it would be to get a wife to charge her husband with an offence which would for ever degrade him. Besides, how would he ever return to his family? How would he live with a wife who had caused him to undergo this punishment? You may depend upon it he would argue himself into the belief that he was more sinned against than sinning, and his wife in prosecuting him would become an object of deeper hatred. The wife would go in perpetual danger of her life. It may be said she does so now, but she does so in a far less degree than she would then. It would be a very dangerous experiment. More heinous crimes still might be the result. At all events a man convicted of wife-beating and flogged should never be allowed to go back again to his wife. The very fact of his having had the lash on the prosecution of the wife should have the effect of a judicial separation.

One of the most necessary elements in punishment is that it should be certain. Unless it is certain it cannot be deterrent, and must be unjust. At present the infliction of the lash is in the discretion of the judge. If extended to brutal assaults the probability is that it would still be in the same discretion. It would never do to make it peremptorily inflictible on a second or third conviction. For crimes of violence range in degree. It is clear,

therefore, that while some judges would freely use the lash, others would never resort to so shocking a punishment. Where would be the justice of this—where the certainty of punishment, and where the equality? If among the superior judges there is such divergence of opinion, extend the power to chairmen of quarter sessions and you enhance the uncertainty in the same ratio, while the proposition to confer the power on magistrates would make it more uncertain still. This last proposal fairly takes away my breath. Anything more monstrous the mind of man could not well devise. I really cannot find words strong enough to denounce a proposal so mischievous. And to confer the power on quarter sessions would be very little less objectionable. If we are going to revive a form of punishment which we gave up on mature deliberation and for a sufficient cause, and which is unknown in other civilised countries, let us at any rate guard against its abuse by restricting the number of those who may order its infliction.

I have no wish to be looked upon as given to humanitarianism, nor must it for a moment be fancied that I have the slightest sympathy for persons capable of brutal assaults. I have no desire that such ruffians should escape punishment nor that their punishment should be tempered with any maudlin mercy; but care should be taken that our efforts to protect the weak and to check brutality should not lead us to make offenders more brutal, and, by a greater degradation, render their reform impossible.

In the Blue Book just published, giving the opinions of the judges, chairmen of quarter sessions, recorders, magistrates, and police officials, in answer to a series of questions put to them by the Home Secretary, the questions put to the judges and the questions put to the police authorities are so different that unless carefully noticed they are likely to be misleading, while the absence of statistics is conspicuous. In fact the Blue Book is a collection of opinions of no very great value. It shows that the majority of the judges are in favour of the extension of the lash; but the only judge who attempts to deal with facts (Mr. Justice Lush) is flatly contradicted by Mr. Justice Keating and Mr. Justice Denman. Mr. Justice Keating, who appears to have been the only one who has deeply studied the question, is decidedly opposed to flogging, and I append the greater portion of his opinion:—

The punishment is simply retaliatory, a principle I had supposed long since exploded. It is also most unequal in its application; the number of lashes that would bring down the pulse of one man to a faint will be taken by another with comparative indifference, and yet the judge who passes the sentence has no

means of discriminating. It is true all punishments are more or less unequal, but their inequality can in some degree be corrected; but not so with the punishment of flogging. It is neither reformatory nor deterrent, which are the great objects of all punishments. It does not reform, for if the culprit be naturally brutal it makes him still more so, and if one was tempted to the commission of crime the flogging makes him desperate, stifles every regret or desire of amendment, and sends him forth a branded and hardened criminal. When flogging prevailed in the army and navy I believe that generally the same men were constantly punished for similar offences, and I should be surprised if a case could be found where a flogged man became less vicious. How far the effect of the late statute has been reformatory or deterrent is not easily traced; as far as my own experience goes I have observed no such effects. Some years since a brother judge at the Leeds Assizes ordered flogging in every case within the statute. I went to Leeds on the following circuit, and he wrote to me to inquire how far the result of his system had been salutary. I was obliged to inform him that the number of such cases happened to be considerably larger, so much so that I was forced to pass very severe sentences. I have been also told by another of my brethren that at the same town of Leeds he has had prisoners before him again charged having already been flogged, but the extent of this could be ascertained by returns, although ten or eleven years is not perhaps sufficient to test the full effects of such a statute. I have heard judges say that the sentence of flogging produces great terror and alarm, and I can well understand it; no man likes to be told he is to be flogged; but the question is not what is his state when sentenced, but what is the effect *after* he has been so punished. But does it deter others? I think not; a private flogging in a prison can scarcely have that effect. To be logical, the flogging should be as formerly, at the cart's tail; yet no one can doubt that the effect of such an exhibition would be to brutalise the masses. It is supposed that a man knowing the punishment to be annexed to a particular crime, will avoid it; but I believe nine-tenths of the crimes of violence committed throughout England originate in public-houses and are committed under circumstances which exclude all reflection. The desire that he who inflicts pain should himself experience it is a very natural feeling, but should not, in my opinion, enter into a system of deliberate judicial punishments. The present outcry arises from some lenient sentences having been passed in cases of brutal assaults; but these cases will not be met by a resort to a punishment so objectionable as flogging, and one long abandoned from experience of its defects. I do not make these observations in any spirit of silly sentimentalism. If flogging really answered the objects for which the punishment is inflicted it ought to be resorted to; but I have a deep conviction that it is a mistake. During more than forty years' experience of criminal courts I have observed crimes diminish under a steady and comparatively lenient administration of the law, but I think the resort to flogging as a punishment will have a tendency to create a criminal class more desperate than any that now exists.

AL LYN SAHIB.

BY FRANK PERCIVAL.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IX.

She closed the door, she panted, all akin]
To spirits of the air and visions wide,
No uttered syllable or woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her heart in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

KEATS.

IT is an easier thing to overthrow a Government by revolution than to effect a change in a woman's domestic arrangements." Others have propagated this axiom, not I ; but without prejudice, I venture to suggest that there will always be found a section, however small, of Eve's daughters to whom it will apply.

Foremost among these at the present time stands Mrs. Oakham, the respected housekeeper of the Towers.

And circumstances are very hard upon her.

In combination with her handmaidens, she has for some hours devoted herself to the novel task of brightening and adorning the breakfast-room. Some fine exotics have been obtained *vi et armis* from the gardener for the large bay-window. Sundry vases and cpergnes have been filled with the choicest ferns, flowers, and foliage the extensive conservatories can furnish. Mrs. Oakham's best cap has been donned and her long-disused curtsey rehearsed, when, with the desperate velocity of an eagle paterfamilias foraging for his starving progeny, Felice swoops down upon the edible portion of the contents of the breakfast table and remorselessly carries it off to his eyrie, situated within the inaccessible retreat in the west wing.

Such, at least, is the impression produced upon the amazed lady's authority, in spite of the utmost deference and courtesy on the part of the politic Italian, who completes his raid with the suggestion that one of the maids should follow with the tea and coffee ; and,

especially when Araminta of the spotless cap and carmine cheeks returns with the astounding intelligence that she has been met at the entrance to the long gallery, and not allowed to proceed farther, the lady's wrath waxed hot against "the foreigner," and her countenance fell.

Adjourning to her own room, where she was soon joined by the equally ruffled Samuel Anstey, she pours forth the story of her wrongs, adding that service is not what it was, the treatment they have had to put up with is shameful, and she does not see why *she* should put up with it. She has got a bit of money, and has long had an eye to a house of her own. What does he think of the White Swan at Buxton? Or doesn't anything in the public line answer with only a woman at the head?

And while the lady toys suggestively with her rings, turning them round and round between finger and thumb, the vain old raven smirks and sings :

Marry old Margery! No! no! no!

But not aloud.

Advising her not to do anything rashly, he heaps up his own plate with the best share of the delicacies of the table, and next day despatches a letter to a friend who has got a friend who knows another friend who is a junior clerk in the National Provincial Bank of Derby.

Upon receiving a reply to which confidential missive, the trite refrain again rises to the surface of his thoughts, and with all the strength of his asthmatic old lungs, and with infinitely more emphasis than before, he astonishes the young ravens in their nest by singing out lustily :

Marry old Margery! No! no! no!

All the while, however, the eyes and ears of Anstey and Mrs. Oakham were as wide opened as park gates to detect any sight or sound of the Lady Egla, his lordship, my lady's maid, or even "that ugly foreigner."

At last Mrs. Oakham could endure it no longer, and as her knowledge of her little ladyship—who, for all she knew, might be lying ill and unattended upstairs—dated from the day when she was born, she determined to go to her.

Mindful of Araminta's rebuff, she thought to steal a march over "the foreigner" by omitting the ceremony of knocking at the door of the ante-room.

But when was Felice found napping? Certainly not now in the *very citadel* of the enemy.

She may turn and turn at the handle till her wrist aches. Well guarded are the sentinel's outposts by weapons of cold steel. And she is reduced to the humiliation of rapping with her knuckles and waiting "the foreigner's" good will and pleasure to let her in.

Felice out-Felice-ed himself in politeness and good humour, dug out a chair that had once been dubbed "easy"—a wretched misnomer now—congratulated her and himself on "the fine sunshine it was to-day," and adjourned to confer with himself aloud in his master's study.

Conference over, he returned, overwhelmed by regrets that "her ladyship was very much fatigue and not able, just at present, to see madame; but would send and let her know if to-day or to-morrow she would feel better."

"Did madame know of a suitable maid? Her ladyship's Italian maid she had brought with her wished to go back—perhaps madame would lose no time in attending to it." And Mistress Oakham presently found, to her surprise, that she had been most obsequiously bowed and scraped out of the room.

Lady Egla was still so indisposed next day as to be compelled to receive her visitor in bed, and altogether the interview was scarcely as satisfactory to Mrs. Oakham as it might have been. Her ladyship, she eventually confided to Anstey, seemed so altered that if she had not known her so well she would have thought she was listening to a stranger.

Neither was there any pleasing her. Araminta's sister was a capital maid. She had the best of characters from Lady Blount. But no, she wasn't good enough, she supposed, because she was sister to the head housemaid. If Lady Egla had not gone and stayed so long in foreign parts she would have been very different, she was sure.

Altogether, the soul of the housekeeper was as disquieted within her as before. And "she had never seen my lady's maid after all, that she hadn't."

A day or two after this interview, the Italian maid having left, Araminta's services were requisitioned, pending the advent of others.

But as her ladyship seemed to prefer arraying with her own hands her dainty little figure, the labour was light, and Italian literature, under Felice's auspices, was found comfortably to fill up the vacant hours.

Thus a week passed; and excepting on two occasions when she had driven out with Lord Beauchief, the Lady Egla had remained in utter seclusion in the west wing.

And, but for the diurnal event of dinner, which his lordship took

in solitary state in the large dining-room, the master and mistress of the house might still have been a thousand miles from home.

This was not as it should be, and of course called for and obtained the strictest censures from the well-wishing community whom long service had entitled to greater consideration.

Closely pressed on the subject by Anstey or Mrs. Oakham, Felice would shrug his shoulders and suggest "pazienza." By no means omitting to enlighten them to the fullest extent of his power; only this was always so limited that it scarcely amounted to anything at all.

"Miladi no recover the death of milor, nel tempo; in time she would be the same as always. Pazienza, my friends, pazienza. Now perhaps she will have health, and be as sunshine. Ah se non mora di dolore!"

And stifling a deep-drawn sigh, his duplicity would culminate in a pretence of hearing his master's silver call, and so he would escape further questioning.

Meantime, as matters stood—few things seemed farther off than health and sunshine—even drives were relinquished, and but for an occasional wandering to and fro in the long gallery, her "little ladyship" would sit for days together at her window, gazing out upon the spires, towers, and rugged domes crowned with pinnacles, into which forms the far-off rock and precipice were blended against the blue horizon—if, indeed, she ever heeded their shape or existence, for often, when the shades of evening had changed the rugged scene into one of pathetic sublimity, she seemed to all appearance unmindful of the difference.

Then would Felice steal in and light the lamp, brighten up the fire—for though in September her little ladyship always got chilly towards evening—and patiently—aye, even with a woman's patience—wait until his young child of a mistress should turn towards the brighter side of the room and enable him to draw the rich window-hangings.

Books selected by her brother were brought and placed in her way—some from the well-stocked library; other and newer ones from the perennial founts, London and Edinburgh.

But between their calf and paper-mottled bindings they might have held the most striking varieties of cuneiform writing ever exhibited in the Zend, Pehlevi, Sassanian, Arabic, or Coptic languages since the time of the great Fo-Hi, for all the Lady Egla knew to the contrary.

No book was ever opened by her now, though in years gone by she had devoured them, especially the work of some weird old Germa-

mayed to find on the wings of birds, on shells of eggs, in
in the snow, in crystals, in forms of rocks, a key to the
ypher writing of the Universe.

was now forgotten—forgotten as completely as though the
oul-wrung ordeal she had undergone had been the grave.

harp, tuned and made ready by loving hands, stood equally
ed. Even that of Teirtu would have been as silent, no will
ers to invite its soothing tones. Handel's ghost to its fond
t might come and play the organ, on which in the body the
raph teacher had often performed. Even then, probably, she
not have recognised its deep-toned swelling notes from the
discordant wail.

etimes, at rare intervals, in her languid saunter through the
allery she would turn and gaze for a moment at one or other
ostly collection of pictures.

by Howard, "The Pleiads Disappearing," was thus favoured.
owever, than a group by Raphael, which rarely failed to
e over her a painful fascination: the infant Jesus lying in his
's lap, with St. Ann standing by, and Joseph and St. John in
:kground.

ie and one other were all that ever had power to relax the
rigidity of her features. This was by Pordenone, "Christ
Matthew." A more graphic likeness was the latter of Lord
ief, many thought, than his own by Lawrence.

ember now was drawing to a close—

And the little blue swallows, a goodly band,
With morning light had left the strand,
And followed the sun and the flower.

still no change had come to break the mysterious monotony
:ton Towers.

monotonous, indeed, had the arrangements become that when
leauchief one day ordered his dinner an hour earlier it was
upon quite as an event, and one that almost called for expla-

cially as immediately afterwards he ordered round the pony
and drove forth unattended.

tation was rife in servants' hall and housekeeper's room, nor
e grievance mitigated when darkness fell, and his lordship
no disposition to return.

CHAPTER X.

So when rush the night winds howling
 I am bending to the blast—
 All my golden hope-dreams past—
 All my future overcast,
 With deep darkness storms are growling
 On the mountain.
 This is why I sit and listen,
 Broken heart and humble mind,
 To the rushing of the waters, and the roaring of the wind.

W. MACKAY.

TAKING the road to Brandside, thus crossing two infant branches of the Dove, Lord Beauchief proceeded on his way to Buxton, where he called upon his old friend Dr. Fairbourne. Thence turning his ponies' heads, he directed them through the steep gorge leading to Poole's Hole.

Here, on a ledge of rock, sat a boy whose occupation seemed to consist in throwing stones at everything endowed with life as long as it remained in sight. Fortunately for them, his victims had often to take the will for the deed. A basket stood by his side filled with toph-stone, corallines, madrepores, &c., which, to give him the benefit of the doubt, he may have collected, but which in the intervals of more pleasing excitement he would undoubtedly have liked to sell.

He looked longingly at the ponies, his fingers meanwhile clutching greedily at a stone, when he was startled out of a year's growth—and he needed it badly enough—by a voice calling out to him. It was only to come and hold the horses, however, and to hang on behind till the road widened enough for turning.

This was awfully jolly—better even than “hitting 'em in the eye.” Although, when his lordship got down and left him in charge, it *did* seem a great pity that he could not combine all the luxuries of the position. If only he could have shied at them till they were stone blind, or driven them till they could no longer stand on their feet, *or* even plucked all the hair out of their tails, it would have been *fine* sport—something worth living for. But somehow he didn't feel *sure* that the ponies “wasn't up to what he was a thinkin' about; they *did* look out o' the corners o' their eyes at a feller so.”

Not the first by many made coward by conscience.

Arrived at the entrance to Poole's Hole, Lord Beauchief was *comp-*elled to lower his head and stoop considerably for the space of a dozen yards or so. And even when able to stand upright he *must* have found the mode of walking anything but pleasant. Uneven

ground strewn with rolling stones, and intersected by gaping chasms where gurgle and hiss imprisoned waters, is not altogether the place one would choose to peregrinate in with darkness dimly visible ; and yet his lordship steadily pursued his way—at least as steadily as circumstances would permit—for at least a quarter of a mile. Was he seized with an overwhelming desire to revisit once more the show place of the cavern? Hardly probable ; and yet it seemed to strike him when he got there. It had, of course, diminished in size—that was only to be expected ; but it was, in spite of his foreign experience, really beautiful. He stood and gazed at the roof—fretted with gleaming stalactites, which, hanging motionless, yet seemed to drop from ledge to ledge, forming exquisite net-work, lawn-like tissues, or delicate membranous curtains—with evident satisfaction. Reaching to the misty summit of the dome stood a huge sheaf of pillars, like alabaster organ-pipes. Going to the other side of these, where was an opening to labyrinthine intricacies rarely explored, again and again he called “ Jessy,” but with no better result than on his first entering the subterranean region. And retracing his steps to a place where the path (*par courtesie*) diverged, he took the one to the left, and finally, having given her up, came suddenly upon the fair object of his search, seated on a low stool and assiduously knitting by torchlight.

Jessy jumped up in amazement. It was so long since she had had a visitor to the cavern that she had almost forgotten its possibility.

“ Why, Jessy, I have been right to the end for you. I was afraid you had left off coming here now.”

“ Well, sure, it’s the voice !—but it can’t be !—yes, that it is, I do think. It’s my lord hisself !”

“ I believe it is, Jessy. And I want you to do me a good turn. It won’t be the first time, will it? Now, what do you say?”

“ I’ll say this, my lord—I’ll do it for ye, if it’s to crawl to the top of Mam Tor on my hands and knees.”

“ I don’t think it is quite so bad as that. But you will have to go away from here.”

“ Never mind, my lord ; though Poole’s Hole is, and always will be, more like a home to me than my own cottage. Many’s the time I’ve been happy and comfortable in it all the night through, when I daren’t go home.”

“ All night! You don’t mean to say you have stayed here all night?”

“ That I have, my lord ; when he’s been there.”

"He is just the same, then?"

"Just the same, my lord. Not a bit of difference."

"And he is still with you?"

"Not now, my lord; he is at work at Stavely."

"But you may have a visit from him any day. Is it likely, do you think?"

"He said he shouldn't come no more till Christmas. And I hope he won't."

And while her visitor looked unutterably perplexed, and bit his lip till a coral drop stood upon it, Jessy gabbled somewhat about gratitude—not knowing that the word was fast dying out—adding that "since that time" (none specified) "no lady of the land had had warmer clothing nor more of it, and—whatever your lordship wants done, as I *can* do, I'll do it; so you needn't be afraid I won't."

What need to speak so low? There are none to hear. And is it pallor or the gloom of the cavern that gives to the speaker's countenance the hue of death as he whispers a question in Jessy's ear?

Without a moment's hesitation Jessy's answer is ready.

"For very sure I'll come, my lord. When will you be wanting me?"

"I'll take you back with me now."

"Mayn't I fetch my things?"

"You are sure he won't be there?"

"I can never be sure long together. But if he is I'll not go in, your lordship; though I think even then you might trust me."

"I do trust you, Jessy. You know I do. Now go and get what you want, and if you are not back in an hour I shall conclude he is about, and will come again to-morrow at the same time. You will manage it then, won't you?"

"Never fear, my lord; he aint there to-day. I should know it by a creeping all over me if he was. I'll be back in half that time."

And she was as good as her word, notwithstanding her renovated appearance and neatly-packed basket.

Lord Beauchief meanwhile had despatched his groom, unconscious happily, of the narrow escape he had had of having to walk home.

It was now damp, dark, and chilly; and his lordship drew up the hood of the phaeton, thus shielding from malicious observation the full-blown graces of this matron of forty-five who, nothing loth, had in the space of less than a quarter of an hour consented to elop with a peer of the realm.

Felice, in the secret, of course, of the contemplated abduction

stood waiting at the hall-door, beneath the disdainful arms of Cromwell, to receive with due honours his master's choice.

Henceforth the glory of the earth was dimmed to Araminta.

Astral influence rained its brightness full upon her through the rich lustrous hues of the oriel window, but it failed to cheer the drooping heart of Araminta. For the fiat had gone forth that exiled Eve from Paradise.

Meeting her as usual in the long gallery, Felice, with sighs manifold and long-drawn as the plaintive wail of the breeze expiring beneath the noon-day sun in the vast American forests, poured into her ears a tale of woe unutterable—how he was “*affatto inconsolabile* that his *carissima* Araminta was not to do *servizio* for *la signora* any more for now.”

“She had got a maid. And, per Baccho, it was un’ infamia. He had to do all things. It was little she would touch hand with.

“And miladi with her ankle-sprain. And no doctor till to-morrow. Ah!—the bell! Yes, ring the bell. When nothing presents itself, madame then ring the bell!”

Araminta wondered how it was his ears were so very sharp. She often did not hear the bell when he did.

But there’s one glory of long morning interviews undisturbed; and another glory of transient interludes, back-stair conferences, and twilight assignations, thought Araminta. And despite the forced position she declined to accept stale-mate.

Next morning brought Dr. Fairbourne. And being waylaid as he went out by the zealous-minded housekeeper, he gave such a bad report of her ladyship’s state, discoursing glibly of inflammation, lotion, bandages, and what not, that Mrs. Oakham invoked a blessing on the head of the new maid, and congratulated herself and Araminta on being so well out of it.

The head housemaid, however, knew better. Nothing, she knew, would have afforded “the griffiness” greater satisfaction than holding a post of fussy importance in the sick room; while as to herself, no condolences could soothe, no sympathy assuage her grief, and she fell to speculating what would be the result of obtaining a sprained ankle on her own account, but lost herself in regions nebulous; unable, like Eve of old, to behold with clearness of vision both good and evil: the good that dwells in the rapture-beaming eye, persuasive accents, and soft-tongued blandishments of the flatterer—man; and the evil within that bids him, serpent-like, hie away to the thicket—his mission accomplished; leaving to his victim the lonely life, with “conscious dreams encumbered.”

All too late for her peace of mind, Araminta came to the lamentable conclusion that the whole bundle of Felice's fine speeches and flattering ways was included under the head of unmeaning attentions, "and was only the way them foreign fellows had of getting a girl to side with 'em when nobody else would."

Araminta was wroth undoubtedly; and at the next opportunity—they were few and far between now, for Felice was always in a desperate hurry—she asked spitefully "Is she waiting? Oh pray make haste. I did not know maids were ladies nowadays, to stay up stairs and be waited on."

"Lady or no lady, I only desire it was mia cara Araminta in place of her. She has the pride of a peacock. She was not engagée, she says, to go into kitchens and places. And miladi too ill to say she must go. Oime! I am so fatigue. I have much mind to turn back to Italia—la bell' Italia."

"No, no, m'sieu, you must not say that. I'll help you a bit; only ring the silver bell at the lancet window, and I'll be up in a second."

And the consequence was that the silver bell found itself in frequent requisition.

Also Araminta. But then her services were paid for, though in impalpable currency.

Moreover the time arrived when all her former honours were restored to her. The new maid had gone, and she was promoted to her place. But her duties had not yet commenced. Often latterly, while November, before ushering in the era of repose, hurled from high places her emblems of frailty, had the Lady Egla shown herself strangely agitated at every gust of wind. His master being out, Felice was now at his post, listening with intentness to every sound, and endeavouring in the intervals of the ever-increasing blast to distinguish the rumbling of the carriage-wheels that should herald his return, praying 'devoutly the while to the "Santissima Virgine" to guide his lordship home before miladi grow worse and fall," as before he had seen her, into hysteria.

Jessy's reign had come to an end, and together with her bag and baggage she had been carefully packed up in the phaeton by Felice and driven off in state by his lordship.

Owing to various circumstances—Felice's thoughtlessness principally—the departure had been delayed unconscionably late, so late that the stars were struggling to put forth a feeble gleam, but had soon to give up the attempt in despair, as one dark cloud over another gathered over them, and whirled along with raging swiftness, as if intent on sweeping from the heavens the whole fraternity.

Higher and higher the wind arose, and it was with no feeling of dissatisfaction that in a momentary gleam of light which issued from between the vapouring masses of luminous cloud Jessy espied the roof of her humble cottage.

"So far so good," exclaimed his lordship, in accents of relief. "But how, in the name of all the wonders of the Peak, are you going to get to it?"

"Climb the bank, my lord. It ain't the first time by a good many."

"What, with your luggage! Well, I must help you, that's all about it. But you will have to stand at the horses' heads. There, so; don't be alarmed, but don't move whatever you do."

And his lordship scrambled up the steep bank, laden with the impedimenta of the lowly cavern guide.

CHAPTER XI.

Come to the land where none grow old.

* * * * *

No vain desire of unknown things
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forget for aye.

W. MORRIS.

JESSY was very glad to get home again, in spite of the grandeur of being "a lady" (according to Araminta) at the Towers.

But there was just a little payment to be made before this enjoyment could be fully realised; for if there is one law more than another that never fails upon this rough little spinning ball in which we strive to live, it is that of retribution.

I say strive to live, for is it not a fact that the greater part of this earth is either too hot or too cold? And if perchance our lot is cast in one or other of its two habitable belts—which must seem erratic seraphim mere damp, green-mouldy streaks—we cannot remain unconscious of the fact that its huge stomach is filled with explosive gases, for ever threatening to reduce it to ashes.

And nevertheless we go on strutting out our little span of days upon its thin fragile crust, calling it terra firma, with as much consequential stupidity as an insect on the bubble that floats her down the gutter.

Jessy dived to the shingly bottom of a huge pocket for a key, big enough for Buckingham Palace. It failed, however, to open the door.

The rain, moreover, took it into its head to have a finger in the retributive pie.

For a miner's wife Jessy's æsthetic tendencies were astounding. Long before she knew Poole's Cave as a sight to be visited by the great rich world, she had delighted to ensconce herself in a corner on some brilliant sunny morning, when a glimmer of sheen, not to be called light, penetrated its recesses and shed a radiance over the amber volutes and lily-bells of stone—on the brittle clusters of tawny bubbles and flowers with sparry thorns and twining stream-like stems. Not a scientific knowledge of Nature hers, but a glimmering impression of something very pleasant, as she sat a quiet, self-absorbed watcher of the dawn as of a new creation on each successive light-radiated spot.

Once, when a poor little swallow had come fluttering—not intentionally, or with the view of “doing” this wonder of the Peak, but just because he had lost his way, like those bits of planets that having failed in the making, go on wandering for ever to and fro in the sky—Jessy watched him in an ecstasy of pleasure, never taking her eyes off him. And when, weeks afterwards, she discovered a pale forlorn plant, of uncertain form and defective development, she settled it, quite satisfactorily to her own mind, that that divine little swallow had planted the seed in the bit of black mould, and set to work to cherish it like another Picciola.

Jessy's simple fancies had come, however, to a standstill beneath the sway of a more than ordinarily good-looking miner. And a more than ordinarily good for nothing fellow he turned out to be.

Bitter but brief was poor Jessy's wedded life. And now her only trouble in all the world—and he enough to disturb the peace of a whole planetary system, given the power—is her only son.

“He has come back then, and bolted the door against me,” was her thought.

But half convinced, she dragged her two baskets close together, and covered them well over with the warm shawl from her own shoulders. She then set to work to ascertain if possible in what the hindrance lay, and soon found, by an opportune flash of lightning, that the door had been nailed up from the outside. This was so far satisfactory that if ingress could once be obtained it would not be at the expense of peace.

The slight fastenings of the lattice window proved less obdurate, and dropping first her baskets and then herself inside the cottage,

she proceeded to shut out the rain, and with flint and steel to strike a light. Then burst upon her view a scene of devastation enough to bewilder the most strong-minded housekeeper that ever lived.

By means of much thoughtful ingenuity Jessy had contrived in her small abode a place for everything. But as if to be revenged upon her for her love of order, every article from peg, bracket, and shelf seemed to have come capering down to play at puss in the corner with their friends on the floor, and, like the celestial scapegraces we read of who descended to while away a leisure hour with Earth's too fascinating daughters, had not cared to go back again.

But the worst feature of the scene, and the one that revealed whose hand had struck the coward blow, was a hole made by tearing up some of the bricks by the hearth. Jessy's eyes had at once sought that spot, and it was significant of the trials to which her life was subject that, with scarcely a sigh escaping her, she asked herself calmly—

“What if he should return!” “But no,” she added, after a pause, “there was enough to last him yet awhile. And afore he does”——

A gulp alone finished the sentence; the compression of her lips seemed to tell of some resolve too tremendous for speech. Quietly she sets about her preparations for the night, lighting a fire, unpacking her baskets, and only heeding the oft-recurring lightning flashes and increasing storm to ejaculate a hope that “my lord may have got safe home.”

Safe home! Yes, Jessy. Sleep on and take your rest. Be faithful to your trust. My lord by this time has got “safe home.”

With the proverbial ingratitude of man, to say nothing of the inconstant lover, Lord Beauchief had no sooner resumed the reins than he congratulated himself heartily on that episode being ended.

“Poor old Jessy!” he ejaculated. “She is safe enough, firm as a rock. But I don't altogether see my way with that reprobate son of hers if he should come home and blackguard her. I must see Symons and pave the way. And that other matter, too, must not be delayed. Terrible obstacles block the road, but it must be done. No good shirking any longer now. I will go up to London to-morrow and settle the whole thing. She will not like my leaving her so long. But what can I do? Oh! my darling! my darling! Would I had never been born, or had perished miserably in yonder Roumelian fortress. Sinner as I am, what have I done more than others that this curse should have fallen upon me? Upon me! ah, would that that were all! Would that the soul-harrowing tortures I

endure could be multiplied a thousand-fold, so that she were free from suffering. May my life long be spared to watch over her! Oh God! to think it could be otherwise! To imagine her left in this cold, hard world alone would drive me mad—mad, as without doubt I was that night, that horrible night, I passed roaming about the spurs of the Apennines, when as yet the burthen was only mine, when every blast of wind proclaimed it through the air and shrieked in my ears its fiendish accusation. How these horses pull! And the rain is soaking me through. Ah! I remember thinking Jessy would get wet. I ought to have seen her safely housed. Fool! how could I? Felice! Felice! Why are there not two Felices, one to stay with her, and one to come with me? Oh! 'tis well to be rich and noble! My rest on earth and hope of heaven almost depend on a valet-de-place and a miner's wife. These horses will certainly have my hands off. And how dark it is between the flashes! It is my belief I have taken the wrong road somewhere."

And in truth he had. Taking advantage of his absence of mind, the horses, as if to emulate Jessy's lares and penates, determined to throw off human control, and the result was that, maddened by the wild blast screeching and howling among the bleak and barren pinnacles of the mountain, they broke into a gallop he was totally unable to check. Their speed became frantic, and, powerless to restrain them, he could only hope by a vigorous hand in some degree to guide their headlong course.

Onward they tore through the dreary moorland tract, and over the range of hills to the south of the Wye, whose swollen mass of wind-lashed waves now gleamed darkly full in their course. And it needed to strain every nerve and muscle of their driver to succeed in turning them from its perilous brink.

Maddened with the power that fettered them, and terrified at the fierceness of the storm, reverberating long and loud among the mountains, they dashed wildly up a steep ascent, the foam flying from their nostrils like spray from a steamer's prow, plunging down on the other side at a fearful pace. And Lord Beauchief begins to meditate a leap. "But Eglia! Where am I? How long shall I be getting home? Surely that would be a coward step. I will master them yet."

But for this thought, the thought of his sister, his unquiet spirit had found a mysterious charm in the wild race amidst the raging tempest. In spite of himself there was something congenial to the turbulent spirit within in perceiving its own expression on the face of nature.

While the rack swept stormily across the heavens, the bellowing hurricane ravaged the face of the earth, uprooting trees in its course, and the river rolled its chafed waters into frantic, eddying heaps, his soul had, all unwittingly, felt in harmony with the scene. But what is that dark object—that mass of deadly blackness, lying at the foot of the hill, not twenty yards ahead—a yawning chasm?

The shaft of an old mine. No room to turn, no power on earth to check, no safety in a bound. But only a grave among the cold damp stones, crushing the purple berries of the deadly nightshade, and staining with his life's blood the pale white lichen tufts.

CHAPTER XII.

O dost thou know
That I have left to-night my golden bed
On the sharp pavement of thy woods to shed
Blood from my naked feet, and from my eyes
Intolerable tears; to pour forth sighs
In the thick darkness, as with footsteps weak
And trembling knees I prowl about to seek
Him whom I need?

W. MORRIS.

SINCE Jessy's installation in the west wing, Felice had but rarely caught a glimpse of his young mistress.

She had ceased to wander in the long gallery since the evening when, raising her eyes to the picture of Hertha, ninth Countess of Beauchief, her own mother, the gleams of the setting sun had imparted to it such a life-like expression of reproach, as it seemed to her, that with a piteous stifled cry she had retreated to her room, not leaving it again for many weeks.

And now, as the storm increased in fury and she listened to the winds of heaven let loose from their caves in the pale white clouds, dragon-like to ravage and devastate the earth, her awe-stricken soul quivered with fear and terror lest danger should overtake "her Norman." Long before he could by any possibility have returned, her bell had more than once summoned Felice. And the question evermore to be asked in vain: "Has he not returned?" was his to answer.

As the hours passed on, and he ransacked his troubled brain for every possible contingency that might arise to cause so unprecedented a want of punctuality in his master's movements, he grew as restless and perturbed as Lady Egla herself.

Praying to the Santissima Virgine even was ineffectual, as,

standing by the window of the long gallery, he listened for the hundredth time to the noise as he hoped of carriage wheels, but which was only the wind's hollow mockery of the wished-for sounds.

The first violet tints of dawn, blushing in the increasing light to a soft roseate hue, had risen to announce the glory of another day begun, as, sick at heart, he turned away to behold slowly advancing up the gallery the Lady Egla. Pale, fragile, of almost unearthly beauty, she seemed, in the uncertain light, like a spirit from an unknown world. Her dilated sybilline eyes, filled with the dew of sorrow, distilled angelic meekness. But the agonised expression of her features too truly betrayed the tale of earthly suffering.

Again and yet again the questioning lament—

“Oh, what can have happened to him? It is quite morning.”

“I cannot think, my lady. I will fetch you a shawl.”

And the coward Felice was only too glad of the excuse.

But she heeded nothing; not even when standing full beneath the searching glance of the countess's portrait did she bestow a thought upon its expression. The tangible terrors of the present have left no room for ideal fears.

Slowly she totters towards the window, where in the window-seat Felice's forethought has long since placed a cushion.

A few more yards of road are seen from here than from her own room; and, pressing her cheeks against the cold stone lintels—cold as the stones on which he is lying—she ceases not to watch the earliest spot by which he might be expected to appear.

Leaving her loosely folded in the soft plaid, Felice retreated behind the screen at the head of the stairs, to observe, with fear and trembling, through its pierced bronze scrolls, the effect of this terrible strain upon her nerves.

He had seen her in the convulsive throes of hysteria, and again in a deadly faintness like unto death. And he knew not which he most dreaded.

But not for long together did Felice ever lose sight of the practical side of things. And very soon, after a brief adjournment to his own domain, he was to be seen approaching his young mistress with a tray containing a cup of coffee and cakes of wafer magnitude.

Experience had taught him what would be their fate if left to her ladyship's tender mercies. So, tray in hand, he patiently waited.

Unobserved at first; after a while—

“Put it down, Felice. Presently.”

“It will cool, my lady; I will hold it.”

No ears for Felice's logic; no eyes for Felice's tray. But at last,

as if to be controlled no longer, the words burst from her—"Oh! Norman, Norman! come."

"Would miladi like me to go look for him?"

"Oh, yes! Why did I not think of it before? You know the way?"

"I will find the way, miladi."

"Oh, then haste, haste, good Felice; lose not a minute."

"Miladi will take some coffee first?"

"Time enough when Lord Beauchief comes. Oh! perhaps there has been an accident, and he is lying helpless. I insist on your going at once, Felice."

"I disobey milor's commands to leave your ladyship. But I will go when you have had this." And he ventured on a nearer approach with his tray.

Fast as the excess of her emotion will permit she swallows the coffee.

And now there is nothing for it but for Felice to leave the biscuits and depart.

She sits watching him till he is out of sight, and for a time the renewal of hope gives her strength. Under its influence an impulse seizes her to be out and away. By what wild hope swayed who can tell? Returning to her room, she tears open drawer and wardrobe, and at last succeeds in finding hat and cloak, laid aside for many weary weeks, and, putting them on, goes down stairs; but is fain to stop into one of the hall chairs to rest before proceeding farther.

Mrs. Oakham, going into the breakfast-room (which was ordered to be got ready this morning for the first time), might, as she afterwards informed the recreant Anstey, have been knocked down with a feather to see her ladyship, white as a sheet, seated there at that time in the morning.

But no feather being forthcoming for the purpose, she proceeded to air her best curtsy and to inquire whom her ladyship would have attend her.

"No one, thank you, Oakham. I shall not go far."

But she traversed the grounds as quickly as her feeble steps permitted, nevertheless; and crossing over the Gothic bridge fearlessly stepped out upon the road, until coming to a spot where four roads met, she was undecided which to take, and dared not proceed any farther.

Felice's amazement at beholding her when, an hour later, he was returning from his vain quest may be imagined. What to say or how to say it he knew not. But he was saved much trouble in the matter. His evasions and prevarications were but too soon seen

through. And as hope gave way to despair, she quietly slid down at the foot of the limestone rock that jutted upon the road, and fainted.

Here was a predicament indeed. Felice had his hands full with a vengeance: and some few seconds were undoubtedly given to deliberation. No, there was nothing for it, he decided finally, but to carry her ladyship, in his small but sinewy arms, home as fast as possible. If Cleo had sense enough to canter home to a good stable, well; if not, so much the worse for Cleo.

Much as his arms ached—for it was but a small casket Felice's soul abode in—his heart was far sorer. And he had no sooner deposited the slender figure in Mrs. Oakham's safe custody than, much to the surprise of Cleo, who strangely enough had followed in the rear, he threw himself upon her back and rode off for Dr. Fairbourne.

Felice's previous mission, though he knew as little where to look for Jessy and her cottage as he did for Moses in his tomb, had not been without a certain method in its madness notwithstanding. He had wished to exorcise the feeling of despair that was beginning to weigh down Lady Egla, and he was not altogether without a hope of stumbling upon his master or of hearing news of him in some direction.

Failing this, he determined on having recourse to Dr. Fairbourne, the sole individual, as far as he knew, who was in any way in his master's confidence.

This programme he had zealously carried out. Jessy's intelligence, as we know, was *nil*. And thus it happened that this was the second occasion on which Felice had called on the doctor this morning.

Dr. Fairbourne was in no way surprised, the result being precisely what he had foreseen when he ordered his carriage to be in readiness at least a couple of hours before his usual time for going out, in order to convey him to the Towers.

No time was therefore lost. And the Lady Egla recovered from her swoon, he set about considering what course he should take in reference to his lordship without risking the accusation of undue and injudicious meddling.

To this end, having turned off one or two urgent cases, he returned home to acquaint his partner with what was in store for him, and as he drew up at his own door, who should be doing the same from the opposite direction but the Mayor of the neighbouring town of B——, a frequent visitor, and well known at Buxton.

The horses at once proceeded to hob-nob with graceful cordiality,

dating each other on the fineness of the autumnal morning probability of a liberal supply of corn throughout the winter. There was a suspicion of condescension on the part of the doctor's horse, but he neighed acquiescence in some of these remarks, knowing the antecedents of the mayor's horse, and that he lived in a manufacturing town.

While the mayor's horse was thinking that if the doctor's horse did look particularly sleek and had a much better equipage than he had, he had to work morn, noon, and night for it, it was in vain he sought comfort from this source. He knew—better—that as a doctor's horse he occupied a permanent position in society, while he—in bitterness of spirit he acknowledged that he might again be relegated to the innkeeper's tender mercies, his having only aspired to keep a carriage when his soul had been yearning after the mayoralty.

Had he given way to the agony of his feelings his head would have bowed upon his much-enduring breast, and so betrayed him. Being a horse of some metal—thanks to his native town and not given to wear his wrongs upon his harness for dogs to sneer at, he plucked up courage, gave it a scornful toss and neighed a shrill defiance.

While, "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible manner," the Mayor, standing by the doctor's door, was discussing the advisability of his proceeding with him to the scene of the accident, "an accident which has just been communicated to me by the doctor, and which I am desirous of investigating for myself, and as I do, that it will be found to have happened to some one of—of quality—of position. You understand me, Dr. B., I am sure; and will not refuse me your aid—your own personal aid I mean, not an assistant's."

"I will go, certainly. One moment while I look to my case. Oh!

Suppose you step in and tell me about it after; it will save

Mayor of B—— was a verbose man; mayors usually are. The substance of his communication was to the effect that a party of labourers, going to their work, had occasion to pass by the mouth of a shaft of an old worked-out mine, and had been attracted thither by hearing a strange noise. Owing to its depth and the darkness of the early morning, they were unable to ascertain the source of the sound they heard, but judging from the state of the ground and what seemed to them to look like an overturned cart, there appeared but little doubt that an accident, involving

loss of human life probably, had occurred, and they had hastened back to Buxton for the means and appliances of rescue.

Their inquiries had somehow reached the officious visitor, and in the exuberance of his zeal he had volunteered to "look up" a doctor and go with them.

Highly philanthropic and commendable! And altogether free from any thought about a paragraph in the papers on the following day:

But when, having listened in agony to the story, Dr. Fairbourne made known to him his fears that it might turn out to be Lord Beauchief, it almost seemed that he felicitated himself upon that or anything else happening that should bring into juxtaposition the illustrious names of Lord Beauchief and Ebenezer Higginbotham, Esq.

Very weary and sick at heart was Dr. Fairbourne, as, closing his ears all he could to the man's insufferable gabble, he pondered on the effect of this awful calamity upon the Lady Egla. He would not permit himself to doubt; that was a refuge that would crumble to pieces, and leave his mind too disturbed for action.

And need enough there was—arrived at the scene of the accident—for a clear head, a willing hand, and a stout heart.

With Lord Beauchief life was found to be quite extinct, the noise heard by the workmen having proceeded from one of the horses that had still a remnant of life left in it.

To prepare the inmates of the Towers for the reception of the mutilated remains of its late master was now the next proceeding, and Dr. Fairbourne's mention of its urgency being made with much sinking of the heart and voice, the irrepressible Mayor undertook "the job," as he called it, upon himself, and to the consternation of the doctor drove off without him.

Scarcely had he, however, entered the grounds, before the lynx-like eyes of Felice were upon him, and cutting across the grass he presented himself before the astonished Mayor, with the request that he would favour him with his business, and not proceed farther. Was ever a chief magistrate so insulted before? Ebenezer Higginbotham thought not, and emphatically announcing his intention of going on to the house and seeing the Lady Egla, he ordered the coachman to drive on.

With quiet resolve Felice got possession of the horse's head, and pertinaciously held on, so that nothing more than a walk was possible, and thus the noise of the wheels was reduced to a minimum.

Of course there was no other answer to be given him in the hall than had previously been given him in the carriage, viz., that the

Lady Egla was ill, and unable to see any one. But it took him a long time to comprehend the situation. That he should have been at all this inconvenience, merely to come here and be insulted by a meddlesome servant, and prevented from obtaining an introduction to her ladyship, was intolerably disgusting; and wishing the doctor, whom he beheld in the distance, "trudging along like a clodhopper," the like success, he turned on his heel and went off, at the despondent Jack's fastest trot.

Two or three words only from the doctor's lips, and the tale was told to Felice. He was not a strong-minded Englishman, poor fellow! but merely a soft-hearted Italian; and so the rain poured down his cheeks, and hung like drops of diamond dew upon his ruffled beard. He protested against their presence by ignoring them. He called himself "pazzino" in the eyes of "this Inglese," and vainly sought to restrain himself. Half way up the stoical height, the thought of her "little ladyship" *per sempre solitaria* overtook him, and breaking forth afresh, he blubbered like a bastinadoed negro.

On the whole the doctor found it trying, even to his well-seasoned nerves, and most gladly would he have been following in the wake of the retreating chief magistrate.

At this juncture Mrs. Oakham put in an appearance, being sent by Lady Egla to know if Lord Beauchief had returned.

Felice, cowardly as ever, fled at this, and had it out with himself in a corner. And so the doctor, gulping down the lump in his throat as best he might, had to tell the terrible tale over again.

The housekeeper bore it better than he expected—she even enunciated a text of Scripture to prove that most people die sooner or later; and although her tears were destined to be too much for her before long, just now she had equanimity enough to determine on not giving way like "that foreigner."

But Lady Egla had to be told. And who was to do it? The doctor hardly thought she would hear the news and live. It was like undertaking the post of executioner.

Her ladyship's bell rang.

Mrs. Oakham thought some one else had better go. She had not a text of Scripture handy to prove the necessity of her doing what she disliked.

The doctor did not feel at all sure that Felice would not be less unacceptable than himself. But he was too little under control. Another impatient ring from her ladyship.

Oh, why in such haste, Lady Egla, to shake life's hour-glass?

That summons answered, its remaining grains of sand record each second laden with an agony of despair.

No more delay. Again the burthen falls upon the doctor, and accompanied by Araminta, he proceeds to her ladyship's apartments.

Never had he seen her look more beautiful, as with parted lips and eyes turned full upon him, she hungered for good tidings.

The task he had undertaken he felt was beyond him, and he endeavoured to temporise and to reveal but half the truth. It was useless; Love's instinct was not to be deceived. The doctor's face, moreover, refused to participate in the deception. And just as before, to-day, by the limestone rock, her graceful, child-like figure would have slid quietly to the ground but for a strong arm—albeit it came from an aching heart—supporting her.

Gently laid on the bed, one restorative after another was tried, for some time ineffectually. But at length a flickering ray of life returned, mindless, soulless, and precarious as a quivering drop of water on a lotus leaf; now seemingly at peace within its fibrous valleys, now pendant on the jagged brink which overhangs the insatiate ocean of eternity.

Norman, tenth Earl of Beauchief, after resting for awhile in the state bedroom, had with much pomp and splendour been carried to the spacious family vault at Monyash.

Noble relatives had relieved Dr. Fairbourne of the unprofessional portion of his responsibilities.

The heir-at-law had fixed the New Year for taking possession.

The benignant moonlight, casting over the snowy earth's electric jewellery her garment of purest, chastest white, enveloped in the soft radiance of one of her most effulgent beams the erring but unconscious and repentant girl, and, wafting her soul into the glistening halo of the upper glory where glows triumphant the Southern Cross, she steeped it in the crimson splendour of the dawn, and laid it spotless before His great white Throne.

(To be continued.)



TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE intended celebration this year of the five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Boccaccio, who would have been a lawyer had it not been—so he says—for a sight of Virgil's tomb, suggests a remarkable addition to the museum of literary curiosities. Poetry could ill afford to spare the

Clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

Petrarch was a law-student—and an idle one—at Bologna. Goldoni, till he turned strolling player, was an advocate at Venice. Metastasio was for many years a diligent law-student. Tasso and Ariosto both studied law at Padua. Politian was a doctor of law. Schiller was a law-student for two years, before taking to medicine. Goethe was sent to Leipzig, and Heine to Bonn, to study jurisprudence. Uhland was a practising advocate and held a post in the Ministry of Justice at Stuttgart. Rückert was a law-student at Jena. Mickiewicz, the greatest of Polish poets, belonged to a family of lawyers. Kazinczy, the Hungarian poet, and creator of his country's literature, studied law at Kaschau. Corneille was an advocate and the son of an advocate. Voltaire was for a time in the office of a *procureur*. Chaucer was a student of the Inner Temple. Gower is thought to have studied law: it has been alleged that he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Nicholas Rowe studied for the bar. Cowper was articled to an attorney, called to the bar, and appointed a commissioner of bankrupts. Butler was clerk to a justice of the peace. The profession of Scott need not be stated. Moore was a student of the Middle Temple. Gray, until he graduated, intended himself for the bar. Campbell was in the office of a lawyer at Edinburgh. Longfellow, a lawyer's son, spent some years in the office of his father. The peculiarity of this list—which might be extended with little trouble—lies in the eminence of these six-and-twenty names it contains. If they were omitted from literary history, Italian and German poetry would be nowhere, France would be robbed of one of its greatest and most national poets, English poetry would lose its father and in all respects be very appreciably poorer.

If less classic names in poetical history are taken, such as Tal-
fourd, Macaulay, Bryant, and Barry Cornwall, the list might be
infinitely extended; and if filial relationship to the legal profession
be considered, as in the case of Wordsworth, the close connection
between poetry and law will look such a matter of course that the
few eminent exceptions will only tend to prove the rule. Milton
was the son of a scrivener. There is no need to endorse the
fancy that Shakespeare may have been a law clerk, or to suggest
that Dante might have been influenced by a residence at the great
legal university of Bologna. But there is another list strikingly to the
purpose—the long roll of great lawyers who, like Cicero, Sir Thomas
More, Lord Somers, Blackstone, and Sir William Jones, have found
flirtation with the muses no impediment to their marriage with the
law. It may be that this close connection of two seemingly irrecon-
cilable pursuits is due to some rule of contrast; or is it that fiction,
romance, and verbiage afford to poetry and law a common standing
ground?

WAS it really a glass slipper by means of which the darling little
Cinderella of nursery romance and pantomime triumphed over her
unnatural relatives and won the hand of the Prince? Dr. Bickers
declares that it was not. It is a philological blunder. The story of
Cinderella was a tradition before it was put into print in the French of
Charles Perrault, and in mediæval French the phonetic equivalent of
verre (glass) was *vair*, a kind of variegated or spotted fur. The first
man who translated the spoken into the written legend is answerable
for the introduction of *verre* instead of *vair*, and hence for changing
the fur slipper of the ancient story into the now universally accepted
glass slipper. The *verre* is a manifest absurdity. The pretty
Cinderella could not have danced in it without disaster at once to
the slipper and the little foot. The fur slipper has on the contrary
abundant excuse for its appearance in the story, for was not the
wearing of "fur and other pelletery" rigidly forbidden by the
sumptuary laws to all but princes and princesses?

I QUITE expected when I printed that glowing and somewhat
vehement article by Mr. Arthur Clive, entitled "The Trammels of
Poetic Expression," that the daring theory therein laid down, and
vindicated with so much fervour and so much untrammelled poetic
expression, would be very quickly challenged. My anticipations
have proved correct. I am favoured with several communications
on the subject, and among them the article by a new contributor

ded "Is Verse a Trammel?" which I have printed in this number. To Mr. Omond's paper I will add the substance of an expostulation against Mr. Clive's doctrine addressed to him by a gentleman who is in the lists of the young poets of the time, and to whom, so far as I can judge, rhyme and rhythm do not present themselves as trammels of poetic expression. My friend challenges Mr. Clive to prove his case by setting side by side of passages in which the great writers of prose have gone beyond the great writers of verse in grace, strength, and clearness, and asks "Will he be able to set by the side of 'Paradise Lost' any prose epic which can favourably contrast with it in these respects?" He believes that Mr. Clive would seek in vain for such a specimen of prose, and if it is contended that the test is unfair, since the best writers of epics have bound themselves by these heathen fetters of rhythm, he asks, "Will the writer of the article undertake to show what manner any thought in Dryden's 'wretched' verses can be improved by its transformation into prose, or to point out any passage in that writer in which he is fettered in expression by the use of rhyme? Can he show where the genius of Shakespeare is crippled or fettered by the use of the commonly-accepted form of poetic expression?" "The testimony of a great poet," he adds, "may be worth something. Wordsworth writes that to him it has often been

Pleasure to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground.

making one of Wordsworth's sonnets as an example, I think it would be impossible to render in any purer, finer, and terser form the thought expressed in that beginning 'Adieu, Rydalian laurels.' To the master of rhythm, rhythm brings no fetters. It rather lends wings. And, indeed, I notice that Mr. Clive insists upon the rhythmic character of much of the magnificent prose he quotes. Why should it not be as much a 'trammel' upon the writer to produce rhythmic prose as verse? Mr. Clive does not seem to be that the passage he quotes from Milton tells against himself. It was written in verse, and he quotes it to show that it reads as well in prose. All great writers have risen into music in the expression of their great thoughts or gentle fancies. But prose has other functions than the expression of either of these. What sort of piebald composition would ensue were a prose writer to throw himself into verse every time he reached a passage of genuinely poetic character? Plato adopted prose because it was more suited for the body of his work than verse. That he frequently wrote passages which were

poetical in character is no more an argument for a versified handling than the fact that Homer sometimes nodded would be an argument in favour of the 'Iliad' being degraded to prose. In either case the writer has chosen that general form of expression which has most completely commended itself to his artistic sense and to his feeling of the general fitness of means to end. That Plato in the expression of a great thought rises to musical expression is an argument for music. The versified form of expression is the highest kind of music of which speech has so far been found capable, and is but the completion of the principle for which Mr. Clive himself argues. He contends for musical speech. The poet offers him the noblest of word-music. The bonds of rhyme act only as a check upon loquacity and looseness. The poets of England alone have amply proved that it is possible most clearly to express in verse every shadow of thought and feeling. Besides this, rhyme has an emphasis of its own. Take Butler's famous lines, and put them into any possible prose form, and see how much in 'go' and sparkle the thought will lose.

What makes all doctrine plain and clear ?

—About two hundred pounds a year.

The rhyme in this case makes one-half the force of the jest. Or let the attempt be made to rival in prose the exquisite appositeness of old Chaucer's lines—

Nowher so busie a man as he ther nas

And yet he seemèd busier than he was."

But my correspondent does not confine himself to the theory. He is at issue with Mr. Clive touching the merits of Walt Whitman as a poet, of whom he says:—"He seems to me very accurately to describe his own productions in the passages cited by Mr. Clive. I cordially agree with the bird who reproves his 'gab,' and I also agree with Whitman himself in his estimate of his own verses as a 'barbaric yawp.' I think I might possibly find a versified passage—say in Shakespeare—which should at least equal in beauty, truth, and completeness of expression anything Mr. Clive can find in the prosy pages of Walt Whitman."

My correspondent who, in January, expressed his indignation at the common use of the term "bar sinister," thus replies to Mr. W. Annesley Mayne's remarks on the same subject which appeared last month:—"I trust Mr. Annesley Mayne did not think that, in my fit of spleen, I forgot the office of the *baton* as 'the proper and

st usual note of illegitimation,' as Guillim puts it. But I should call a man an 'ignoramus' for saying 'bend sinister' instead of baton.' According to Seton's 'Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland,' 'on Scottish seals of the sixteenth century a bend appears to be a more frequent mark of illegitimacy than a baton.' The Earl of Moray, son of James IV., bore the arms of Scotland with a full-bend sinister. The Regent Earl of Moray, son of James V., also bore a bend. Nisbet fights so hard to defend the bend sinister from being held a sign of dishonour as almost to over-throw his case, by showing that he was opposing a general opinion. The reason he gives for its being a very uncommon bearing in England, France, Italy, and Spain is that it was supposed to be a mark of illegitimacy—of course in the days when public opinion made the law. M. Simon, who was not an ignoramus, speaks, in his 'Armorial Général de l'Empire Français,' of the bend sinister (presumably including, but not specifying its diminutives) as being in former times the sign of illegitimacy. To speak, therefore, of a 'bend sinister' instead of a 'baton' is, at worst, a pardonable inaccuracy on the part of an unheraldic novelist; and at any rate a writer of taste likes to avoid an air of pedantry when he can do so without making a gross blunder. But to speak of a *bar sinister* is utter nonsense and shows gross ignorance of the meaning of heraldic words. It is against the *bar sinister*, therefore, that I protest; and I am obliged to Mr. Mayne for supplementing my statement of what people *do* mean by telling them what they *ought* to mean. 'Baton' shows special knowledge; 'bend sinister'—at the least—shows general knowledge; but '*bar sinister*' shows *no* knowledge. And so let it henceforth be despatched to the land of 'round triangles,' where black is white and popular novelists take heed to understand words before they employ them—in short, to the land of Nowhere."

I HAVE seen it stated in more than one journal lately that the death of Mr. George Finlay (who, if he was not a great historian, only missed that rank by a very slight shade of inferiority) removed the last of the band of sympathisers who poured into Greece from England during the Greek struggle for independence. Perhaps that is true if we speak strictly of English sympathisers; but it would not be true if we took in New England as well as old. The latter sent Byron and Cochrane (the adventurous Dundonald), Gordon, Leicester, Stanhope, Church, Hastings, Finlay, and others. All these are dead. New England sent a brave and good man who is still

living, but who has acquired so very different a reputation since then that the world has probably forgotten his youthful efforts as a volunteer on Greek battle-fields. I speak of Dr. Howe of Boston, who is so well known for his successful education of deaf-mutes, and who became specially known to English readers by Dickens's account of the case of Laura Bridgman, the poor girl from whose imprisoned senses Dr. Howe removed so many a seal. Dr. Howe fought for Greece when he was young, and endeavoured after the success of the struggle to establish an American colony there. More than forty years after he left his Boston home again to render what help he could by his surgical skill and his philanthropic energy to the insurgents of Crete in their desperate struggle against the Turkish Government. This was indeed following the precept of Schiller's hero, and reverencing when a man the dreams of his youth. When the Cretan effort was crushed Dr. Howe visited Greece again, and then went quietly home to teach his deaf-mutes in the excellent Boston institution in which Dickens saw nothing to ridicule. Dr. Howe's wife, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is well known as a poetess in her own country, and will be remembered by some of my readers as the heroine of a well meant, somewhat romantic, and wholly hopeless expedition to England to organise a great peace movement of women two or three years ago.

MR. LUCY, as the author of the biographical sketch of the late Tom Hood in my January number, and the writer of a letter in last month's "Table Talk" touching an absurdly unfair and virulently personal attack upon him in connection therewith which appeared in a column of literary gossip called "Waifs and Strays" in the *Weekly Dispatch*, asks me to print the following letter:—

Dear Sylvanus Urban,—After the *Gentleman's Magazine* had gone to press last month I learned upon unquestionable authority that Mr. Sampson was not the writer of the "Crow and Vulture" paragraph which appeared in a weekly newspaper, and for the publication of which the editor has since, in the frankest and most handsome manner, expressed his regret. I need hardly say that in making the attribution I did last month I acted upon information of the most positive and circumstantial character. I hope you will give me room to say how deeply I regret that the small part I have taken in an unseemly quarrel which has been thrust upon me has been varied by an unintentional misrepresentation.—I remain yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LUCY

Savage Club, 10th February.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1875.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER X.

"IS DUREWOODS NOT THE SAME?"

MOST of us believe in an ideal Self—something moving dimly in advance of us in life and kept apart from us continually by practical business, or by fits and starts lost sight of as the real man wanders away after temptation, but still to be seen every now and then in glimpses. This is perhaps the Genius of the Roman mythology which pertained to every individuality. It is the image of what one would have been if everything had gone exactly as it ought to have gone: if we had not been so poor when we were young, or so rich when we were young; if this person who has hardly any excuse had not tempted us; or that other, who has absolutely no excuse, had not thwarted us. The world and the flesh and the other influence must have taken a terrible hold of a man when he is not allowed sometimes to catch a glimpse of this ideal Self.

The world and the flesh had not so blurred the eyesight of Sir John Challoner but that he sometimes saw, or fancied he saw, this ideal Self. It was visible dimly when he read in his library, but far more clearly and certainly when he was in the company of his daughter. It pleased him to think that in her company—that is, when they were alone—he was then and only his real self. Perhaps a critic, if he could have known of this belief and analysed the evidence that supported it, would have said that Sir John Challoner, in his daughter's company, was only performing a part in order to hold her

esteem and affection and be a hero in her eyes. But Sir John always told himself that with her he was what he would have been in the world and in life if things had gone otherwise; if he had not been driven to take up with ambition; if getting on in London were not so exacting a pursuit; and if a man who sprang from nothing had not so much to contend with. The unhappy artist in Margers "Bohemia" cries out over the coffin of his mistress that it is his youth they are burying, if Sir John Challoner had been doomed to stand beside his daughter's grave he would have felt a similar pang of tortured egotism, and bewailed his ideal self buried along with her.

Sir John was late in going to rest and early in rising. He accommodated himself to at least half the proverbial conditions of amassing health, wealth, and knowledge. His daughter, as we know, took after him in sitting up late, and—sometimes—in rising early. Sir John knew that while he was in London Marie was in the habit of sitting up in her room reading for hours after every other creature in the house and in Durewoods had gone to bed. He never advised her against such a practice or even suggested to her, as elders are wont to do, that late hours and lamplight were likely to wither the roses of her youth. He never crossed her in anything, and hardly ever gave her any direct advice. He had an idea that elder people commonly lose their influence over the young by boring them with advice which young people never take except under coercion. Besides, he told himself that he was by no means sufficiently certain about anything to make it worth his while to lose the full confidence of his daughter by preaching to her this line of conduct rather than that. When Sir John married he found that his wife had strong religious convictions. He had none himself; he did not care much either way, he said, for that sort of thing; he was far too active and busy to have time to think about such subjects. So he told his wife that she was free to bring up the children in any way and to any faith she liked. That was only fair, he thought, as she had some decided opinions, and he had not. If her creed proved to be right in the end, the children would clearly have gained by it, and of course if he proved to be in the right they would be none the worse. "The children" turned out to be only Marie, and when Sir John was in Durewoods he went to church with Marie on Sundays if she wished it.

The result of all this was that Sir John always seemed a delightful companion and a sort of hero to his daughter, and that he had a genuine influence over her, which would have weighed heavily upon a man endowed with a profounder sense of responsibility.

The night of the day when Christmas left for London Marie sat reading in her turret chamber, the room in which Nathaniel ramp had done honour to the chatelaine. Two soft lamps lighted the room, and, though the rain was still falling heavily, one of the windows stood open, and the sharp little wind that had blown all day switched a long branch every now and then dripping across the opening. Marie put down her book occasionally and looked out across the wind-shaken trees and over the gusty sky with its hurrying and ghost-like clouds. She felt very happy in the poetic variety of the wild wet night. In the country you must live on sensations or be content to vegetate; and Marie could not vegetate. So after a lovely summer day there was delicious variety in the stormy anachronism of wind and rain; as company pleased her after solitude, and then, when the company had gone, welcome to solitude again. It amused and pleased her father often to observe how many of his peculiarities she had.

Marie was expecting her father to come to her room. She knew he would come when the latest of his guests had left him. About eleven o'clock he made his appearance and settled himself down, as was his wont, for a talk.

"You are never sleepy at night, Marie—still the same?"

"Never, papa. Is that a very bad thing?"

"I suppose so; you are like your hapless father in that way. We can't help it, dear; and we still live. Good people always go to bed early."

"So I have always heard. But it is so delightful to read at night."

"It is—and you look wonderfully well, Marie. How do you like Donald Vidal?"

"Well, I don't know. He is very new to me; and he is odd, and he seems clever. Is he old or is he young?"

"Doesn't his face tell his story?"

"He is handsome! and of course he looks young. But he seems to have withered up prematurely—he reminds me of the stories of changelings—Welsh fairy stories, are they not? And Breton, I think—old Merlin has told me of such things."

"Old heads are on many young shoulders in London now, Marie—shoulders of girls, dear, as well as of boys. I sometimes think we of the elder generation are the only young people; and I would insist upon it everywhere but that I am afraid to argue myself young now would only prove me old."

Marie looked with a smile of admiration at her tall, handsome, dark-haired father.

"Mr. Ronald Vidal must be about a century and a half older than you, papa. We count time by heart-throbs, you know—so Festus says,—was it not Festus?"

"Then you think palpitations of the heart have made Vidal grow prematurely old? I shouldn't have thought that, Marie; but I am glad if you think so."

"Heart! No, I didn't mean that; I applied my quotation badly. I don't suppose he has any heart to speak of."

"Perhaps he doesn't wear it on his sleeve for young women to peck at."

"Daws I think it is in Shakespeare, papa; but daws and young women I suppose are pretty much the same."

Sir John smiled.

"He's a very clever young fellow, Marie; he has plenty of brains."

"Yes, I suppose so. But why does he talk of lace?"

"Of lace, dear?"

"He talked to me a great deal to-day about lace and old china."

"Well, old china wasn't so bad perhaps. This age of progress, you know, has discarded Greek art for old china, and we have thrown over the Venetian school of colourists for the artists of Japan. Vidal always likes to be abreast of the latest intellectual developments."

"And the lace?"

"That was to please you I daresay. He doesn't talk to *me* about lace. Men of a certain order of mind always mean to pay a compliment to a woman when they assume that she only cares about lace and that sort of thing. But if you show Vidal that that is not your line he will very soon find some other subject. I'll tell him, if you like, that you are a very clever, intellectual young woman, and that you care no more about lace than he does."

"Oh please don't do that—it would frighten him, he would think me a sort of Minerva, and I shouldn't like that. Let him think me as silly as he pleases. I like him very much as he is, he is quite an odd and curious study—and when is he going away?"

"He never stays long anywhere. But you will see him very often in town. How do you like young Pembroke?"

"Very much. There is something about him so fresh and un-studied. He seems so young, and yet not stupid and awkward like a boy."

"He is the son of one of my oldest friends—you know, Marie?"

“He told me, dear; and Miss Lyle too. I hope you mean to be very kind to him.”

“I think I shall take him under my charge altogether, if I can— if he will fall into my ways. He is very young”—— Sir John hesitated.

“But he will grow, dear,—he will grow. I am so glad to hear that you will help him on. I was going to make it my humble petition to you—on my knees, if you insisted—that you would do something for that good, clever boy. I suppose he is poor—at least not rich. He told me *that*.”

“Making you his confidant already, Marie?”

“Oh yes, papa. I think I asked him to tell me all about himself; and he told me everything—everything! But your suspicion is wrong, papa, for all that.”

“My suspicion, Marie?” Sir John asked, a little uneasy that she should think he had any suspicion.

“Yes, dear; I saw you smile! You think he was trying to secure my influence with you—that was your idea? Confess.”

Sir John smiled again—this time a good deal relieved.

“You were quite wrong indeed, papa. He had nothing of the kind in his mind. On the contrary, I think he is full of a sort of fierce independence—like some wild bird. We must be very cautious with him or he will fly away.”

“Well, Marie, we will respect his spirit of independence. It is not a fault which troubles us too often in modern life. I am so glad to find that you like this young fellow, for we shall see him pretty often in London; and I meant to ask you, Marie, as a favour to myself and for the sake of times that you can't remember, to be especially friendly and attentive to this poor lad.”

“How glad I am that I know him and like him so much already! I have grown quite attached to him; and this is not—I see you smile again—this is *not* one of my sudden likings, and I shall not drop him in a moment. I have made him a study, and I am sure I know him thoroughly; and I feel convinced that I shall always like him.”

“I hope so, Marie. Why I want you to be especially civil to him is this—we shall have many men among our acquaintances in London of very different position and fortunes and prospects from poor Pembroke; and men of course of far greater talent—men of name and mark and all that; and I should be sorry if he thought that we looked down upon him, whatever they—I mean whatever others—might do.”

"No one ever shall think that of me," Lady Disdain said with generous warmth.

"Nor of me, dear."

"Oh, they couldn't think it of you. You are always doing generous things. Nobody thinks you could be impelled by any mean feeling. But women are so ungenerous sometimes—I don't mean to be so, and people shall know it."

Sir John then turned the conversation away to other things. Marie did not forget to ask for his influence in some way or other on behalf of Nat Cramp; and Sir John, premising that from what he had observed he fully believed Nathaniel to be an inflated young idiot, promised nevertheless. It was Miss Marie's sincere opinion that her father could make the fortune of any one whom he pleased to patronise. Then they talked of books and new poets. Sir John always took care to keep up with the new things, and to profess to admire them, whether he did or not, if his daughter did, lest he should seem in her eyes uncompanionable or elderly; and he always took care to avoid professing undue admiration for things which "were so in his time." At last he rose to go away. His daughter stood up, threw one arm around his neck, and kissed him. He held her apart for a moment, and looked with admiration and a sort of wonder, real or assumed, at her tall and finely developed figure.

"Why, Marie," he said, "you are a woman at last—a grown and even a tall woman! You were a little girl the other day, and now you are fit to be married! When we go to London in the winter you will have suitors enough, I dare say. But we mustn't take up with the first comer, Marie—you and I. You are far too clever and too handsome a woman not to have ambition."

"Is ambition so fine a thing?" Marie asked thoughtfully, and without noticing her father's praises.

"Is anything fine?" Sir John said, with a slightly cynical movement of his shoulders. "I don't know, Marie, if anything in life really deserves to be called fine. But ambition survives most things in certain natures; in people, perhaps, like you and me. And when one has great influence one can do great good."

"That is true," the girl said slowly, "that is quite true."

"People rail at ambition, my dear, who have not the capacity for success. If I had not been ambitious, Marie, how could I ever have been in a position to do any good, or lend a helping hand to mortal? I have done some good in my time, and shall again, and so will you. You will have influence and power some day. I see it! And you

will use it well! Yes, love, you are quite a woman! At last—so soon! Good night, Marie.”

He kissed her affectionately and left the room.

Marie stood for a short while where he had left her, and alone though she was, her face seemed to glow. The long, sweet, blank days of girlhood were over then, and she was a woman! And there was a great world in which she was promised a career, and influence, and rank, and power of doing good. She might be of herself a benefactress and an influence, and be looked up to, and feel that she was something in existence. She had not thought of such things for women. A man may know or dream that he is on the threshold of a career; but the life of a girl is so different. And yet now here are promptings and counsels which tell her that she, too, may have ambition and success. Her heart palpitated.

She turned to the window and looked upon the tossing trees and the wild waste sky.

“I wish the night were fine,” she said half aloud. “Is Miss Lyle right—already? Is Durewoods not the same?”

That night Marie dreamed of being a great princess, and of becoming a splendid patroness of Christmas Pembroke and of Natty Cramp.

Sir John went down to his library meanwhile, and began to turn over a number of business letters, proposals, and sketched-out projects, which he had put aside in the day for more deliberate consideration. But he seemed to have less than usual the power of turning his mind full on to these drier matters of business. He had a plan more intimately concerning himself in his thoughts, which he meant to work out if he could. So after a while he put his papers away, and nursed his knee, and thought over things. The more he thought the more he felt satisfied that he had hit upon the right policy to bring about the results at which he was aiming. The appearance of Christmas Pembroke upon his scene had been to him a very unwelcome and ominous apparition. The young man was handsome, attractive, fresh and winning in his ways, and he presented himself under romantic circumstances as the son of an old, long-lost friend and rival, and he came under the picturesque patronage of Dione Lyle. Here was something quite different from an ordinary young fellow turning up in the beaten way of London society; and Challoner knew that his daughter was impulsive and romantic, and he had little doubt that she could, under certain conditions, be self-willed.

Besides, he had a strong conviction that Miss Lyle had brought forward this youth with a set purpose. He felt sure that Dione

had brought his daughter and Pembroke purposely together. Dione had loved the lad's father, and she was full of romantic ideas, and Sir John always suspected that she owed him a spite because of the efforts he had made long ago, when he cared about such things, to keep her and her lover asunder. He did not know that Dione, or anybody, had ever found out what stratagems he had employed for the purpose; but he assumed that she had, and that even when she was most civil to him she cherished a spite against him. For himself, of course, he had long ceased to have any ill feeling to anybody on the subject. He was now exceedingly glad that Dione Lyle had not married him, and he was rather sorry the elder Pembroke had not married her if he really cared about her so much as all that. But women, Sir John always understood, never forget any sentimental injury. He had for a long time been doubtful whether she really suspected the injury, but now that she had so suddenly brought this lad from Japan plump on the scene Sir John was convinced that she knew it all, and that this was her revenge. So like a woman—so remarkably like a woman! Romantic and malign at once—exactly a woman's scheme! Sir John thought it thoroughly out, constructed for himself the whole labyrinth of a woman's mind, and then explored it from end to end. He smiled to think how completely and easily he had discovered the plot. He settled it for himself that Dione Lyle was resolved to punish him, to mar his ambitious schemes, and to reward the son of her old lover by marrying Marie Challoner to Christmas Pembroke. Considering the peculiar life his daughter had led, her loneliness, her blended cleverness and innocence, he owned to himself that the thing was shrewdly thought of, and that under favourable circumstances, and with guardian-eyes less watchful than his own, it positively might have succeeded.

The one part of the scheme which he thought clumsily worked out was the story about Dione Lyle having only learned of Christmas Pembroke's existence by a chance paragraph in the newspapers. That he thought was poor—it was too obviously absurd. It was thoroughly feminine. It amused him to think of his old love fancying she could get him to believe that. He had no doubt young Pembroke believed it; for the boy was evidently quite ingenuous and simple, and it was the sort of romantic thing which a boy would like to believe. But Sir John Challoner had lived rather too long in the world to be thus deceived, and he felt sure that Dione had watched for years over the career of her old lover's son, and probably had been the means of inducing the elder Pembroke

to start with the boy for Europe. Sir John was a clever man, but in studying human nature his light was not sufficiently dry, to adopt Bacon's phrase. He came to every subject with a precious theory, to which all inquiries and discoveries had to fit themselves. That theory was that everybody had a motive. For the not inconsiderable number of persons who even where their own interests are concerned are incapable of devising a secret motive, or keeping in force half an hour, who never think of deciding anything until the decision has to be made, and who then do just what they think right and fair—for this happily not inconsiderable class he made no allowance.

Seeing the plot, then, how was he to countermine it? Not certainly by the silly and vulgar old device of endeavouring to keep his daughter and Pembroke asunder. He was not enough of an old stagger to have any faith in that sort of thing now. That is the way, we well knew, in which blunder-headed parents have over and over again driven girls into objectionable love affairs and odious marriages. Sir John made up his mind at once to bind Christmas Pembroke to him by the strongest ties of gratitude and interest, and thus to become the boy's master, to press the lad on Marie as an object of friendly and patronising attention, and at the same time to keep gently touching, thrilling, causing to echo with long vibrations, the chord of ambition and of self-love which he believed to be in his daughter's heart as in the heart of every woman. To do him justice, he was too fond of his daughter to be content with the mere prospect of preventing a foolish match. He was anxious to save her from the pain and the disappointment of a foolish love. Thus far, he thought, things had gone very well. He drew a good augury from the manner in which he had seen his daughter's eyes light up and then sink when he spoke to her of ambition.

How incalculably stronger ambition was than love the successful man well knew. *He* had outlived all the emotions of his youth in regard to love affairs; but Ambition, though she had little of the virgin, had always kept her lamp burning in his heart. He knew quite well how that if he had married Dione Lyle when he was young she would long ago have wholly ceased to interest him, even though they might have led never so happy a life together. In his proposed policy with regard to Christmas there was a considerable amount of genuine good nature; for although he felt towards his daughter an almost painful, almost distracting affection, yet he thought any youth to be invited who, without wealth or position, could persuade even her to marry him for love. Not only would it be infinitely happier for

Marie not to marry for love, but it would be happier likewise for Marie's lover. He was convinced that in the depths of his daughter's dark eyes he saw the germs of a fire more powerful and enduring than that of love. Once set that fire of ambition burning, and it would leave no place for feebler lights.

CHAPTER XI.

"GATHER YE ROSES WHILE YE MAY."

WHAT was the curious, hardly explicable impulse which kept Marie from visiting Miss Lyle for some days after Christmas Pembroke had left Durewoods? Miss Lyle herself would probably have smiled in her good-natured, half melancholy, half satirical way, and assumed that the absence of the handsome young man was explanation enough even if Marie had not new guests at home to amuse and distract her. Dione would not have been offended or annoyed. Girls must be all like that, she thought; and she was rather pleased that Marie should have liked the son of her old friend so well as to think the balcony a different place when he was not there. But perhaps Marie's kindly friend misjudged her. Marie may have kept away for another reason. She drew back for the moment from Miss Lyle perhaps as a Roman Catholic who feels subtle doubts arising in his mind about the truth of the faith in which he has been nurtured might shun the presence of the teacher whose counsels he begins to fear are no more for him.

"What is ambition?" Marie asked aloud one morning at breakfast. Only Mrs. Seagraves, Captain Cameron, and Mr. Vidal were with her. Sir John had breakfasted earlier, and was writing letters in his study.

Captain Cameron was engaged with a radish, which constituted the staple of his ordinary breakfast. Mrs. Seagraves sipped some tea, with her head drooping gracefully to the left. She wore a morning dress of pale blue muslin with white lilies curiously enwrought.

Everybody looked up as the question was propounded. Mr. Vidal did not burst forth with a rapid dissertation to settle the matter, as he usually did when any one had a doubt on any subject; and as the company generally expected explanations from him no one said anything. So Marie gravely repeated her question—

"What is ambition?"

"A conundrum, Miss Challoner?" asked Mr. Vidal lazily. "If so, I give it up."

"No; I ask for information, as the people say in the House of Commons or at public meetings, I believe. What is ambition?"

"It's the last infirmity of noble minds," Captain Cameron explained, being driven to bay.

"But what does that mean, Captain Cameron? What does that tell me?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I never looked much into the meaning of it; but everybody quotes it."

"What is the last infirmity of noble minds?"

"Why, ambition of course. Didn't I quote it for you?"

"Yes; but what does that mean?"

"There you have me," the Legitimist said, gravely; "but I think ambition is a splendid sort of thing. I don't believe a man is worth his salt who hasn't a touch of ambition."

"Oh, I love ambition!" Mrs. Seagraves said, with enthusiasm, and with her head more than ever on one side, and one taper finger lightly supporting her chin. "It is the nurse of everything great. I should like to be ambitious—it must be so nice! Of course I shouldn't like to be ambitious in the wrong sort of way. I hate that sort of ambition—Napoleon and Alexander the Great, and people like that. I used to love them once—when I was a girl. I was quite in love with Napoleon—oh! quite in love, I declare. Not really in love—downright love—and besides he was dead; but in love as girls are with heroes. But I don't love that sort of ambition any more."

"Ambition in a man I understand," said Marie, not greatly enlightened by this last expression of opinion; "but in a woman? What has a woman to be ambitious for?"

"You are quite right," Captain Cameron approvingly answered, though in fact no opinion had been offered; "it's absurd and ridiculous and unladylike. There won't be a lady left in England soon if that sort of thing goes on."

Captain Cameron was evidently regarding feminine ambition as a new development of woman's rights. Mrs. Seagraves broke out with a fresh burst of enthusiasm for woman's ambition. Mr. Vidal, who did not care for discussions or general conversation, said nothing. And Marie found that she could hardly get her question satisfactorily answered just then.

Indeed she had not started the subject with any idea of obtaining enlightenment for herself, but partly because it was pressing on her mind, and partly because she was curious to know whether Mr. Vidal was himself an ambitious man. Sir John Challoner's words had left

a deep, and in many ways an alarming, impression on her mind, and they seemed somehow to chime in with Miss Lyle's prediction that once she left Durewoods she would never return to it with the same feelings as she had now. It may be that Marie was only too conscious within herself of the first throbbings of an emotion which had started into life at her father's words.

Mr. Vidal was a disappointing person at first. Marie was left a good deal in his company, for her father took charge of Mrs. Seagraves, and Captain Cameron generally went off on restless excursions of his own. Vidal apparently did not care a straw for woods and water and scenery. He hardly looked at anything out of doors. He talked almost incessantly; and talked a great deal about art, about pictures, and even about landscapes; but he never seemed to allow his eyes to rest upon anything in nature. He told Marie all about the present season of the Royal Academy, and the past season, and the Salon in Paris; and he assured her that somebody of whom she had never heard before was by far the greatest English artist now living, and that somebody of whom she was equally ignorant was a mere charlatan and trickster whom all the world now was finding out. He told her how very absurd Lady Letitia Severance was making herself with her collections of china, which were not the right things at all, and in fact were absolutely worthless. He had bran-new opinions upon everything. Any celebrated artist of past or present time whom Marie in her innocence happened to mention with admiration he assured her was cared for by nobody now, and was found to have a thoroughly false method. He rattled off the names of strings of poets and other authors of whom our untutored heroine had never heard, and he assured her that these were the persons who now absorbed public attention; and he went into fluent and æsthetic dissertations upon their respective merits until Miss Challoner felt perfectly ashamed of her ignorance. It was the same thing with music, of which he convinced her in the easiest and most offhand way that she knew absolutely nothing, or rather that she was much worse off than if she had known nothing, inasmuch as all her ideas were wrong, and her teaching had been imparted on a false method. Then he went on to the opera, and told her all about that; and then he analysed the merits of various theatres and actresses, and explained an entirely new dramatic principle, to which he meant to give a chance as soon as he could get hold of a theatre and raise the money somehow. In the famous fateful little hollow among the woods he engaged in a voluble and earnest dissertation on the absurdly

erroneous principle on which some people were now decorating their ceilings.

Mr. Vidal was an entirely new creation to Marie Challoner. He seemed wonderfully clever, she thought, and he appeared to know everything and every one ; and he was necessarily, therefore, interesting if you could only keep your attention fixed all the time. But that was not easy in the open air for a girl who was fond of the effects of light and shade, and trees and water, and who was longing at every step to call attention to something that she thought worth looking at. It was true that Christmas Pembroke, too, seemed at first to have no eyes for the scenery, but then he could see things when they were pointed out, and his ways and talk were all more sympathetic. Christmas seemed very young to her ; Ronald Vidal appeared very old. She remembered what her father had told her about Vidal's talent for finance and his love of enterprise and speculation, and it became a marvel to her how he contrived to find time in life for so many things, and for the elaborate culture of so many various fields of knowledge.

She gave up the sun and sky for the moment, and set herself seriously to study this newer phenomenon.

“You seem to know everybody, Mr. Vidal—poets, painters, authors, politicians, actresses.”

“Yes, I know a lot of people ; I like to know people. Of course one doesn't know life if one doesn't know the men and women who make it up. Look at the things you read or the things you hear said in the House sometimes about foreign politics by fellows who only pick up their notions out of books. Things can't be known in that way. Go to the places ; meet the people ; talk to the men ; smoke a cigar with them ; set them talking—that is the way to understand questions. Men study history—all right of course : very good. I make a point of going and hearing a few debates in Berlin or Versailles, and I have a few chats with Bismarck and Thiers and Gambetta. It's the same thing at home. I want to see things from everybody's point of view. I know Bradlaugh, and I know Odger.”

“And all the poets and authors ? Some of them I am ashamed to say I am not at all acquainted with.”

“I know them all. Some of them, you know, one meets in society, quite often ; but a lot of them live rather to themselves, in out of the way places, and people don't always know how to get at them. But I find my way among them easily enough, for I know ever so many of the newspaper men—in fact, I write a good deal for one or two of the papers.”

"How can you find the time for all that?"

"Why not? There's plenty of time in life if people only were quick and knew how to make use of it."

"And in all these pursuits now—art, literature, journalism, criticism, finance—and Japanese fans and old china—which really is the one that most attracts you? I am positively curious to know that, if I am not rude in asking."

"You couldn't be rude in asking me anything, Miss Challoner. Well, you see, as to that, none of these things is really in what I consider my vocation."

"Indeed! not even finance, in which papa says you are so clever? And do you know, Mr. Vidal, I am not sure that I quite understand what finance means?"

"Oh, you wouldn't care to know. It wouldn't interest you at all. But as to my special vocation—you were kind enough to ask? No, it's not finance. My game of life, if I had my way, would be politics."

"Indeed? But you are already engaged in politics, I thought?"

They were now on the top of the hill, from which the view extended at one side broad over the outer bay, to the horizon beyond which lay, in Marie's favourite fancy, the shores of the wondrous lands of poetry, and romance, and the children of the sun.

"You really must look at that view," she said almost pathetically. "Every one admires it. Is it not wonderful?"

"Beautiful, beautiful! I have seen something like it somewhere—can't quite remember where; perhaps it's in one of Saltmar's pictures; year before last, I think. Yes, it was in that. Very fine view indeed! You are very fortunate. A little windy here, isn't it? Your veil was near going. Don't you like the tawny-green veils, with the Egyptian gold on the edges? You haven't seen them? You would be sure to like them. Tell Challoner to send you some. I'll let him know the place to get them. They are made specially, and a great many nice women have taken to them lately."

"Well, we were speaking of politics," Marie said, giving up the view from the hill for good and all. "I was rude enough to be curious about your vocation."

"Oh, yes. Well, Miss Challoner, my strongest desire is for political success. I want to be in the House of Commons."

"At last he is in earnest," Marie said to herself, and she was glad of it. Vidal had stopped short as they were descending the hill, and *he looked with a certain strength of resolve on his handsome face.*

“But I suppose you could easily get there,” she said. “It surely is not difficult for one like you.”

“It isn’t difficult to get in perhaps, although it costs a deuced lot of money—excuse the expression, Miss Challoner, it slipped from me—a great deal of money in these days; and I haven’t much money, as you know I dare say—almost nothing of my own. I did make some few thousands once or twice under Challoner’s directions; but I muddled the money all away on theatres and fads of that sort; and perhaps might do the same again if I had the chance. But it isn’t merely getting into the House. I know I could get in there. I want—to tell you the truth—to be Foreign Minister. That is my ambition.”

“Ambition! Then you too have ambition?”

“Every one has, I suppose. *You* have, I am sure.”

“Why do you think so?”

“I don’t know that I could give a very clear answer. Something in your look perhaps. And every woman of spirit who is worth anything has ambition.”

“But ambition for what? What can a woman be?”

“She can be an influence—a power. She could be the wife of a statesman, and do great things in politics herself. She could be a queen of society. Oh yes, a woman might do great things—and help a man to do great things too.”

Marie became thoughtful for a moment, and Mr. Vidal too was silent. Then she started a different subject.

“You who know so many artists, Mr. Vidal, and are so fond of music, ought to pay a visit to Miss Lyle—Miss Dione Lyle. She is a delightful woman, and a picture in herself.”

“Challoner has told me of her—of her being settled here I mean. I always thought she was living in France somewhere.”

“Did you know her then?”

“I remember having heard her—years ago, when I was very young.”

“Indeed?” Marie asked eagerly. “What was she—a great singer?”

“The greatest concert-singer of her time—English singer, I mean,” he said. “At least so I am told. But her style is quite out of date now.”

“She retired very early and unexpectedly, did she not?”

“I believe so; there was some romantic story about her, I think; but I have forgotten what it was, if I ever heard it. I should think her voice must have been going; women don’t give up a career like that without good reason, you know.”

"But she is not like most women, I fancy."

"No? Perhaps not. Of course you can't count on what some women may do."

"Then she really was a success?" Marie said, meditatively. "She really reached the height of her ambition—in the career that she had chosen?"

"Well, yes—I believe so."

"And stepped down from the height again?"

"For some reason or other—yes."

"And is forgotten now?"

"I should think pretty nearly forgotten."

"So much for ambition! Was it worth the trouble, I wonder?"

Marie asked rather of herself than of him.

"One can't help it; one has to go on."

"What does it come to in the end?"

"What does anything come to in the end?" Mr. Vidal asked. "Nobody thinks of that in the beginning. And if he did it wouldn't matter three straws—he would go on all the same if going on was his way, I mean."

"I have an idea—I don't well know why," Marie said, striving to interest him in Miss Lyle's story, because just now it filled her own mind greatly, "that she made a sacrifice—of some kind—to her ambition, and that now she thinks it was not worth the sacrifice."

"I dare say very likely. But then if she had done the other thing she would probably think now that that was the sacrifice."

"Men might," Marie began, "but a woman—I don't know," and then she stopped, thinking it absurd to set about discussing sentimental problems of life with Mr. Vidal.

"There's a good deal of nonsense in the world about the peculiarities of men and women," said Vidal. "I have studied women a good deal, and I think they are just about as practical and ambitious as we are in the long run. Anyhow life is a tempting game, and some people, man or woman, can't keep out of it. They can't sit on the bank and look on; they have to go in, even if they make a muddle of it, and have to sneak out beaten in the end."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Marie. "Yes I do though," she quickly added.

"That's as Mrs. Seagraves might have put it," Vidal said, and then they both laughed, and the subject was not brought up again. Marie started her companion off on some other topic whereon he could dissertate uninterrupted until they returned home. She felt wearied and depressed somehow after her walk; but she was now satisfied

that there was more in Mr. Vidal than she thought when he talked to her of lace.

Not many days after this Dione Lyle received a parting visit from Sir John Challoner and his daughter.

"We are going sooner than I intended at first," Sir John said. "I shall take Marie to Pau for a short time. Cameron is to cross the Pyrenees, and I shall go with him that way as far as I can. I should like to have a look at things in that region. Partly business, partly pleasure—so men like me have to combine things, Miss Lyle."

"Has Captain Cameron talked *you* into Carlism?" Dione asked.

Sir John smiled. "Oh no; I am only a man of business, not a political partisan. But he wants me to do things which would be fairly enough in my line if I could see my way. Anyhow Marie will have a holiday, and then we can settle down for the winter and the season in London."

Marie had hardly spoken thus far.

"I do so much want to get one of those roses, Miss Lyle, from your hedge down by the water," she said. "May I have one?"

"Of course, dear. Shall I tell Janet to get you as many as you like?"

"Thank you, I should much prefer to go down and get them for myself."

"As you please, Marie."

Marie rather hastily left the room, and was presently seen near the rose bushes at the water's edge. Dione and Sir John both looked for a moment in silence at her.

"Marie grows a beautiful girl," Miss Lyle said. "Take care of her, John."

"You don't think she looks unwell, or delicate?" he asked anxiously. "You don't mean that, Dione?" These two never addressed each other in so familiar a manner in the presence of any listener.

"Oh no, she seems to me in the full glow of health. I mean take care of her happiness."

"Do you think anybody could care as much about her happiness as I do, Dione?"

"No; but you may not be the best judge of what constitutes a woman's abiding happiness. Look here, John Challoner, you are a sort of hero in that girl's eyes—try to keep up your character. Don't teach her to sacrifice herself to your ambition, or to hers, I don't care which."

"All for love or the world well lost, I suppose is your motto now,

Dione? It was not so once, I think. But I'll take care of her. I am going to take care of your young friend too—Pembroke's son. I mean to help that lad to make his fortune if I can—for the sake of old acquaintanceship. We don't lose all our human feelings in the City, Dione."

Miss Lyle looked up with surprise in her soft melancholy eyes.

"Are you really going to be so kind to him, John, for the sake of old friendships?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"I ought not to have doubted it, perhaps; but I am glad to hear it—and I believe it, and I think there is a great deal of good in you, after all! Well, I have some schemes of my own vaguely shaping themselves for him too."

("I know you have," Sir John thought, with the quiet satisfaction of one well on his guard, but he said nothing.)

"And I will tell you of them some time, when I hear from you how he gets on, and all that. I feel really grateful to you, and I think," she added smilingly, "I may trust your daughter's happiness to you after all."

At that moment Marie entered the room with her freshly gathered roses and memories.

"And you are going into the great world, Marie!" Miss Lyle said. "Do you know that I feel a little like the old broken-down discharged soldiers I used to see in French villages taking leave of some bright young conscript? Well, you must be sure to come back unwounded, and tell us of the wars."

Marie hardly spoke. She was much more moved than she had expected to be. A kindly embrace, a glance backwards, and the parting was over.

So Durewoods is to remain a lonely place for some time to come. Dione Lyle, sitting in her balcony, is to watch the trees growing browner and redder under the darkening skies of autumn, and is at last to retire from her balcony altogether, and look through the glass of her windows at the rain-beaten sea, where in the winter months the *Saucy Lass* makes but one passage each way every day, and the wind tears spitefully through the now bare and ragged branches on which lately grew the roses gathered by Marie.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

THE happy days when we were so miserable! Will Christmas Pembroke at some later time look back and think the days happy when he was so miserable in his chambers, under his painted ceiling, after his return from Durewoods? Certainly he then thought himself very unhappy, and he sometimes envied with a bitter envy the French artist in the story whose only love was for a lady who lived then, and who lives still, in the Louvre, and who is called *La Joconde*. How he wished that he could love the goddess who floated on his ceiling! And when first he came to London he almost loved her, though her limbs were somewhat large and her face rather wanted for expression. She was then a part of the whole new chapter of his life—of his freedom—which, however melancholy its cause, brought his first great holiday—of London—of an opening career—and of hope, and morning, and youth, and brightness, and all the rest of it. Now she was rather irksome to him, for she was so very very unlike Marie. Twenty times a day he wished he had never gone to Durewoods—had never seen Marie Challoner—had never come to England. For many a spell he found himself in good truth sick of life. We smile at these love-pains in later days; but, good Heaven, how real they are, and how cruel they are! A young man vexed with them is many a time more sincerely ready to welcome Death than the serenest old philosopher who has grown into a conviction of the worthlessness of life.

“I suppose my father bequeathed this sort of thing to me,” he said to himself once with that complacent mournfulness of consolation which comes to us when we think that Destiny has marked us out. “It’s our luck, I suppose. He had to go through life disappointed, I know now; and why shouldn’t I? He was a hundred times a better man.”

If Christmas had but known it, his love, hopeless as it seemed, was his best stroke of fortune. Coming as it did so early, and taking so powerful a hold, it purified and dignified his youth. Heaven knows what temptations in his London holiday and his freedom might have proved too much for him, but for this strong love of his. “Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!” Christmas was no longer lord of himself. The memory of a girl whom he had known for a few days held him in bondage, now bitter and now sweet; but always saving. He chafed against it often, and asked

what he had done to deserve such pain and the barren promise of a life withered apparently in its spring—but he never broke away from it. Probably, too, his love was all the stronger because he desired no confidant. There are young men, as there are young women, who must tell the story of their feelings to some one, and whose load is really lightened by such effusion, and who are fain to hear the one loved name repeated anyhow. Our Spartan boy from Japan had hardly any of this sentiment. He could tell his tale to no one, and he feared even to hear her name mentioned lest he should start and betray himself. He did his worship in the catacombs.

It is a Sunday morning, still in the summer, although London's season is fading. The day is fine and sunny, the church bells are tolling, the chapel bells are clinking, and the peculiar population of the London Sunday are abroad. There are the girls in their finery, with their gloves so admirably fitting, and their bonnets so exceedingly chaste, and yet in each of whom the most casual glance recognises Mary Jane of the kitchen disguised as a lady and going to meet her young man. There is the young man himself with shiny tall hat, and gloves which he carries in his hands, and a cigar, and the way in which he holds that cigar between his lips tells, one knows not how, that it is a part of his Sunday get-up, and that a clay pipe is his more familiar solace. There are the pair, to look at whom would surely have filled the heart of the author of "Sally in our Alley" with sympathy and compassion—the tiny milliner girl and her tiny lover; the little, full-grown, slim woman and the little stunted, full-grown, pale young man with the weak moustache and the narrow chest. With great pride the little maid looks towards—even she can hardly look up to—the little man. She belongs to a milliner's dress-making-room, and he is perhaps an assistant at a clothier's. They are very happy now as they go for their Sunday walk. They will marry with fearful prematureness, and she and he will soon trundle a perambulator on the Sunday; and presently she will have to stay at home and mind the other babies, and the husband is far too decent a fellow to seek after the ideal in drink and the public-house; and so he and she put through a wan monotonous life, and will probably die early. Even the police-court and the leading articles trouble themselves not about him and her.

Some part of the Sunday crowd passes along the Embankment under Christmas's windows as he smoked a cigar and looked out and indulged in easy moralising, and glanced again and again at a *kindly letter from Dione Lyle*. One phrase in it touched him

keenly and curiously. Miss Lyle was describing something new or altered in her house or garden, and she used the words "When you were here." When you were here! The words seemed to Christmas to be charged with unspeakable pathos. When you were here!—when things were as they cannot well be again; before the gates had closed behind you; before the time of roses was over. He put the letter down, and happening by chance to look up thought the smug face of his floating goddess detestable, and half resolved to have her painted out.

Christmas had luckily something particular to do this Sunday, and he took up a card that lay on his chimney-piece to remind himself once more of the time when he had to keep his engagement. The card was an invitation to attend at noon of that Sunday a meeting of the worshippers of the Church of the Future, Avenir Hall, Hope Place, West Centre. Pembroke had not yet worshipped in the Church of the Future, although he knew some of its leading disciples or prophets. Indeed, he had paid a good many visits to the house of Mrs. Seagraves, who received her friends on Sunday afternoons during certain months of the year. She had come to have a sort of interest in his eyes from the fact that her brother had gone off in the company of the Challoners towards the Pyrenees, and she might perhaps any day chance to have news from Marie. Of Nathaniel Cramp, too, Christmas had seen something. Nathaniel now had absolutely severed himself from the haircutting, and was preparing for his grand enterprise. Christmas rather liked him, and liked the memories of Durewoods which his very presence brought; and was amused and yet sympathetic when Nat hinted, in a dark and gloomy way, at misprized affection and the pangs of hopeless love. He was too much engrossed, however, in his own thoughts to allow his curiosity about Nat to get any farther than a vague wonder as to whether it was a Durewoods lass or some Wigmore Street shop-girl who was working such ravage in the heart of his forlorn friend.

"What a lucky ass he is," Christmas thought, as he left his lodgings to attend the meeting at noon, "with his Church of the Future! I suppose that sort of thing occupies him and consoles him, and makes him fancy himself a high priest and a prophet, and I don't know what else! I wish I had a Church of the Future, and were a prophet."

For the occupations with which Christmas endeavoured at once to open up a career for himself and to drive away thought were rather of a dry and prosaic nature. He had become a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and he read a good deal in the *British*

Museum, and he was preparing something very elaborate on the prospects of railway extension in Japan, and he attended meetings of the Geographical Society and the Society of Arts, and he sometimes had wild ideas of trying to get attached to some African exploring expedition. So far, however, he was living on his modest income, and had not yet earned a sixpence; and decidedly it is a loftier sort of business, and more grateful to the heroic soul, to be engaged in founding a Church of the Future than in speculating as to the extension of railways in Japan.

The Church of the Future did not look a very inspiring institution in the present stage of its existence. Of course it was only beginning; and Rome looked a poor thing enough when Remus leaped its wall; and every one laughed at the ugly duckling. The Church of the Future was yet in the ugly duckling stage of its growth. The meetings or services were held in a shabby little hall of a shabby street in the West Centre; a hall which was habitually used in the week as a dancing-school, and occasionally hired as a concert-room, or a place in which some personage misled by a mournful ambition attempted to attract an audience to a course of lectures. The little platform had a dismal transparency behind it, the forms whereon could but dimly be made out in the wan daylight that underwent a process the reverse of filtration through the dull window panes; and when studied carefully, as Christmas now had leisure to study them, they proved to be a circle of gentlemen in blue swallow-tail coats, light yellow trowsers, white stockings, and dancing-"pumps"; and of ladies in lank semi-transparent garments clinging to their limbs, and slippers so very much cut off the foot that it was marvellous how they held on at all. This melancholy crew was supposed to be emblematic of the delights of the dance, and had thus been an emblem since at least the childhood of Madame Vestris. Rows of seats were arranged down the hall, and there were two private boxes level with the platform. Very few votaries of the Church of the Future had come when Christmas took his seat. There were two ladies with short-cropped hair, of whom one wore spectacles; and there were three or four young men who looked like overworked and sickly artisans; and there was one elderly man with long gray hair thrown back, and eager moving eyebrows, who would to a more matured and better informed observer than Christmas have suggested associations of the old days of the People's Charter. Christmas was thinking of backing quietly out and waiting in the street until more people should come, when Nat Cramp bustled in all nervous and hot.

"We're not very punctual here always," said Nathaniel, "but they'll come in before long. We have been holding a council meeting—and, in fact, I'm afraid there's only too much likelihood of a schism."

"Indeed? How is that?" Christmas asked, making the best effort he could to seem deeply interested.

"Yes"; and Nat rubbed up his hair wildly. "It's the difficulty about a definition, you see."

"A definition? Definition of what?"

"What constitutes membership—don't you see? Some of us think the Church of the Future ought to open its arms to all the world—all the world!"

Christmas could not help glancing round at the benches, still almost as empty as before. A straggler just at that moment looked doubtfully in and then withdrew—

"It's for the future, you know," Nat said as if in answer to Christmas's glance—"and here are some people, you see." (Three more came in.) "But we must build for the future."

"Shingle out into the fog?" Christmas said, quoting an old joke from the Western States of America about a fog so thick that a man engaged in "shingling" or roofing his cabin went on unconsciously thatching the fog for yards beyond the roof.

"What's that?" Nat asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence. Just a Western way of putting the thing. Excuse my interruption."

"There's Mrs. Seagraves," whispered Natty, bowing and blushing confusedly as that lady with three or four companions entered one of the private boxes. Mrs. Seagraves smiled sweetly upon Christmas, and then held her head much on one side and contemplated three lilies which she bore in her hand.

"Well, the schism—the definition?" Christmas urged.

"There are some," Nat went on solemnly, "who hold that no one who believes any of the tenets of the older Churches can be a member of our Church. I don't say that there isn't a great deal to be said for that view of the case, mind you—but I think it is better that we should set the example of being broad. I don't see that a man is necessarily disqualified for being a member because he believes in a future life."

"Certainly not," said Christmas, gravely and much amused. "Perhaps he can't help it, poor fellow. It may not be his fault—he may have been badly brought up, you know. And then he may repent."

"Yes, yes," Nat said rather hurriedly and perhaps not quite sure whether Christmas was serious.

"Besides," Christmas added, "if you only receive those who already agree in everything, how are you to make any converts?"

"Well, anyhow, I'm afraid there's going to be a secession," Nat said ruefully. "There'll be a second Church. The worst of it is that old Mr. Tyas, of Hornsey, is at the head of the secession, and it's he who has always made himself responsible for the hire of the hall and the gas and all that. It soon won't matter much to *me*, you know—I shall be far away. But I don't like to see a cherished hope fade—another hope—and just as my lecture has come on to be read at last! Good morning, I must join the council we ought to be beginning."

Nat nodded gloomily and withdrew.

By this time a few persons more had dropped in, and the hall was now about a third full. Presently the council emerged from a side door. Nathaniel Cramp was among them, and looked preternaturally sheepish, bashful, and withal self-conceited because of the paper he held in his hand, and which he was soon to have the honour of reading. The council consisted of ladies as well as gentlemen, and oddly enough, all the former were of what would be called good social position, while the men were either artisans discontented with existing Churches and social arrangements, or retired tradesmen who had taken late in life to the study of Strauss and Huxley. Mrs. Seagraves, though she might be called a Lady Patroness of the Church of the Future, did not take a seat at its council board. The ladies of the council were four in number; three elderly and for the most part of imperious manner, as they came in a little heated by discussions in which working men had differed in opinion from them, or, as the ladies would themselves probably have put it, contradicted them. The fourth was an unmarried girl of twenty at most; a pallid pretty girl, with quivering eager lips and bright eyes. A sort of murmur went round the audience as this lady took her seat. She was evidently regarded as the young Hypatia of the movement. She was understood to be one who had no patience or pity for illusions and wrong opinions, and who in her zeal for Science and Truth tore off Nature's veil with fearless hand.

Each visitor on entering had been presented with a little programme of the day's business, and Christmas now glancing at his saw that the proceedings were to be opened with vocal music, that a gentleman whose name was unknown to him was to read "a selection" from the works of great thinkers, also unnamed; that Miss

Sybil Jansen was to address the assembly on the Oneness of Life, and that Mr. Nathaniel Cramp was to read a lecture, after which music again; and so the close of the ceremonies. Christmas felt not the slightest doubt that the pale pretty girl with the eager lips and eyes was Miss Sybil Jansen, and he began to feel a little more interested than before. He therefore grew observant. He noticed with some curiosity the different demeanour of the young woman and the young man while both were waiting for their turn in the performance. Miss Sybil was evidently impatient for her hour to come. She bit her lips; she clenched her little hands, one of which was ungloved and very white; her little bosom heaved, and she glanced every now and then at the singers or the speaker, longing to know if their part of the business was nearly over. Poor Nat Cramp sat clutching his manuscript and his hat, a very picture of awkward and self-conscious misery, every now and then turning pale and sickly of hue, and moistening his dry, hot lips with a restless tongue. She waited as for a triumph; he as for an execution. Is this the superior self-reliance of woman, Christmas asked himself; the natural awkwardness and diffidence of man? Or is it that she really has something to say and is absorbed by the zealot's longing to deliver her message, while poor Cramp only thought of showing off his talent, and now at the critical moment is losing faith and courage?

The singing was mildly didactic, with a good deal about brotherhood in it. The selections from great thinkers were bits from Herbert Spencer, Mill, Richter, and Walt. Whitman. At last even this was over, and Miss Sybil threw back her hair from her forehead, shook out her skirts, and sprang to the front with the introductory words, "Men, my brothers!"

She had a singularly musical voice, with a sort of metallic vibration in it, and it was so clear and sweet that it saved the excited maiden any need of screaming, which it is to be feared she would have done if need were. She seemed very angry with life and law generally, and her short pretty upper lip had really a sort of scornful turn upwards, which Christmas assumed to be the curl of pride so familiar to the lips of the heroines of literature. For a while he paid no attention to what she was saying, and listened only to the musical impassioned voice, and watched the sensitive features all aflame with emotion. It was as if he were listening to some orator or actor who spoke a foreign tongue. The mysterious, almost magnetic, influence which at once brings speaker and audience together, and which more than any quality capable of clearer definition constitutes the

difference between oratory and the very best kind of speechmaking, seemed to be possessed by this excitable young person.

A square-browed young fellow, evidently a mechanic, who sat next to Christmas, followed every sentence with panting chest and with a low sympathetic murmur. They did not applaud in the Church of the Future. He once glanced at Christmas as if he must find some sharer in his admiration.

"Isn't she splendid?" he asked in a whisper behind his hand.

"Very remarkable," Christmas murmured, and he spoke in all sincerity.

"Did you never hear her lecture on Joan of Hark?"

"Never."

"You should hear it. Talk of Spurgeon!" and he gave a contemptuous growl. "But she's fine to-day. I tell you her blood's up to-day."

The young lady's blood probably was up, but it scarcely gave much tinge of colour to her cheeks. All her blood must have gone into the indignant tones of her eloquence, and perhaps into her flashing eyes. Christmas tried to follow the discourse, which appeared to be quite extemporaneous, but he soon lost himself in its whirling clouds of words. The speech appeared to be a rhapsody of denunciation against everything as it is, and of ecstatic faith in the all-healing virtue of having no faith. So far as Christmas could understand, it was the passionate proclamation of a dogma to the effect that nobody must have any dogma. About the speaker being thoroughly in earnest there could be no doubt. Christmas could see that tiny beadlets of perspiration stood on that excited upper lip. She glowed with indignation against the world's ways and sects and principles and laws, and she insisted that "man was taught to sell his manhood for an illusory and unattainable bribe," and that "woman was purchased like flesh in the shambles." She grew yet more passionate against Churches and superstitions, and, fired with the heat of the dispute in which she had lately fought alone against all the other ladies of the council, she declared with burning side glances at them that all Dogma was Superstition, and that Superstition meant the Living Death.

"That's it!" Christmas's neighbour approvingly murmured, "that's right! Now she's thrown away the scabbard!"

Christmas did not understand the merits of the quarrel well enough to know whether he ought to applaud or condemn this policy of desperate war. He had, indeed, only a very faint idea of what the *young lady* was talking about, or what it had to do with the Oneness

of Life. But he found it remarkably odd and interesting to sit under the preaching of a pretty and angry girl of twenty with a sweet strong voice, and to hear her pouring from her dainty and delicate white throat such impassioned words of eloquence against things in general, including the hereafter.

Christmas could not help wondering where Mr. and Mrs. Jansen were all this time, and whether they approved of this performance on the part of Miss Sybil. But however that might be, Miss Sybil brought down the house, if such language may be used of so small and decorous an assembly. When she finished in a blaze of half-poetic rhapsody, like the bouquet of a display of fireworks, and then dropped all palpitating and with tear-flashing eyes into her chair, there ran a genuine thrill of emotion through the little assembly, and of honest wonder and compassion through the unaccustomed heart of Christmas Pembroke.

Mrs. Seagraves, from her box, cast two sudden and successive glances at our wondering and pitying hero. The first said as plainly as words could have expressed it "Is she not a splendid creature?" and the next instantly added "But you must excuse her, you know!"

There was one in that assembly who could hardly excuse her, and that was not Christmas. It was Nathaniel Cramp, for when he rose, all confused and stammering, to read his lecture, the worshippers of the Church of the Future began to melt away. The gentleman who had read the selection from the works of great thinkers rose, and, somewhat unluckily perhaps, intervened to solicit a full hearing for their friend and brother Mr. Cramp, on the ground that this was probably the last time that brother and friend would appear among them, as, weary of the Old World, its kingcrafts and superstitions, he had resolved to seek the freshening air of the Great Republic of the West. So the audience put up with Nat, but did not care at all about him. His sentences were long-winded and full of common-places. He read very badly; he could not raise his eyes off his manuscript; he stammered and went wrong, and had to try back; his lips grew dry and he choked; he could not get on quickly; he did not know how to condense or skip a page, and the lecture was very long. It closed with a quotation from a poet of the day whom the lecturer did not name, and whom Christmas conjectured to be Mr. Nathaniel himself. The citation seemed only to recommend humanity to "press forward into the future," which Christmas thought humanity could not very well help doing anyhow. Nobody took heed. The Church of the Future had ceased to listen to its

brother's admonitions. Nat's essay was an unredeemed and ghastly failure. He sat down, or rather he collapsed. Then there was more singing, and the ceremonies were over.

Christmas lingered a moment, and Nat came to him, trying to look calm.

"It was a failure, my lecture," he said, with a dismal smile. "They were all against me. *Her* chatter carried the day. It was in vain for me to strive. I wish I hadn't read the lecture. I ought to have spoken it."

Christmas had no idea of what the controversy was, or indeed what Nat had been lecturing about. He only thought that Nat had been very dull, and that the young lady certainly had not been dull.

"She is very pretty," Christmas said; "and of course that counts for a great deal. But I don't like to see a girl make a display like that."

"Nor I," said Nat, who had always before been a devotee of woman's mission to speak in the churches; "it isn't her place. But I don't know that speaking is *my* gift, at least to an audience like that. They are ungrateful! I sometimes almost wish I had taken Captain Cameron's advice and joined the Carlists!"

"But you are a Republican?"

"Still," said Nat gloomily, "it is a Cause, you know. It is a grand thing to have a cause to fight for."

"If one believes in it, yes."

"Belief," said Nat, "is Fate."

"Very likely; but how does that help you?"

"Well, I am going to the United States, and I may find a career there. There at least"—

His words were cut short by Mrs. Seagraves, who had now emerged from her private box.

"Mr. Pembroke, Mr. Pembroke! You are coming to me this afternoon?"

"You are very kind, Mrs. Seagraves, but"—

"Oh no, don't say the word. You must come—you really *must*. I do so want to introduce you to my dear young eloquent friend Miss Sybil Jansen."

And Pembroke glancing involuntarily towards the entrance, saw the colourless pretty face, the tremulous lips, and the sparkling eyes of the young Hypatia. Curiosity prevailed, and he promised to make his appearance in Mrs. Seagraves' drawing-room that afternoon.

"She didn't ask *me*," Nat Cramp said as the ladies disappeared, escorted by one or two men whom Christmas did not know. "I could have told you beforehand that she wouldn't. Oh no, sir—not likely! The Church of the Future is all very fine, but will they ask a poorer member under their roof, sir? Tell me that!"

"I don't see that your Church of the Future is very different from any of the little congregations of the present or the past," said Christmas—"in point of liberality I mean. You appear to me to wrangle over dogmas quite as much as your neighbours."

"She might as well have asked me to-day though," Nathaniel continued, still brooding over his private grief. "She knows I am going away, and she needn't be afraid I'd trouble her too often. But it's no matter!" he added, in the tone of one who thinks the world ought to come to an end.

They were now nearly alone, and they moved towards the door. Christmas was rather pitifully impressed by poor Nat's outspoken egotism, and the manner in which Republicanism, Church of the Future, and all resolved themselves into Natty Cramp's personal ambition, and Natty Cramp's longing to get invited into any manner of society.

"Which way are you going?" Nat abruptly asked.

"I am going towards Portland Place, but I am in no particular haste to get there."

"True," Nat said with subdued scorn. "Mrs. Seagraves lives in Portland Place. I suppose she thinks that's a grand aristocratic quarter; but it ain't—I mean it isn't. I tell you that, Mr. Pembroke, as you are a stranger. Don't you be deceived. Portland Place isn't by any means an aristocratic quarter."

"I'm very glad," said Pembroke. "It suits me all the better."

"Will you turn into Regent's Park before you go to your friend's? I shan't see you any more perhaps."

"Come," said Christmas, feeling sorry for Nat's condition of general discomfiture. "I am glad you gave me a chance of having a talk with you before you go. I know two or three people here and there in America, and I want to give you a few letters of introduction; it may do you some good—anyhow a man can't have too many friends in a new country."

"You are my only friend," said Nat, effusively; "you saved my life, and do you know I wish sometimes you hadn't saved it?"

"Saved your life? You mean that I was the cause of your nearly losing your life."

"You brought me out of the waves off Durewoods pier"——

"Having awkwardly upset you into the waves off Durewoods pier."

"No, no," said Nat with a wan smile. "It's very kind of you, but it won't do. It's very good of you to forgive me, but I must remember that it was in defending yourself against my stupid rudeness that you upset me. I'm not ungrateful. I try not to be, though I am afraid sometimes I was born with a very ungrateful heart. If you only knew the things I think of sometimes!"

"My good fellow, if we all only knew the things each of us thinks of sometimes I suppose we should all be very angry with each other."

"But you are so happy. You have everything."

By this time they were in Regent's Park, and in a place tolerably sequestered for the Sunday.

"In the name of the Devil, Cramp," said Christmas, seating himself in one of the iron chairs, "how do you know that I am happy? And why are you always going on as if I were some favourite of fortune some fellow born with a silver spoon in his mouth? I have my way to make as well as you, and I have neither kith nor kin, and I haven't a friend in the world but one kind woman, who knew my father before I was born."

"I am unhappy," Nat pleaded; "I am not fit for my sphere; I was born for something better; and I am condemned to obscurity. A cloud hangs over me; and then my life is darkened—there are hopeless obstacles!"

Christmas felt no doubt that he was now approaching the tender subject of the love-affair, and he knew well enough that his friend only wanted to be allowed to pour out his griefs into some confidential ear. But Christmas, as we have already said, had a strong dislike to such confidences. They seemed to him unmanly and craven. He especially shrank from them among men. If he could voluntarily have made any confession of his own love-pains, it would probably have been to some kindly woman. But effusive confidences were not much in his way, and he did not want to hear Nat Cramp's story of his love and his disappointment, and the girl from Wigmore Street whom Christmas's imagination had created as the cold and cruel heroine of the romance. So he put away the subject of conversation and confidence thus offered to him, and he began to speak of Nat's prospects in America and the people who might be of service to him, and the letters he was to have, and at last they parted

and Christmas knew nothing of the love-story of his blighted friend's life.

It did Christmas some good to observe Nat Cramp's absurd weakness and egotism. "I must do my best," he thought, "not to make an idiot of myself, and go about the world whining over my disappointments and wrongs, and trying to get people to pity me."

He turned and looked back at poor Cramp's tall and stalwart though rather loosely-built figure, and thought he could see feebleness of character in his very walk as he slowly sauntered away amid jostling perambulators, nursery maids, long-legged privates of the cavalry, artisans carrying babies, and lads smoking Sunday cigars. "I dare say I could be just as great a fool," Christmas thought, "if I hadn't *him* for a warning"; and with this invigorating reflection he braced up his energies as with a tonic, and, determined to keep all brooding thoughts about himself as much as possible out of his head, he strode rapidly towards Portland Place.

Mrs. Seagraves lived in a large, handsome, old-fashioned house. She had a good deal of money, and she might be called in one sense a young widow. But no suitors came around her, for it was well known to all whom it might concern that Mrs. Seagraves would never marry again. A young Scottish girl of good family, and with a marvellously slender income, she had attracted the attention of a more than middle-aged barrister from London, a Queen's Counsel in large practice at the Parliamentary bar, who during a visit to Edinburgh was charmed first with Miss Isabel Cameron's skating, and next with her vivacious and delightful conversation. He married her and took her to London, and died ten years after, leaving her a considerable fortune, which, however, was to cease to be hers in the event of her taking a second husband. Mrs. Seagraves had not the most remote idea of making any such sacrifice. She was very happy with her freedom and her fortune; and with her usual brisk communicativeness she told every one the condition on which she had her money, and her determination not to forfeit the money for any of the children of Adam. So she had no end of acquaintances and no beginning of suitors.

Mrs. Seagraves' house was crammed with pictures, busts, books, curiosities of all kinds, old china, Japanese fans, and such like. It might have reminded the visitor, as he entered, of one of the curiosity shops in Holborn which Thackeray so loved. The history of the fads of a whole generation or more might be traced out by a careful excavation

of the contents of that building. The investigator could dig his way down through stratum after stratum of whims embodied in substantial remains. Mr. Seagraves had been fond of collecting pictures—old masters, or what he believed to be such—old engravings, and rare editions of books. He and his wife went to the East, and brought back a perfect store of shawls, pipes, swords, and clothes of all kinds from Turkey and Egypt. Mrs. Seagraves took for awhile to potichomania, then to photography, then to collecting postage-stamps, then to bicycles, then to spiritualism and flower-drawings by spirits, then to old china, and then to articles from Japan. If you wanted the monuments of her energy and enterprise you did not even need to look round, for you could hardly help stumbling against them everywhere. The old masters which her husband had collected were gradually being edged out of their places by the revivalisms of a newer school which claimed an older origin. Round-faced Madonnas, with no particular expression about them, were impinged upon by gaunt demoiselles whose waists began immediately under their arms, whose gowns were of a dull tawny green, clinging to them like the wetted drapery of Canova's figures, and who generally bore lilies in their hands. Even these latter now were threatened rather seriously by an invasion of almond-eyed and weak-coffee-complexioned beauties in robes as clinging, but of varied and gorgeous hues, who typified the contribution to European decoration made by the art of the land which had been until lately Christmas Pembroke's home.

Mrs. Seagraves' Sunday evening receptions were generally well attended, but chiefly by people whom nobody ever saw anywhere else. They had a sort of little fame in their way—the power of which was exactly opposite in its quality to that of the heat of a fire, and increased proportionately with the square of its distance from the source. The people even in Cavendish Square probably had never heard of them, but French artists and poets had talked of them in Paris, and owing to the descriptions given by several correspondents of the journals, New York was under the impression that Mrs. Seagraves' receptions were about the most remarkable thing in London, while Chicago firmly believed them to be the principal object of a visit to Europe. The people who went to them were not vapid people at all events. Everybody was more or less of an original; had done something remarkable, or at least ridiculous; or had some theory or mission; or led some school or had just abandoned and renounced some school; or had views on Life and the Hereafter, or the marriage

contract, which the general run of his or her neighbours did not share.

When Christmas entered the drawing-room it so happened that the first objects which met his eyes were the sparkling eyes of Miss Sybil Jansen. She was standing up near the chimney-piece talking to two or three persons, and with her back turned to the door. It was in the mirror over the chimney-piece that her eyes met those of Christmas. Miss Sybil immediately looked away, and turned with her side to the mirror. But presently Mrs. Seagraves glided amid her clinging draperies up to Christmas, and saying, "I am so glad you have come—I do so want to introduce you," drew him along by the hand, and presented him to Miss Sybil Jansen.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE SNOW:

A WINTER IDYLL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.



WONDROUS are flowers, strangely wrought
By unseen mystic hands ;
Wondrous are lilies of the lake,
Pink shells of the sea sands.

Oh, wondrous is the green deep grass,
Forever bright and new,
And wondrous on the grass-blades hang
The crystals of the dew.

The Rain is wondrous ; soft and slow
Her measured footsteps chime ;—
No touch is softer than the Rain's
In the sweet summer time.

[You feel soft fingers tingling warm
Across your brows and hair,
And glancing up oft catch a glimpse
Of eyes divinely fair ;

A moment thus upon thine own
They glimmer, then they fade,
But thro' the dim damp air there thrills
The brightness they have made !]

Wondrous are all the secret Shapes
That silent come and go,
But sweetest, blessedest of all
Is the Spirit of the Snow !

A Spirit ever with blind eyes,
And silent feet and swift,
A Spirit white and beautiful,
In the dark world adrift !

The Spirit of the Snow.

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To and fro, and up and down,
She walks the Frozen Sea ;
Up and down, and to and fro,
She wanders silently.

For 'neath the kiss of her cold feet
Grow flow'rs of strange device,
Yea, glittering drops of diamond dew,
And lilies wrought of ice.

Oh, she is fair, and very fair,—
An Angel with blind eyes,
She walketh in that lonely air,
Or croucheth low, and sighs.

But when the summer days are here,
And blow with warm sweet breath,
She lies stone-still in the still North,
Yea, in a trance of Death !

Then o'er her bends the Phantom Frost,
And doth not breathe nor stir,
But holds his finger lean and cold
Upon the lips of her !

And this is when our grasses blow
And pale sea-pinks unfold,
And in the meres our lilies' hearts
Are heaped up with gold.

And when the eight Winds rise and wail
The Frozen Pole around,
Where darkness like a vulture broods
And brooding makes no sound ;—

She wakens !—rises with low cry
And stretches out her hands,
While Frost, the silent Phantom Frost,
Would clutch her where she stands.

A brand of fire as red as blood
Shoots from the thunder cloud ;
The gods glare out with dreadful eyes
Until she shrieks aloud !

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Southward she rusheth down the blast,
She plungeth on thro' night,
Across the rayless Frozen Sea
Her robes pass, flashing white.

Far south she flies with swiftest feet
And leaves the night afar,
And slower, softer as she comes
Her winged footsteps are.

Until she gains these silent thorpes,
Where men and women bide,
And here with light around her head
She faltereth, blind-eyed.

She stretcheth out her hand so cold,
And slowly gropeth now,—
The world is white below her feet,
Heaven blue above her brow!

See! as she slowly stealeth on
The kirk-bells ring out clear!
Across her face there comes a gleam,
And softly smiling, in a dream,
She standeth still to hear!

[We regret to say that the corrected proof of Mr. Buchanan's "Faëry Reaper" arrived from the author last month too late for the printer. For "form" (line 10, p. 313) read "Farm," and for "Paudiou" (footnote, p. 313) read "Pandion." There were other errors, but they are quite unimportant.]

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

IT used to be said that a member of Parliament once ran into the study of the late Mr. Babbage, and begged the philosopher to tell him in six words all about his calculating machine. I know of a case in which the editor of a London paper was asked some years ago by a friend to write him a few lines explaining the Schleswig-Holstein question. There was no reason, therefore, for the writer of this paper to feel surprised when a few months ago he received a letter requesting him to make clear the principles and purposes of the two great American parties, the Republicans and the Democrats, to show in what manner they corresponded or contrasted with the political parties of England, to inform the questioner which of the two he, being an English Conservative, ought to sympathise with, and to do all this on the postcard which, to save trouble, the querist had enclosed. The feat was not accomplished on the postcard, and it could hardly be accomplished very satisfactorily within the limits of this article. I only propose to tell the reader something about one of the two great parties, not to write the history of both, or of either.

But it is well to say in the beginning that we may give up any notion of explaining the difference between Republicans and Democrats by any reference to our English Liberals and Conservatives. There has been, at least in the past, no possibility of such a comparison. Not merely were the issues different, but we have not in England any of the conditions out of which such issues could arise as those which were chiefly in dispute between the Republicans and Democrats. It may be that in the coming time the question of party controversy between them will prove to be principally that of Free Trade against Protection, and then of course we should have a controversy like that which lately raged among ourselves. But there are so many Free Traders among even the most influential of the Republican leaders and journals that I can hardly think the lines and names of the old parties will apply to this new division. It will probably create an entirely novel arrangement and nomenclature of factions. In any case however, the past history of Republicans and Democrats receives no enlightenment from any comparison with Liberals and Conservative

We might as well compare Humpty Dumpty with Abracadabra to use Mr. Mill's illustration of a comparison essentially meaningless. Nor do the names Republican and Democrat convey in themselves any clear explanation of the nature and objects of the parties. There was a distinct historical source for the term Democrat when it first came to be applied; but to try to work out the political meaning of each party now by a study of its name would be as futile an effort as to attempt to discover by intrinsic evidence whether, let me say, "Flying Scud" and "Glendalough" were the names of yachts, racehorses, or coursing dogs. The divided objects of the great American parties, by whatever name they may have been called, are found in the political and the geographical conditions of the country. The history of the United States illustrates so far a struggle between State Rights and the power of the Federal system, which represents the country as a whole. This struggle, too, had always some immediate and practical object before it. The Southern States pressed to the utmost the doctrine of the right of each State to the absolute management of its own internal affairs because they wanted to be always secure of their slave system. The New England States called for an enlarged power of the Government and Congress over the whole Union because they felt that thus in the end must the slave system be put down. I am not going into all this weary question once again. It has been settled long ago. Years have already passed since I saw Jefferson Davis's official residence in Richmond occupied by Federal soldiers; since I was shown the ruins of Fort Sumter by the Federal commandant in Charleston, the city which holds the grave of John C. Calhoun, the parent of secession; since I saw negro lawmakers in New Orleans. But the broad distinction of ends and means thus suggested will help the reader to keep his mind clear as to State Rights and Union Rights.

The Democratic party, however, was not necessarily a slavery party. There would have been a Democratic party if there had never been a slave upon American soil. The name of the party arose out of the strong sympathies which Jefferson and his followers felt with the doctrines of the French Revolution. Their opponents, who preferred a more steady going and Britannic system, called themselves Federalists; although rather inclined to limit than to extend the authority of the Central Government. The Democrats kept on advocating extended suffrages, liberal admission of foreign citizens, and the election of judges by the people, which the Federalists were naturally led to oppose. The Federalists passed away, and their place, or something like it, was taken by the Whigs. Then the

question of slavery came to the front and brought out new parties. The Democrats of the North naturally went with the Southern slave party ; not that all the Democrats approved of slavery, but that they approved of State Rights, and thought Virginia and the Carolinas were entitled to do what they liked with their own. The Southerners made use of the Democrats, and between them they kept power in their hands. But then arose the Abolitionists, independent of both parties, and for a long time detested by both. The Abolitionists founded their party merely on the principle of opposition to slavery, and were willing rather to break up the Union than to allow the slaveowners to have their way and spread their system. It was clear that between these two parties, if they were unchecked, either the Union must be torn asunder or the Southerner must absolutely prevail. Therefore those who wished the preservation of the Union first of all, and who would have been glad to see slavery die out or be got rid of somehow—although they were not willing to root it out by central force—formed themselves into the Republican party. The Republican party took in the Abolitionists, but was not itself necessarily Abolitionist ; just as the Democratic party took in the pro-slavery men, but was not itself necessarily pro-slavery.

The growth of the spirit of secession led to a further modification of the old party arrangements. Many of the very best of the Democrats had been in favour of the doctrine of State Rights on principle, and because they believed it just. But when they found the slaveowners employing that principle as the means of getting up a rebellion they declared frankly their loyalty to the Central Government, and helped in the putting down of secession. They were called War Democrats ; and passed, most of them, gradually over to the Republican party. “ I was a Democrat when the word really meant something with us ” said the venerable William Cullen Bryant once to the present writer. Mr. Bryant is now always ranked with Republicans, and will be of course a member of the organisation which calls itself Republican, so long as it keeps to the particular purposes which brought it into action, or so long as any of its original aims remain unaccomplished. But Mr. Bryant is a Free Trader as he was a Democrat. He was for State Rights so long as their assertion did not threaten the safety of the Union and claim the perpetuation of slavery : and he is for Free Trade as a first object of agitation when the danger which menaced the Union may be considered fairly out of the way. This single illustration will show how likely it is that new party lines are soon to be formed in the United States, and that even if the old names survive they will soon have new meanings attached to them.

For the present we may divide the Democratic party into two classes: the men of principle and the "politicians." In England a politician means a man engaged in politics, in the United States it means a man who trades in politics. During the war there was a section of the Democrats who really could be regarded as little else than confederates of the South stationed in New York and Washington. But we are now dealing only with times of peace, and we may consider the Democratic party as divided between the men of principle and the politicians. It is on the latter class that the eyes of the world have been chiefly fixed. The men of principle are like men of principle everywhere. One peculiarity, however, seems to me common to all Democrats, as it seems to me, I know not why, common to all Tories. I think they are more genial persons in private life than their opponents. A distinguished English Liberal, now a peer, was accustomed in his earlier years, when in the House of Commons, to sit among the Tories. He explained that although he could not vote with them he found them better company. Probably most of us would rather, politics apart, dine with a Tory than with a Liberal, with a Democrat than with a Republican. I may say so without suspicion of prejudice, for I am very Radical in England, and I was very Republican in America. Let any one who thinks he can explain the thing philosophically try to do so; I cannot. But it appears to me beyond dispute that the Democrats are socially better fellows, as a rule, than the Republicans. Perhaps the latter are a little too austere and too much in earnest. They take life somewhat grimly. They grapple with its problems rigidly. They have a Puritanical dislike to the smaller and more genial vices. If a man is a rigorous anti-smoker he is sure to be a Republican. The personage who reproved Artemus Ward and bade him not to look upon the wine when it was red was certainly no Democrat. In the Democrats of the better class this means a genial and liberal hospitality, and a general appreciation of the enjoyments of life; in the worse and rougher classes it degenerates into coarse revelries and rowdyism. "Shoddy," I should say, is in the vast majority of cases Democratic. I happened once to be travelling to New York from some place west of Pittsburgh. The train stopped for supper at the Pittsburgh station, and I noticed that one of my companions, a burly man with a white moustache and a jovial eye, indulged in a bottle of champagne—a rare sight at an American hotel-supper. When I made inquiry I was not surprised to hear that he was a famous or notorious New York Democrat and Member of Congress whose name is well known to all of us. He had a saloon carriage all to himself

that night, and smoked and drank champagne all the night through. This man, in his ostentatious and vulgar joyousness, was a very type of a certain class of Democrats. Of course only of a certain class. The educated member of the Democratic party is much like any other educated gentleman. The respectable leaders of the party were among the most earnest of the reformers who three or four years ago endeavoured to purify the municipality of New York from the abominations in which the rowdy Democrats had steeped it. But the Democrats have, unfortunately for themselves, generally had to fall back upon very questionable auxiliaries in order to hold the place in politics which they desired to maintain. They leaned upon the Southern slaveowners on the one side, and the New York mobs on the other. The men who could make themselves popular with mobs were always useful to the Democratic party, and could not conveniently be snubbed even by its most dignified and distinguished members.

The great stronghold of the Democratic party is, of course, the City of New York. Everybody has heard of Tammany Hall and knows that it is the head-quarters of the New York Democracy. It is to New York Democracy what Faneuil Hall in Boston is to Abolition and Republicanism, except that it is a good deal more, perhaps, of a vigorous reality and less of a mere symbol. Tammany is a corruption of the name of Tammenund, a Delaware chief who enjoys a great legendary reputation as a wise ruler, a friend of order, and a protector of the whites. According to Fenimore Cooper he was sometimes called Tamendy, and, by some freak of posterity, was frequently spoken of as St. Tamendy, and, finally, St. Tammany. I have not, myself, the least idea why St. Tammany was ever chosen as the patron and protector of the Democratic party, unless, perhaps, that the motto of his life and his invariable advice to his tribe are said to have been "Unite in peace for happiness, in war for defence"; and it cannot be denied that for many years the New York Democrats faithfully followed this precept in the conduct of their party. Tammany Hall is a huge building standing in a fine spacious street which traverses Broadway at its centre, just near Union Square, where the great political mass meetings commonly take place. At Tammany Hall all the showy public meetings, the pageantries of the Democracy, are held, but the work of the party is done down town in the City Hall in the wards—in the "primary meetings," as they are called, and in the bar-rooms of the Sixth Ward, the famous "Big Sixth." The affairs of the State of New York are managed at

Albany, the State capital, far up towards the source of the Hudson. I think the New York Democrat is to be seen (or was to be seen) to more glorious advantage in the Albany Legislature (the Legislature of the State of New York) than even in the vast white marble building on Capitol Hill, Washington. It would be worth going from New York to Albany to see him if the journey were not in itself worth a voyage across the Atlantic. What a river you ascend, through what scenery you pass, as you go from New York to Albany! It is a broader and brighter Rhine, truly without the ruins and the sacred memories of the Rhine, but with skies more pure and blue and glowing, and with foliage colours in autumn which the Rhine cannot show. I wonder if the world has a more lovely scene of the kind than that part of the Hudson on which the cadets of the great military academy at West Point look down? Such scenes we pass in going to Albany; and we pass, too, the gentle rolling slopes of the Catskill Mountains where poor Rip Van Winkle wandered. It is beautiful in autumn; it is beautiful, too, in winter, when the sky is often of Italian blue, and the sun glitters on the hard snow, and the ice boats skim under their white sails along the glassy surface of the frozen river. So we come to Albany, a dull, Dutch looking old town for the most part, with many red brick houses and orderly rows of trees; and in the State House where the Senate and representatives meet, and in the great hotel where all the legislators congregate, there is the New York Democrat, the politician, the wrangler, the lobbyist, in his glory. How lustling he is, and busy, and noisy, and good-humoured! Everybody rushes at him, buttonholes him, shakes hands with him, has some business or other to transact with him. At night, up to I know not what hour, the halls of the great hotel are alive, uproarious, streaming over with crowds of ever-moving and talking politicians. You could not find a quiet nook. It is like a camp on the eve of a battle. It is curious; it is pleasant to look at for the stranger; it used to be often a good deal more pleasant for one who had some friend or brother there. I have seen some emperors and kings, and I am familiar with the sight of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the House of Lords, but I never saw so great a man, so admittedly and consciously great a man, as some leading Democratic senator in the hall of the Delavan House, the great hotel of Albany.

But I am speaking of the days that are over, the tremendous days of Boss Tweed. I presume that now all or nearly all are gone, the old familiar faces. Where is the *preux Charlemagne*? the old French

poet Villon asks pathetically. I ask, Where is the great Boss Tweed? Alas, he is a captive in the hands of his enemies. What a genius for political swindling he had; what a master of men he was! The other day a bankrupt maker of chairs, and then the absolute ruler of the municipal democracy of New York, the owner of millions of dollars, of horses such as Alcibiades might have longed for, and of one of the world's great historic diamonds! I saw him (I had not the honour of knowing him) in his greatness. I saw him just above the horizon with a face like the round sun red-beaming through a fog, full of drink and vulgarity and joy. Oh! what a heart should I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! I thought ten thousand six-shooters would have leaped from the back-pockets of ten thousand pairs of "pants" to avenge even a look that threatened him with insult! Tweed was not an Irishman. That supreme gift of mastery over men is hardly Irish. Tweed was from the land that gave life to John Law; he was a Scotchman. His lieutenants and led-captains, his Conollys and Sweenys and the rest, were Irish. His only rival in splendour and splash among the low-class Democracy in my time was the gorgeous young Vermonter, the man of vast shirt-front and blazing diamonds; the magnate who loved to drive four-in-hand when making his ordinary business calls in New York; the owner of railways, fleets of steamers, opera-houses; the lordly Sardanapalus of business and pleasure, who boasted that he kept two judges in his service, to say nothing of numberless other favourites—of course I mean the astounding "Jim" Fisk. Even when Fisk lay murdered people could hardly think of him in a tragic vein. The whole career of the man was too much mixed up with madcap mountebankery and buffoonery for any serious emotions even over his coffin. He plunged into real life as the clown in the pantomime is supposed to do. He thrust millions into his pocket as openly, as grotesquely, as the clown thrusts in the sausages. He jumped through law, order, and decency as the clown jumps through somebody's window. He bedizened himself in the uniform now of a colonel, and now of an admiral, just as the clown arrays himself in a woman's bonnet and petticoat. I say deliberately that modern civilisation has never produced a more extraordinary character. No novelist could venture to paint him to the life: every critic would cry out over the seemingly monstrous exaggeration. He was Heliogabalus; he was Tony Lumpkin; he was Colonel Blood; he was George Hudson; he was Robert Macaire. He had an extraordinary kind of ready, vulgar humour; a sort of genius for daring combinations:

an imperturbable good temper; the brazen courage of a bravo and a buffoon; and hashed up with all this, a strange, unsuspected vein of sentiment. The fat roystering voluptuary who used to boast that he possessed more odalisques than an Eastern Sultan lost his life because of a sentimental quarrel about the good graces of a profligate woman.

It seems almost superfluous to say that the vast majority of the Irish in America belong to the Democratic party. Be sure that among the swaggering senators and representatives at Albany (I presume my readers are all aware that a member of the Senate of New York State, at Albany, is a very different person from a member of the Federal Senate at Washington) are many wanderers from the land which gave birth to the O'Mulligan. I think the name of the Democratic party has a great deal to do with this. The Irish emigrant lands at Castle Garden, at the extreme lower end of Broadway, and he has hardly got his foot on the paving-stones when his fellow-countrymen and friends already established begin to make arrangements for serving and utilising him at once by conferring on him the dignity of citizenship. His mind is a blank as regards American politics, but he has a vague impression that at home a Democrat is opposed to an aristocrat—that is, to the landlord and the garrison of the Queen. Therefore when he is told that the right thing for him is to go with the Democrats, the idea at once commends itself to his principles. Probably the German emigrant is affected much in the same way by the sound of the word, which he associates with memories of the risings of 1848, of Lassalle, and of Karl Blind. But the German has never been petted and patted on the back, and made so much of by the politicians of the Democratic party as the Irishman. Probably the German influence is now more solid and strong than the Irish, but it has been of slow and steady growth. It has sprung up in the open air, uncared for almost, while the Irish vote has been nourished in a political hot-house. Many are the jokes which circulate in New York about the modest pretensions of the Irish citizens. A great meeting, it is averred, of the Democrats of New York State, including most of their renowned leaders, men of fortune, political distinction, old family names, was held, to make preparations for some anniversary banquet or other. A day was about to be fixed upon—a Friday—when a citizen from an obscure part of the room rose and called out, "That won't do, Mr. President; the heft" (the bulk that is) "of the Dimmocratic party don't ate mate on Fridays!" The day for the festival was instantly changed. A deputation of long-established and

The Democratic Party in the U. S. A.

leading merchants of New York went, it is said, in the grand old days of the "Ring," to find fault with some arrangements made by an Irish officer of the municipality. The answer of that functionary was dignified and decisive: "Av ye don't like New Yark ye can lave it!" On St. Patrick's Day the stranger saw with wonder that the whole business and traffic of the city were suspended by police regulations for hours, in order that the Irish procession might have undisturbed use of Broadway. In the days of the "Ring" the Mayor of New York used to pass the procession in review as he stood on the steps of the City Hall, and to bedizen himself in a full suit of green for the occasion. Of this particular Democratic Mayor, whom I have now in my mind's eye, I retain a peculiar memory. The story is in itself a little significant. I had not been long in New York when an American gentleman, a friend of mine, came one day and told me of an odd mistake the Mayor had made in regard to myself. An Irish Fenian, who bore a name rather out of the common, but not as I thought resembling my name in the least, had lately arrived in the city, and was to give a lecture on some subject in his particular line. The Irish Fenians had requested the Mayor to take the chair and introduce the lecturer; and of course the Mayor had promised to do so. On the very day of the lecture the Mayor wrote to my friend begging for some account of the career and achievements of the Fenian lecturer. This at first puzzled my friend, who had never heard of the Fenian in his life before; but as he read on the meaning dawned upon him. "I thought," wrote the Mayor—or words to that effect—"that your friend ——— was only a literary man; but as he is a Fenian you must tell me something about him, so that I may introduce him properly." Then my friend discovered that the Mayor was confounding the Fenian with my modest self, who, had I been then inclined to lecture, could not possibly have brought any influence to bear upon so powerful a personage as the chief magistrate of New York. It was too late to communicate with his worship, and I confess I felt curious to know how he would introduce the lecturer. The next morning's papers showed that his worship did not allow himself to be much embarrassed by ignorance. He introduced the Fenian lecturer as his distinguished friend whose brilliant career as a patriot and an orator he had followed for years with the profoundest sympathy and interest, and whom, although the ocean had so long divided them, he always hoped to be able to introduce, as he now had the honour of doing, to the delighted citizens of New York, &c. &c. This versatile Mayor, I should say, was not an Irishman, but an

American ; a man of some education and culture. He had no more scruple about acting in this way, to humour the Irish vote, than the Lovelace of a past age would have had about telling a few gallant lies in order to make his way into the good graces of a vain and yielding woman.

The Irishman in New York found himself in the midst and under the guidance of some of the Political leaders whose names were treasured memories to him in his own country. It is not to be wondered at if he readily adhered to the political party which they generally supported. A few years ago there was the eloquent, poetic, chivalrous, sadly erratic Thomas Francis Meagher, a born talker—almost an orator ; the most splendid sentence-maker I can remember to have heard, some of whose picturesque sentences and phrases were as strictly works of art as a cameo. Meagher was neither a writer nor a thinker ; he was incapable of counsel, judgment, or even the semblance of deliberation. But he was brave, roystering, reckless, with a gift of spending rather than saving, taking more trouble to mar his fortunes than another man would have taken to make them. It was a pity he did not fall with so many of his Irish brigade when they charged with such splendid madness, again and again, up those hopeless heights at Fredericksburg. A dark night, a stumble on a steamer's deck, and the rushing current of the muddy Missouri closed his once promising and bright career. Until the other day the Irishmen in New York had the counsels of John Mitchel, the most impracticable, paradoxical, disinterested of human creatures. I have more than once passed an hour or two in the editorial room of Mitchel's journal in New York, listening to him as he languidly sent out his strange, brilliant conceits and paradoxes, and wondering why it happens so often that your irreconcilable and remorseless revolutionist is a man of peculiarly gentle ways and feeble frame. I have seldom met a man more utterly lacking in physique, more wasted in frame, more languid in tone and manner than John Mitchel. A very keen and vigorous writer, and a peculiarly interesting talker, he is the poorest of public speakers. All the fire, the force, the quaint conceit, the audacious paradox, the sharp antithesis seem to fade and die the moment he rises to address a public meeting. He is a man of varied reading, with a certain poetic vein in him. He reminds one of some of the literary prophets of the first French Revolution, a sort of Camille Desmoulins out of place. It is but justice to say that his private character is stainless, that whereas he might have made himself rich again and again if he had condescended to trade in

politics, he is quite poor, that he loves his country as a pagan Roman might have loved Rome, that he loves her even better than he loves paradox, and that he is as much an overgrown child in political affairs as Garibaldi himself. Another exile of 1848 who has taken up a different way of life is Richard O'Gorman, by far the most eloquent popular orator among the Irish Democrats, a man who has made a place for himself and plenty of money as counsel for the municipality of New York, and who now has lands and beeves. "We hung our harps on the willows" I heard him say once at a public dinner, when describing the settlement of his countrymen in New York, "but"—and he suddenly changed his voice from the grave to the humorous—"we did not by any means weep." No, I should think not! It is but fair to Mr. O'Gorman to say that he was not implicated in any of the scandals of the famous "Ring"; but as to weeping for his sojourn by the waters of Hudson, the tears live in an onion that should moisten that sorrow. *Ubi bene ibi patria!* The nest that is very, very well feathered is, after all, not such a bad substitute for the parent nest!

It seems to me rather a pity that Ben Butler should ever have gone over from the Democratic to the Republican ranks. He would have made for literary purposes an admirable type of a certain class of Democratic politician—bold, brassy, unscrupulous, gifted with the sort of vulgar vituperative eloquence which delights and controls mobs, pursuing steadily his partisan objects through whatever back slums and vile associations. I have in my mind another convert, too, from the Democratic party whom I should rather not name, seeing that he now holds an official position in Europe—one who is, or it is more fair to say was, what Macaulay would call "a darker and a fiercer spirit" than Ben Butler. The career of this man during his Democratic days was that of a very Catiline of the slums. It was a career of turbulence, knavery, profligacy, and—the truth must be spoken—blood. His story written fairly out would startle most readers; but it would not do, as I said in the case of Fisk, for fiction, because it would seem extravagantly unnatural and impossible. He has given up his Catiline career, however, and is now apparently settled down for respectability. Let him pass. I allude to his early career—well known to every American—only because it helps to illustrate a certain type of political adventurer by whom the Democratic party did not, at least at one time, decline to be served. When this person was appointed to office under a Republican Administration some of the Democratic journals kindly published a full and

detailed sketch of his early life, and defied the hero of the sketch or any of his Republican friends to challenge one of the statements. To this a leading Republican paper answered, not unfairly: "This is what the man was when he was in your service. This he has not been lately. You have nothing to allege against him during his years of service with us. The time to have exposed his unworthiness was when to have cast him off would have relieved your party from disgrace." I must say that I think this illustrates the great weakness of the Democratic party in the past. It has been far too unscrupulous in its use of agents and instruments. I for one hope very sincerely that things may be different with it in the future, and that the new career which seems clearly before it may be led by better ways to its objects.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ESPRIT.

BY CAMILLE BARRÈRE.



AMONG the generic gifts—some say few, some say many, which characterise the French as a nation, *esprit* is, I think, the most distinct. It is inherent to the people; it is to a greater or lesser degree part and parcel of two-thirds of Frenchmen. To find one of them devoid of so little as a spark of the gift is as uncommon as to alight on a German, however spectacled and metaphysical, bereft of a native sentimentality; and abroad their company is generally sought for this gift of theirs, which affords so much pleasure at so little expense. England, Germany, America have their own way of expressing funny things in telling words, of giving a light and humorous appearance to things that are often profound; but this faculty is as far from resembling French wit as it can possibly be. And very naturally so. Each race has its own temperament, manners, and aspirations; some have impetuosity, passion, and want of logic: others are colder, more steady, more observant and reflective; and the result of these faculties and dispositions is an intellectual effervescence that rises above literature like froth above a champagne bottle. The impetuous, buoyant, versatile have *esprit*; the cold, reflective, and observant have humour. Satire is within the range of both, but none can compete with each other on their own ground; and while it is impossible to find in the whole history of French literature a man of Fielding's bent, it is not less difficult to discover in English literature a writer like Voltaire. For my own part I have met many Englishmen who possessed to the highest degree the gift of biting satire, and Frenchmen also; but I never met, and I do not think anybody ever did, an Englishman gifted with *esprit* in its real sense, or a Frenchman possessed of the power of humour which belongs to his insular neighbour.

It does not follow, however, that whereas the effervescence of mind of two nations so different as England and France is distinctly apart, either the English or the French are incapable of understanding and admiring their mutual faculties; but it may be affirmed here without fear of contradiction that if they studied each other a little more than they do they would see clearly through national characteristics which

they have hitherto failed to understand. As far as Frenchmen are concerned it is well nigh hopeless to try and understand their life, their politics, their literature until one has become thoroughly familiar with the peculiar and complex aspect of their native wit. But some will say, French wit can be explained in a few words, in a mere phrase: it is no more than the faculty of coining words, the power of turning an epigram, the sharpness of biting repartee. All I can say is that he who could in one, or two, or three concise phrases condense the theory of *esprit* and show its multitudinous facets at one time, would be a man of wit indeed. But French wit is not so easily explained off. The definitions of those even who have possessed it to a superior degree are neither too numerous nor too explicit. Villon the Bohemian poet, Montaigne the shrewd philosopher, La Fontaine the fabulist, Molière the dramatist, La Rochefoucauld, Scarron, Piron, Fontenelle, Rivarol, Courier, and a host of others of all times possessed wit; but although it obviously flowed from a common fountain it differed in aspect and tone in as many senses as there were men. *Esprit* of former times—not so much perhaps of the present day—is as a daintily cut diamond, each brilliant tablet of which demands elaborate showing off.

According to Fénelon, wit is the offspring of good sense, on the other hand, his astute and profound contemporary, La Bruyère, pretends that wit consists in making others think that one is witty, and Voltaire is nearly of the same opinion. The author of the "Maxims" has at hand another definition: wit, he thinks, is the best way of expressing a bright thought; and Rivarol, the brilliant pamphleteer of the French Monarchy, alleges that *esprit* is that which sees quickly, and glitters and strikes with the same rapidity. Remark that none of these sayings lack truth; neither Fénelon, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, nor Rivarol, is far from the mark; but they candidly and unwittingly give an idea of their own particular power of witticism, and all others do the same. We find, for instance, Dumas *filz* asserting, with that brilliant use of the paradox which belongs to him only, that French wit consists in making foreigners believe that one is witty. This is mere byplay of words; but as we alight upon Taine's definition, we get something more satisfactory: "*Esprit*," says this eminent critic, "has nothing of physical pleasure, which is contemptible because it is coarse. Far from this, it sharpens the mind and leads to the discovery of sundry delicate and pointed ideas, the *Fabliaux* teem with truisms on men, still more on women; on low stations, still more on exalted rank; witticism is a way of *philosophising* stealthily and boldly, in defiance of convention, and

against power. Nor has *esprit* anything in common with frank satire, which is ugly because it is malignant; on the contrary, it provokes good humour. People soon perceive that no harm is meant; if it stings, it stings like a bee, without venom; a moment after the joker has had his say he thinks no longer about it; he will, if necessary, make of himself the butt of his own epigrams, his chief desire being to cultivate in others and himself a sparkling flow of pleasant ideas." This theory is happy in more than one respect, though, in spite of M. Taine's assurances to the contrary, a Frenchman, however well meant his epigrams may be, generally aims them at other people in preference to himself, and is not particularly charmed when they are returned. According to Taine, that *esprit* which so essentially grows on French soil is none the less pungent for being understood. It lies everywhere: it is heard in the hut as in the drawing-room; it runs wild in the gutter as well as in the book; it brightens life and renders existence tolerable to the suffering poor, throws gleams of light into the darkest and most tragic events, appears in terrifying predicaments, travels from the battlefield to the death-bed and from the death-bed to the scaffold, and emerges from political and literary revolutions, from the rack, and from the horrible cells of the Bastille, as jaunty, as pert as ever, though not without slightly affecting the shape of the mould in which it has been imprisoned. These luminous remarks and this bewildering forest of suggestions, though they render the task of definition more puzzling, afford an insight into the maze, and now we hold the thread we can pass from generalities to clearer definition.

II.

It is Schiller, I believe, who said that Germany could aspire to Roman strength and Grecian beauty, but never to Gaulish *saillie*. In thus denominating French wit, the great German gave its real appellation. *Esprit* is essentially of Gaulish origin. It springs from a prevailing and uncontrollable disposition throughout all classes of Frenchmen to be merry and make the best of human vicissitudes. This is in fact the great national feature of the French. They want to be sociable and happy and pleasing to themselves and to others; they regard life with that quaint scepticism which belongs to southern nations; and while they will not for a moment cease to labour, write, and hope for the benefit of civilisation, yet they wish to do so in the best possible circumstances; if their fare is more than frugal they try to obliterate its coarseness with ingenious seasonings, and if they cannot do that they season it with *bons mots*; and they are so partial to that refined form that in the most relentless humour and in

formidable anger they are apt to be disarmed by a witty word. In the storm of revolution a well known priest belonging to the opposite party falls into the hands of a merciless rabble. "A la lanterne! A la lanterne!" shriek a thousand voices; and a rope and a ladder are procured; the priest is forced up the steps and the running noose is thrown round his neck; but he turns coolly upon the crowd. "Gentlemen," he says, "you are going to string me up to this lamp-post; do you think you will see the better for it?" The sally saves the man's life; the people roar, and almost carry in triumph the enemy they were going to lynch but a moment before. And all this for a well-timed *mot*. It is that quenchless feeling which prompts Villon to make fun of himself, and write an epigram on his corpse just after he has been sentenced to be hanged; it inspires the youngest of the Girondins, Ducos, as he ascends the steps of the scaffold, and it flits on the lips of the formidable Danton in the executioner's cart. Guatimozin, had he been a Frenchman, would have coined a joke while they were roasting him, and Galileus would have quizzed the inquisitors, even had he known that he was to be burnt for it. Scarron is never so epigrammatic as when he speaks of cripples, and Molière is especially sarcastic on deceived husbands. The passion of the French for *esprit* is such that they will make large sacrifices for the mere sake of indulging it, were it only for a second. We have seen a furious mob giving up a victim because the victim amused them, we now see a financier who receives the visit of a prodigal marquis, well known for his habit of borrowing money, known still better for his habit of never returning it. "Sir," says this dangerous person to the financier, "I shall astonish you; I am the Marquis of So-and-So. You do not know me, and yet I come to borrow five hundred louis of you." "Sir," retorts the man of money, willing to sacrifice a large sum rather than not have his say, "sir, I shall astonish you still more; I do know you, and yet I'll lend you the money you want." The full strength of the national infatuation is contained in this last trait, for what inducement, save that of gaining the benefit of a hearty laugh, could persuade a financier to part with his money?*

* As this article, should the writer enlarge on the subject of subtlety of expression, might degenerate into a question of grammar, it may be as well to make a note of the difference that exists between certain uses of the word *esprit*. *Avoir de l'esprit* (to possess wit) and *montrer de l'esprit* (to show wit) are quite different things. The first expression implies qualities such as good sense, judgment, intelligence, and, above all, tact; in short, he who "possesses wit" knows what he has to do and to say; but the gift does not include quickness of observation

Esprit is, then, the quintessence of refined fun ; but because it is light and buoyant and gay it does not follow that it lacks grace ; and because it is graceful, it does not follow that it wants earnestness and profundity. Two of the attributes of *esprit* are *finesse* and conciseness ; and when its primitive uncouthness wears off in the handling of good society, it becomes supremely elegant and delicate ; and, according to the fancy of the wit, it acquires peculiar piquancy without losing its original stamp ; it becomes burlesque in a Scarron, lofty and temperate in a La Rochefoucauld, exquisitely delicate in a Hamilton or a Marivaux, and biting, *à l'emporte-pièce*, to use a French expression, in a Rivarol or a Paul-Louis Courier. But to whatever use each of these men may put wit, they seldom, if ever, violate the canons of good taste or compromise *esprit* in brutality. They are swordsmen, not boxers. Sometimes they strike with the dagger, but they do not turn the weapon in the wound. They tap at a window, but they do not break the glass ; and if perchance they blend *esprit* with the pitiless cruelty of satire, as when Voltaire, for instance, takes his whip and lashes the Jesuits, it is done neatly, æsthetically, with the grand airs of a *gentilhomme*. At certain epochs this natural inclination of *esprit* towards elegance and delicacy has gone beyond the mark ; it has landed in mannerism and affectation. The poets of the sixteenth century and of the beginning of the next age became effete by dint of over-refinement ; and as, after the English Restoration, it was some time the fashion to affect the particular kind of *esprit* then prevalent at the Court of the young *Roi Soleil*, it left a passing mark on the English literature of the time. *Esprit*, however, has the elasticity of a clown ; it can be twisted into all kinds of shapes, however distorted ; but sooner or later it resumes its primitive aspect, and loses nothing of its graces for being momentarily disfigured. This aspect of *esprit* is no doubt that which gains the contempt of the Germans for it, generally speaking ; they imagine that it is wholly made up of thoughtlessness and show. As a consequence, they admire French writers considered by Frenchmen as beneath contempt, and despise writers admired in France. They rave about

and repartee and a brilliant and clever display of quaint or original ideas—a gift which belongs to the expression *avoir de l'esprit*. One may show wit and nevertheless be deficient in those qualities that constitute wit in the other sense. Hence the difference between *un homme d'esprit* and *un homme spirituel*. The one is the master of a situation which it may be beyond the powers of the other to command. *Readiness of wit*, with a certain amount of brilliancy, may belong to a man intellectually inferior ; and in society a man of genius who may be wanting in this faculty, as most men of genius are, shall cut a poor figure beside him.

Pigault-Lebrun, thereby showing that their comprehension of real *esprit* is as obtuse as Bulwer's when he said that Paul de Kock was the witty Frenchman *par excellence*.

This foreign estimate is profoundly erroneous ; for if, as was said before, the lightness and grace of *esprit*—its outward garb, in fact—conceal its more serious qualities, these qualities exist nevertheless. *Esprit* has done much for progress, and it has helped to overthrow many fallacies and barbarian theories of the past ; it has been more effective against superstition in the hands of Pascal, Voltaire, and Diderot than hundreds of quarto volumes of the most conclusive philosophy. Who could seriously deny the influence of *esprit* on men and things throughout French history ? Would Voltaire's power have been as mighty if he had not been witty ? and was not his wit the very essence of logic ? One of Voltaire's epigrams was more telling than all the ponderous preachings in the world. And why ? Merely because it contained in a concise, nervous, and, at the same time, amusing formula what no preachings could expound so shortly and interestingly. And it was not because he knew that the sway of *esprit* was supreme that Voltaire used it ; *esprit* was a second nature in Voltaire, and it was precisely that highly developed faculty of the intellect which enabled him to descry ridicule and shameless effrontery, and to hold them up to laughter and indignation in his own splendid style. Thought may, therefore, be described as inseparable from *esprit*. The only difference between thought under another garb and thought construed by *esprit* is that the latter is more rapidly, more forcibly conveyed and less laboursome than the other. Let me use a simile which will more aptly convey a clear idea of this difference : between thought expressed with and without *esprit* there is the divergence that exists between French and English political progress. The French see their object soon, and no sooner have they caught a glimpse of it than they want to strike a bee line to it ; on the other side, the English see less quickly, but—more practical and politic—they prefer, in order to attain the same object, the safety of roundabout ways to the dangers of the straight line. This earnestness of French wit has been ever manifest ; it was as distinct in the good-natured Montaigne as in the keen La Bruyère, in St. Evremont as in Vauvenargues. But this seriousness, even in the greatest, has been sadly marred by a tendency towards *distrust*, even of themselves. Taking the French as a whole, hardly have they raised an idol when they cannot resist the temptation of deriding it, or, rather, they yield to a feeling of self-distrust, asking of themselves whether, in spite of the evidence of their reason, such a lofty man is really great after all.

Hardly have they rendered homage before they turn the idol into ridicule; parody inevitably treads on the heels of admiration, and its mockery is proportionate to the sincerity of the admiration. To quote only one instance, there are few men who have been more ridiculed than Victor Hugo, albeit he is the man whom Frenchmen of to-day are the most proud of. However, this eccentricity, which, perhaps, springs from a bent towards irreverence, which is in the nature of the French, is kept within reasonable bounds; and if the scoffers show disrespect for men and things they are withal disposed to respect, they do not lose the sense of truth, and, sooner or later, they render justice and laugh at themselves for laughing at that which deserved their respectful attention.

But if, on the other hand, I am told by those who may be disposed to inquire in what qualities *esprit* is deficient when compared with the corresponding wit of other nations, that French wit is rather the attribute of intellect than of *feeling*, I heartily concur with them. It requires no great perspicuity to discern that *esprit* comes wholly from the head, while humour springs from the heart. Humour, that admirable faculty which begets our unqualified admiration of a Heine or a Dickens, admits of pathos as well as of mirth; whereas *esprit* is altogether incompatible with emotion. As an example, take Voltaire, the *homme d'esprit* in the most complete sense of the term: you will search in vain in his numerous works of philosophy, history, tragedy, and fiction for a single spark of sentiment and heartfelt emotion. French wit is neither melancholy nor contemplative; its principal qualities, which have been enumerated above, are opposed to poetic sentiment and passionate exaltation. Heinrich Heine, if my recollection is right, has somewhere written a page to that effect. If my previous definition of the essence of French wit be accepted, then is an end of any question as to the limits of its qualities, for that essence is a national yearning for mirth and pointed sayings: and this, of course, excludes all sentiments likely to cause pain or in any way ruffle the state of enviable felicity which the French endeavour to attain. *Esprit*, in fine, is incompatible with the study of the human heart, and French novelists like Balzac and George Sand have proved it by forgetting to be witty, not for want of *esprit*, but rather because they had no time to have any. *Esprit* is inseparable from ideas, but it is beyond the pale of passions.

III.

As a matter of course, French *esprit* has not always affected the same appearance. It is only natural that passing through so many hands,

and wading through such disturbed episodes as the history of the Frenchman is composed of, it should become more or less trite, or piquant, or subtle. This unfortunate world of ours has at all times been so sheepish, in the sense of Rabelais, that the most serious of men have always been influenced by fashion. Fashion in dress, fashion in ideas, fashion in literature: it is all the same. The world wears clothes of a certain cut because His Highness sports such; the world dotes on a certain style of literature, or a certain style of religion; all for fashion. And yet the clothes may be ridiculous, the literature unhealthy or tumid, and the religion a palpable miscarriage of belief. Likewise has wit played the sheep and sacrificed to transient mania. In the times of Montaigne and his contemporaries it was wholly pure—a shade too uncanny perhaps; slightly deficient in that flower of elegance which it acquired at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The *mot pour rire* was bluff and hearty. The epigrams were naked, and were exhibited to the world with candid effrontery. Our ancestors were of sterner stuff than we; periphrase was all but proscribed, and garbled truths unknown. *Esprit* emerged from the hands of the Sire de Brantôme and Marguerite de Navarre rather maltreated, but still in possession of the broad good sense and free expression of olden times; it became more polished in the reign of Louis the Beloved, but remained in spirit what it had been under Marot and Regnier, until La Fontaine appeared. La Fontaine, like Molière, was a Gaul all over, his fables are replete with quaint epigrams, and his tales, strongly seasoned as they are with Gaulish *sel*, maintain the traditions of the old chroniclers. The war of La Fronde came, and with it a slight alteration in the aspect of *esprit*. Wit assumed a more jaunty, piquant style; it was warlike, slightly chivalrous, and, as it were, turned up its moustache. For the first time, also, it openly invaded politics; pamphlets were full of it, and Louis the Fourteenth, who was but poorly provided with the national gift, but who knew how dangerous witty men are to autocrats, hanged a score or so of *hommes d'esprit*. This effectually quieted popular sarcasm, which was already attacking Royalty after dividing the Court, and *esprit* was left to wander around the republic of letters. La Bruyère studied his countrymen; Molière and Regnard caricatured them before the footlights; Madame de Sévigné took down the ridicules of Versailles in her quiet, candid way. Saint-Simon wrote his memoirs, and Pascal began his campaign against the Jesuits. Then *esprit* fell hopelessly low, and after being affected became stunted and hectic; but it rose *again* more brilliant than ever with the advent of the philosophers

of the eighteenth century, in spite of Louis the Fifteenth and his lewd courtiers. *Esprit* was never more flashing and earnest than in this century of renovation. Diderot, d'Alembert, Vauvenargues, Voltaire, carried it to a climax of brilliancy. It warred valiantly with the priests and the nobility.

A tremendous catastrophe uprooted the old *régime*. The Revolution, fomented by the wit of the Voltaires, the Montesquieus, the Diderots, overthrew the monarchy. For a time literature was swamped. *Esprit* during this crisis took refuge in political satire. Camille Desmoulins, Chamfort, Rivarol, were terrible athletes, and their wit was entirely divested of anything like urbanity: it was brilliant, quick as lightning, and pitiless. The laughter of these *hommes d'esprit* was formidable. One felt that each of their scathing epigrams might cost them their heads, and no quarter was offered or given. When Napoleon appeared *esprit* made another partial disappearance, at least in the highest spheres, the great Emperor sharing Louis the Fourteenth's dislike for epigrammatists. The dead calm continued after his exit; France was still panting, and but just out of his grip, and Frenchmen momentarily forgot to be witty. But another tremendous pamphleteer of the revolutionary school, Paul-Louis Courier, stirred his countrymen up. The reign of Louis Philippe was exuberant in wit. The generation of 1848 proved one of the most admirable—if not the most admirable—that ever appeared on the soil of France; the renovation of literature which then took place was rapid and irresistible; but it required tempering; *esprit* took care of that. It restricted the Romantiques within proper bounds, and for the first, and perhaps for the last time, it threw some of its spice into a poet's cup. Alfred de Musset was the favoured mortal. And now, at the present time, despite all that has occurred to make Frenchmen weep rather than laugh, *esprit* is still paramount. In prose it is vivacious as ever; in the drawing-room it is more subtle, perhaps, than it was in its brightest phases; the old forgiving spirit makes Frenchmen condone the misdemeanours of many an unprincipled journalist, of many immoral authors, because they are witty. The *gamin* is as readily impertinent and cunning as of yore, and idols are still ridiculed with the utmost pertinacity. There is but one dark point in the picture: the stage gradually loses the wit of Beaumarchais, and accepts that of operette writers; parody is thick, fun is coarse, situations are in bad taste. After dwelling in things, wit on the stage threatens to dwell in mere words. But *esprit* has seen worse days, and when it becomes extinct it shall be when France is no longer on the map of Europe.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.



SHARP drive through the clear crisp frosty February air brought us from an old-world Warwickshire village to Stratford-on-Avon. We had been spending a little time in Shakespeare's country. Our oldest friends in the country side could hardly say that they had discovered fresh Shakespeare facts, but they sometimes imagine that they have found new readings and traditions of facts. At any rate, they have some local facilities for gauging the extent of Shakespeare's influence. Until one goes to Stratford-on-Avon one's ideas of the dramatist are impersonal; the localities help us to make out his individuality. February is hardly the time for sight-seeing, though the sights are quite independent of season and weather. We found, however, that the Princess Helena had been only a few days before us. Altogether ten thousand two hundred pilgrims had entered their names at Shakespeare's shrine during the year 1874. A very large proportion of the visitors are Americans. If the public had not purchased the poet's birth-house in the "nick of time," the Americans would have transferred it bodily across the Atlantic. They have put up a big statue in the great park, at New York, and the other day they sent over a photograph of it to the Museum. The other day, also, the Weimar compatriots of Goethe sent a mutually-congratulatory address to the Stratford-on-Avon compatriots of Shakespeare. Stratford-on-Avon after a fashion subsists upon Shakespeare. He is fire and physic, board and lodging, to a considerable proportion of the town. Stratford has some industries as the centre of an important agricultural district, excelling in beer, of which Shakespeare did not apparently think much in his own time; but its staple industry is Shakespeare. The myriad visitors leave behind them myriad coins. There is only one disagreeable monetary recollection connected with "the bard of all time." The Tercentenary was a financial failure. It was considered rather absurd at the time, and those who guaranteed the expenses have had to put their hands in their pockets.

There are many ways in which one sees at Stratford-on-Avon the great substantial importance of Shakespeare. The church, like so many other Warwickshire churches, is magnificent. But it sorely needs to be restored. The Freemasons of England, out of the large sums at their disposal, have resolved to restore it magnificently, and we

expect soon to hear that the works have been commenced. It is known that Shakespeare's bones have long dissolved in dust; but the adjuration on his nameless stone not to disturb him will be respected. The bust ought carefully to be examined, for we know of no engraving that exactly reproduces it. The cast of countenance is not so much intellectual—as the engravings give it—as distinctly mirthful. It is the most valuable and authentic of Shakespearian monuments. A friend who has resided for many years in the locality says that he meets sometimes at Stratford, and nowhere else, with faces of the Shakespeare type. Another instance of veneration for Shakespeare is afforded by some works now in progress at New Place. This is, of course, nothing more than the site of Shakespeare's house, which the wretched Gastrell pulled down because it was unfairly rated. The legend is that Gastrell afterwards left the town at midnight, in fear of the hatred and execrations of the populace.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell lately discovered an old well, choked up with rubbish. He has had the well opened up and the rubbish sifted four times on the chance that some little trifle, perhaps a scrap of paper, perhaps a tobacco stopper, might be unearthed. Up to the point of our visit there were no results to show. The indefatigable Mr. Halliwell's latest contribution to the Shakespeare Museum is the gift of many volumes of MS. notes on the plays, the key of which he keeps in his own charge, and they are not to be examined till after his lifetime. Shakespeare's mulberry tree, less fortunate than Milton's, which we lately saw in a state of fine preservation in the garden of Christ's College, Cambridge, was destroyed by the ruthless Gastrell; enough snuff-boxes were made out of the wood to indicate a forest; but the scion is in prosperous life. The chapel next door to Shakespeare's house, the Guild Chapel or Chapel of the Holy Cross, where Shakespeare is supposed to have daily attended in his last days, is grievously in want of repair. It is, perhaps, the only building whose exterior is exactly that of Shakespeare's time. If the Freemasons do the church, it is hardly too much that the townspeople should do the chapel. Another reminder of Shakespeare has just vanished. The little theatre of Stratford-on-Avon is now no more. People still point out the spot where the youthful Shakespeare first saw the strolling actors; but Stratford cannot now witness any performance of its great author's plays.

We go about Shakespeare's country. That at least is unaltered: the same tender greens, the same delicate skies as met the poet's gaze in earlier and later years. It is well-timbered, well-watered; the

deep rich soil of the very midst of the Midlands, "a garden of the Lord." The immemorial swan still floats on the Avon, "floats double, swan and shadow." We pass over Clopton Bridge, built by the apprentice who became Lord Mayor of London, and we know that Shakespeare must have passed that bridge as he fled to the capital, and have taken a last look for many years of the valley of the Avon to its uplands. The river is full of fish, and there are pleasure boats upon it, and we think how pleasant it would be to float through this quiet English scenery on a summer day. The Avon is not so slow and dull as the Leam which falls into it from the fashionable watering-place some ten miles off, nor yet swift and deep as the Severn, into which it serenely glides. Shakespeare appears to have noted and gathered up some of the best characteristics of the sweet and simple local scenery. A distinguished naturalist, the Rev. G. Henslow, was lately in the neighbourhood, and he found in Michelmore meadow nearly every wildflower mentioned in the poet's writings. The Stratford people will point you out a "bank whereon the wild thyme blows." A chemist lately paid sixty pounds a year for the flowers on and about it for his essences. There, then, are the villages of which Shakespeare wrote :—

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
 Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
 Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford.

We quote the lines *pace* Mr. Dyce, who opprobriously rejects them.

It is said that some of the villages still retain these characteristics, but it is to be hoped that Exhall does not exist in everlasting dudgeon. The Museum abounds with pictures and reliques of these localities. Between Bidford and Stratford is the famous crabtree beneath which Shakespeare and the "Brotherhood of Topers" traditionally bivouacked for the night when defeated in the drinking bout. Shakespeare survived to "arrange" himself, "purge and live cleanly." Anne Hathaway's cottage attracts thousands of visitors to that romantic spot, though it is to be feared that for Shakespeare himself the romance went out; he was still a youth when she was middle-aged, and we are afraid that she had no place in the long procession of beautiful forms which passed before the poet's mental eye.

But none of the villages equal in interest Charlecote and Hampton Lucy: Charlecote, in the park of which Shakespeare slew the deer, and Hampton Lucy, where the Lucy of that ilk committed him to *durance* vile. The tradition of the neighbourhood, however, persis-

tently frees Shakespeare from the imputation of poaching. The assertion is, that the land over which he was shooting was a veritable no man's land—it had not been taken in—and Shakespeare was simply asserting the right of free forestry. It was not, therefore, as a poacher, but as an assertor of popular rights that he incurred the enmity of the great man of the neighbourhood. Sir Walter Scott was told by the Lucy of that day that Charlecote Park was certainly not the park where Shakespeare killed the deer. The story is that the keepers arrested Shakespeare and tied him down on a bed in a barn, known still as Shakespeare's barn, for the night. There is a farmer in the hamlet of Fulbrook who triumphantly shows a sideboard which, not so many years ago, was made out of the bedstead whereon Shakespeare was supposed to have been bound. The recumbent figure of the poet's persecutor lies in the Lucy Chapel at Charlecote. Close by, among other Lucy memorials, is the monument by Bernini to a later Lucy and his wife. This is one of the most exquisite monuments we have ever examined. The untitled Lucy family belong to the great historic county houses of Warwickshire. It was the most unlucky event in the family history that they were brought into antagonism with the humble youth who has given them such a peculiarly unpleasant kind of immortality. A Lucy who died a little while ago, a great squire-parson, was a benefactor of the neighbourhood. He built at his own charges the handsome bridge over the Avon by which we enter Hampton Lucy. In Shakespeare's time there was no bridge, and the traveller had to go four or five miles round. Seen from afar, as you approach Hampton Lucy, is the beautiful cathedral-like structure of the new church, mainly built at the expense of this squire-parson and others of the Lucy family. It is one of the finest country churches in England, if not the very finest. The grand apsidal porch—Sir Gilbert Scott's—was erected some five years ago. All about are the examples of the three fishes, the lucies, or pikes, the arms of the family. We have been favoured with the MS. of the inscription on the squire-parson's tomb, which says truly enough "Cujus pietatis ergo Deum, consanguineos, vicinos, et hic et alibi, nos desunt monumenta." The inscription concludes with words which he himself wished might be used:—"Non sibi vixit." The "alibi" refers to the large sums he contributed for the restoration of St. David's Cathedral. One of the Lucy squires, not long after Shakespeare's time, built and endowed a grammar school. The grounds of the master's residence slope gently down to the side of the Avon. On the whole the Lucy family have dealt well by their Warwickshire district. There is no malice, as M. Guizot pointed out, in the way in

which Shakespeare handles Justice Shallow, albeit that he makes the louse do duty for the lacy. He takes up the character, plays with it after his manner, gets an infinity of humour out of it, and passes on. We have advanced along the line. The Shallow of our age, after passing through a kind of Squire Western phase, culminates in the good squire-parson Lucy who built the new bridge and reared the cathedral-like church of Hampton Lucy.

A secondary interest has grown up in Stratford respecting the many remarkable men who have made a pilgrimage to the scene. The low roof of the room where Shakespeare is assumed to have been born is nearly covered, like walls and windows, with signatures. Thackeray's neat autograph, though only pencilled, is clearly visible but Byron's has disappeared. Sir Walter Scott wrote with a diamond on the glass, but some idiot has scribbled straight across his signature. The visitor most in favour at Stratford is Washington Irving, and not without reason, as he brings shoals of pilgrims from the States. Geoffry Crayon did much also to instruct the British public in things pertaining to Shakespeare. The hostel where he stayed is known as Washington Irving's room; we were invited as a great honour to sit in the chair where he had reposed his august form, and finally—hero-worship could hardly go a stage further—the poker was introduced, solemnly wrapped up, with which the great author had condescended to poke the fire. Nearly all the commentators *en masse* have stayed in the neighbourhood and explored all the ins and outs. We do not think Johnson made any personal investigation, and he would not come down with Garrick at the Jubilee. Malom, Stevens, Dyce, all the critics, have been there. Rowe says of Betterton that his "veneration for the memory of Shakespeare . . . engaged him to make journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name which he had in such great veneration. Poor Betterton picked up very little, though Shakespeare's grandchild was still living and had property at Stratford. That journey into Warwickshire, which once seemed formidable, is now a pilgrimage of tens of thousands yearly. Poor J. C. M. Bellew ought to be mentioned among the later pilgrims. About a dozen years ago he produced a book on Shakespeare's House, exhaustive and exhausting, but he popularised the information about Shakespeare's family which Mr. Halliwell had confined to the dozen or fifty copies of costly *folio* *sumiles*.

We dare not hint at the heresy which entertains doubts about Shakespeare's birthplace. But New Place was his undoubted home, and we have the authentic site. That wretched Gastrell did not after all

pull down Shakespeare's real house. He pulled down the house which had been built on the site of the real house. Betterton at least established the fact, from researches that came within living memory, that here Shakespeare spent his days "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." Without doubt, too, he here produced some of his most rapid and best writing. Not a single heirloom has come down to us, only his copy of Montaigne. We have just six signatures, five of them being to legal documents. The most interesting is the signature to that will made "in perfect health and memory" a few months before his death. The language in his will : "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting," has been a theme for the episcopal commentators, Archbishop Trench and Bishop Wordsworth. Who would not desire to have such an earnest, loving record as Ben^o Jonson gave him: "I loved the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any : he was indeed honest and of an open and free nature"? There are no dark mysteries, no secretiveness, no involutions here of character in the broad-browed, myriad minded man. Shakespeare naturally turned towards the sunlight and was "of an open and free nature."

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY.

BY MADAME CH. HUNDREDS.

“**B**E in the great hall at four o'clock.”

Those were Chiltern's words to me as he hurried off after luncheon, and here we were in the great hall, but there was no Chiltern, which was vexatious. True, it was half-past four, and he is such a stickler for what he calls punctuality, and has no sympathy with those delays which are inseparable from going out in a new bonnet. One of the strings—but there, what does it matter? Here we were standing in the great hall, where we had been told to come, and no one to meet us. There was a crowd of persons standing before the entrance to a corridor to the left of the hall. Two policemen were continually begging them to stand back and not block up the entrance, so that the members who were passing in and out (I daresay on the look-out for their wives, so that they should not be kept here a moment) might not be inconvenienced. It is really wonderful how careful the police about Westminster are of the sacred persons of members. If I cross over the road at the bottom of Parliament Street by myself I may be run over by a hansom cab or even an omnibus, without the slightest compunction on the part of the police on duty there. But if Chiltern happens to be with me the whole of the traffic going east and west is stopped, and a policeman with out-stretched hands stands waiting till we have gained the other side of the road.

We were gazing up with the crowd at somebody who was lighting the big chandelier by swinging down from somewhere in the roof a sort of censer, when Chiltern came out of the corridor and positively began to scold us for being late. I thought that was very mean, as I was just going to scold him; but he knows the advantage of getting the first word. He says why were we half an hour late? and how could he meet us there at four if we had not then left home? But that's nonsense. Chiltern has naturally a great flow of words, which he has cultivated by close attendance upon his Parliamentary duties. But he is mistaken if he thinks I am a Resolution and am to be moved by being “spoken to.”

We walked through a gallery into a hall something like that in which Chiltern had kept us waiting, only much smaller. This was

full of men chattering away in a manner of which an equal number of women would have been ashamed. There was one nice pleasant-looking gentleman carefully wrapped up in an overcoat with a fur collar and cuffs. That was Earl Granville, Chiltern said. I was glad to see his lordship looking so well and taking such care of himself. There was another peer there, a little man with a beaked nose, the only thing about him that reminded you of the Duke of Wellington. He had no overcoat, being evidently too young to need or care for such encumbrance. He wore a short surtout and a smart blue neck-tie, and frisked about the hall in quite a lively way. Chiltern said that he was Lord Hampton, with whom my great-grandfather went to Eton. He was at that time plain "John Russell," and has for the last forty-five years been known as Sir John Pakington. But then Chiltern has a way of saying funny things, and I am not sure that he was in earnest in telling us that this active young man was really the veteran of Droitwich.

From this hall, through a long carpeted passage, catching glimpses on the way of snug writing rooms, cosy libraries, and other devices for lightening senatorial labours, we arrived at a door over which was painted the legend "To the Ladies' Gallery." This opened on to a flight of steps at the top of which was another long corridor, and we found ourselves at last at the door of the Ladies' Gallery, where we were received by a smiling and obliging attendant.

I expected to find a fine open gallery something like the orchestra at the Albert Hall, or at least like the dress circle at Drury Lane. Picture my disappointment when out of the bright light of the corridor we stepped into a sort of cage, with no light save what came through the trellis-work in front. I thought this was one of Chiltern's stupid practical jokes, and being a little cross through his having kept us waiting for such an unconscionable long time, was saying something to him, when the smiling and obliging attendant said "Hush-sh-sh!" and pointed in a smiling and obliging manner to a placard on which was printed like a spelling lesson the impertinent injunction "Silence is requested."

There was no doubt about it. This was the Ladies' Gallery of the British House of Commons, and a pretty place it is to which to invite ladies. I never was good at geometry and that sort of thing, and cannot say how many feet or how many furlongs the gallery is in length, but I counted fourteen chairs placed pretty close together, and covered with a hideous green damask. There are three rows of chairs, the two back rows being raised above the first the height of one step. As far as seeing into the House is concerned, one might

as well sit down on the flight of steps in Westminster Hall as sit on a chair in the back row in the Ladies' Gallery. On the second row it is tolerable enough, or at least you get a good view of the little old gentleman with the sword by his side sitting in a chair at the far end of the House. I thought at first this was the Speaker, and wondered why gentlemen on the cross benches should turn their backs to him. But Chiltern said it was Lord Charles Russell, Sergeant-at-Arms, a much more important personage than the Speaker, who takes the Mace home with him every night, and is responsible for its due appearance on the table when the Speaker takes the chair.

In the front row you can see well enough—what there is to be seen, for I confess that my notion of the majesty of the House of Commons is mightily modified since I beheld it with my own eyes. In the first place you are quite shut out of sight in the Ladies' Gallery, and I might have saved myself all the trouble of dressing, which made me a little late and gave Chiltern an opportunity of saying disagreeable things which he subsequently spread over a fortnight. I might have been wearing a coal-scuttle bonnet or a mushroom hat for all it mattered in a prison like this. There was sufficient light for me to see with satisfaction that other people had given themselves at least an equal amount of trouble. Two had arrived in charming evening dress, with the loveliest flowers in their hair. I daresay they were going out to dinner, and at least I hope so, for it is a disgraceful thing that women should be entrapped into spending their precious time dressing for a few hours' stay in a swept and garnished coal-hole like this. The smiling and obliging attendant offered me the consolation of knowing that the Gallery is quite a charming place compared with what it used to be. Thirty or forty years ago, whilst the business of Parliament was carried on in a temporary building, accommodation for ladies was provided in a narrow box stationed above the Strangers' Gallery, whence they peeped into the House through pigeon holes something like what you see in the framework of a peep-show. The present Gallery formed part of the design of the new Houses, but when it was opened it was a vastly different place. It was much darker, had no ante-rooms worth speaking of, and the leading idea of a sheep-pen was preserved to the extent of dividing it into three boxes each accommodating seven ladies. About twelve years ago one of the dividing walls was knocked down, and the Ladies' Gallery thrown into a single chamber, with a special pen to which admission is obtained only by order from the Speaker. But still much remained to be done to make it even such a place as it now is, and that work was done *by that much*—and as Chiltern will always have it *unjustly*—abused man, Mr. Ayrton. It was he who threw open the back of the Gallery,

giving us some light and air, and it is to him that we ladies are indebted for the dressing-room and the tea-room.

This being shut up is one reason why I was disappointed with the House of Commons. Another is with respect to the size of the chamber itself. It is wonderful to think how *big* men can talk in a room like this. It is scarcely larger than a good sized drawing-room. I must say for Chiltern that we got seats in the front row and what there was to be seen we saw. Right opposite to us was a gallery with rows of men sitting six deep. It was "a big night," and there was not a seat to spare in this, which I suppose was the Strangers' Gallery. Everybody there had his hat off, and there was an official sitting on a raised chair in the middle of the top row, something like I saw the warders sitting amongst prisoners at Millbank one Sunday morning when Chiltern took me to see the Claimant repeating the responses to the Litany. The House itself is of oblong shape, with rows of benches on either side, cushioned in green leather and raised a little above each other. There are four of these rows on either side, with a broad passage between covered with neat matting. Chiltern says the floor is an open framework of iron, and that beneath is a labyrinth of chambers into which fresh air is pumped and forced in a gentle stream into the House, the vitiated atmosphere escaping by the roof. But then the same authority, when I asked him what the narrow band of red colour that ran along the matting about a pace in front of the benches on either side meant, gravely told me that if any member when addressing the House stepped out beyond that line Lord Charles Russell would instantly draw his sword, shout his battle cry, "Who goes Home!" and rushing upon the offender bear him off into custody. So you see it is difficult to know what to believe, and it is a pity people will not always say what they mean in plain English.

Midway down each row of benches is a narrow passage that turned out to be "the gangway," of which you read and hear so much. I had always associated "the gangway" with a plank along which you walked to somewhere—perhaps on to the Treasury Bench. But it is only a small passage like a narrow aisle in a church. There is a good deal of significance about this gangway, for anybody who sits below it is supposed to be of an independent turn of mind, and not to be capable of purchase by Ministers present or prospective. Thus all the Irish members sit below the gangway, and so do Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Charles Lewis. It is an odd thing, Chiltern observes, that notwithstanding this peculiarity, Ministries are invariably recruited from below the gangway. Sir Henry James sat there for many Sessions before he was made Solicitor-General, and there was no more prominent figure in recent years than that of the gentleman

who used to be known as "Mr. Vernon Harcourt." On the Conservative side this peculiarity is less marked than on the Liberal, though it was below the gangway on the Conservative side that on a memorable night more than a quarter of a century ago a certain dandified young man, with well-oiled locks and theatrically folded arms, stood, and, glaring upon a mocking House, told them that the time would come when they *should* hear him. As a rule, however, the Conservatives make Ministers of men who have borne the heat and burden of the day on the back Ministerial benches. But with the Liberals the pathway of promotion, Chiltern says, opens from below the gangway. Mr. Lowe came from there, so did Mr. Goschen, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Childers, Mr. Forster, and even Mr. Gladstone himself. The worst thing a Liberal member who wants to become a Cabinet Minister or a judge can do, is to sit on the back Ministerial benches, vote as he is bidden, and hold his tongue when he is told. He should go and sit below the gangway, near Mr. Goldsmid or Mr. Trevelyan, and in a candid, ingenuous, and truly patriotic manner make himself on every possible occasion as disagreeable to the leaders of his party as he can. I do not attempt to disguise the expectation I cherish of being some day wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, or at least of the President of the Board of Trade; for there are few men who can, upon occasion, make themselves more disagreeable than Chiltern, who through these awkward bars I see sitting below the gangway on the left-hand side, and calling out "Hear, hear!" to Sir Stafford Northcote, who is saying something unpleasant about somebody on the front Opposition benches.

The front seat by the table on the right-hand side is the Treasury bench, and the smiling and obliging attendant tells me the names of the occupants there and in other parts of the House. The gentleman at the end of the seat with the black patch over his eye is Lord Barrington, who sits for the borough of Eye and fills the useful office of Vice-Chamberlain. Next to him is Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, and whom I have heard cheerfully described as "one of the prosiest speakers in the House." Next to him, with a paper in his hand and a smirk of supreme self-satisfaction on his face, is Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary. He sits beside a figure which you would notice wherever you saw it. The legs are crossed, the arms folded, and the head bent down, showing from here one of the most remarkable styles of doing the human hair that ever I beheld. The hair is combed forward from the crown of the head and from partings on either side and brought on to the forehead, where it is apparently pasted together in a looped curl. It looks as if some fairy skater from an ethereal "Prince's" had been trying to make "the figure of

eight" on the gentleman's head and had got it rather small at one end. This is Mr. Disraeli, as I know without being told, though I see him now for the first time. He is wonderfully old-looking, with sunken cheeks and furrowed lines about the mouth and eyes. But his lofty brow does not seem to have a wrinkle on it, and his hands, when he draws them from under his arms and folds them before him, twiddling his thumbs the while, are as smooth and white as Coningsby's. He is marvellously motionless, sitting almost in the same position for these two hours. But he is as watchful as he is quiet. I can see his eyes taking in all that goes on on the bench at the other side of the table, where right hon. gentlemen, full of restless energy, are constantly talking to each other, or passing notes across each other, or even pulling each other's coat-tails and loudly whispering promptings as in turn they rise and address the House.

I observe that Mr. Disraeli does not wear his hat in the House, and Chiltern, to whom I mention this when he comes up again, tells me that he and some half-dozen others never do. Since Mr. Gladstone has retired from the cares of office he is sometimes, but very rarely, able to endure the weight of his hat on his head while sitting in the House; but, formerly, he never wore it in the presence of the Speaker. The rule is to wear your hat in the House, and a very odd effect it has to see men sitting about in a well-lighted and warm chamber with their hats on their heads. Chiltern tells me that this peculiarity of wearing hats was very nearly the means of depriving Great Britain and Ireland of the presence in Parliament of Mr. John Martin. That distinguished politician, it appears, had never, before County Meath sent him to Parliament, worn a hat of the hideous shape which fashion entails upon our suffering male kindred. It is well known that when he was returned he declared that he would never sit at Westminster: the reason assigned for this eccentricity being that he recognised no Parliament in which the member for County Meath might sit other than one meeting on the classic ground on College Green. But Chiltern says that was only a poetical flight, the truth lying at the bottom of the hat. "Never," Mr. Martin is reported to have said to a deputation of his constituents, "never will I stoop to wear a top hat. I never had one on my head, and the Saxon shall never make me put it there." He was as good as his word when he first came to town, and was wont to appear in a low-crowned beaver hat of uncertain architecture. But after he had, for some weeks, assisted the process of Legislature under the shadow of this hat, the Speaker privately and in considerate terms conveyed to him a hint that, in the matter of hats at least, it was desirable to have *uniformity in the House of Commons.*

Mr. Martin, who, in spite of his melodramatic speeches and his strong personal resemblance to Danny Man in the "Coileen Bawn," is, Chiltern says, really one of the gentlest and most docile of men, straightway abandoned the nondescript hat and sacrificed his inclinations and principles to the extent of buying what he calls "a top hat." But he has not taken kindly to it, and never will. It is always getting in his way, under his feet or between his knees, and he is apparently driven to observe the precaution of constantly holding it in his hands when it is not safely disposed on his head. It is always thus held before him, a hand firmly grasping the rim on either side, when he is making those terrible speeches we read, in which he proves that John Mitchel is an unoffending martyr, and that the English, to serve their private ends, introduced the famine in Ireland. Mr. Cowen, the member for Newcastle, shares Mr. Martin's prejudices about hats, and up to the present time has not abandoned them. As we passed through the lobby on our way to the Gallery Chiltern pointed him out to me—an uncouth-looking man, wearing a black coat the length of the skirts of which, I suppose, were intended to compensate for the absence of shirt-collar. He was distinguished in the throng by wearing a round hat of soft felt, and he has never been seen at Westminster in any other. But at least he does not wear it in the House; and it is much better to sit upon than the tall hats on the top of which excited orators not unfrequently find themselves when, hotly concluding their perorations and unconscious of having left their hats just behind them, they throw themselves back on the bench from which they had erewhile risen to "say a few words."

The gentleman on the left of the Premier is said to be Sir Stafford Northcote, but there is so little of his face to be seen through the abundance of whisker and moustache that I do not think any one has a right to speak positively on the matter. The smooth-faced man next to him is Mr. Gathorne Hardy. The tall, youthful-looking man on his left is Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who, I suppose by instructions of the Cabinet, generally sits, as he does to-night, next to Mr. Ward Hunt. The Chief Secretary for Ireland is slim, and, not to put too fine a point on it, Mr. Ward Hunt is not, and the two manage to seat themselves with some approach to comfort. The First Lord of the Admiralty further eases the pressure on his colleagues by throwing his left arm over the back of the bench, where it hangs like a limb of some monumental tree. The carefully devised scheme for the disposition of Mr. Ward Hunt on the Treasury bench is completed by assigning the place on the other side of him to Sir Charles Adderley. The President of the

Board of Trade, Chiltern says, is understood to have long passed the mental stage at which old John Willet had arrived when he was discovered sitting in his chair in the dismantled bar of the Maypole after the rioters had visited his hostelry. He is apparently unconscious of discomfort when crushed up or partially sat upon by his elephantine colleague, which is a fortunate circumstance.

The stolid man with the straight back directly facing Mr. Disraeli on the front bench opposite is the Marquis of Hartington. The gentleman with uncombed hair and squarely cut garments on the left of the Leader of the Opposition is Mr. Forster. The big man further to the left, who sits with folded arms and wears a smile expressive of his satisfaction with all mankind, particularly with Sir William Harcourt, is the ex-Solicitor-General. The duck of a man with black hair, nicely oiled and sweetly waved, is Sir Henry James. Where have I seen him before? His face and figure and attitude seem strangely familiar to me. I have been shopping this morning, but I do not think I could have seen behind any milliner's or linendraper's counter a person like the hon. and learned gentleman the member for Taunton. Beyond this doughty knight, and last at this end of the bench, is a little man in spectacles, and with a preternatural look of wisdom on his face. He is the Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, and is said to have, next to Mr. Fawcett, the most remarkably retentive memory of any man in the House. Chiltern says he always writes his lectures before he delivers them to the House, sending the manuscript to the *Times*, and so accurate is his recitation that the editor has only to sprinkle the lecture with "Hear, hears!" and "Cheers" to make the thing complete. He is scarcely the sort of man you would prefigure if told you were about to be introduced to one whom his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism had burdened with the name of "Lyon." In the matter of the value of names, I am rather of Hood's opinion than Shakespeare's. "A name?" the biographer of Miss Kilmansegg observes—

A name? it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth,
As dames of a certain degree know,
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
His Page's jacket and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page in prose
Till turned into Rupertino.

When the infantile Playfair was christened "Lyon" his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism never guessed that he would grow up to be a very little man in very large spectacles. But everybody agrees that he is a very able and a very fortunate man, and I daresay if it came to shaking the dewdrops off his mane Mr. Lyon Playfair would do it as well as any other man.

On the right-hand side of the Marquis of Hartington is Mr. Goschen. In fact, at the moment I happened to have reached him in my survey he is on his feet, asking a question of his "right hon. friend opposite." What a curious attitude the man stands in! Apparently the backs of his legs are glued to the bench from which he has risen, a device which enables him, as he speaks, to lean forward like a human Tower of Pisa. He is putting the simplest question in the world to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but if he were a junior clerk asking his employer for the hand of his eldest daughter he could not look more sheepish. His hat is held in his left hand behind his back, possibly with a view to assist in balancing him, and to avoid too much strain on the adhesive powers that keep the back of his legs firmly attached to the bench. With his right hand he is, when not pulling up his collar, feeling himself nervously round the waist, as if to make sure that he is there. Next to him are Mr. Dodson and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and, with these planted between him and actual and aspirant leaders of the Liberal party, sits Mr. Lowe. I cannot see much of his face from here, for he wears his hat and at the moment hangs his head. A little later on I both saw and heard him speak, and a splendid speech he made, going right at the heart of the matter and laying it bare. His success as a debater is a marvellous triumph of mind over material influences. It would be hard to conceive a man having fewer of the outward graces of oratory than Mr. Lowe. His utterance is hesitating, sometimes even to stuttering; he speaks hurriedly, and without emphasis; his manner is nervous and restless; and he is so shortsighted that the literary quotations with which his speeches abound are marred by painful efforts to read his notes. Yet how he rouses the House, moving it to cheers and laughter and to the rapid interchange of volleys of "Hear, hear" from opposite sides of the House, which Chiltern says is the most exhilarating sound that can reach the ear of a speaker in the House of Commons. Mr. Lowe sits down with the same abruptness that marked his rising, and rather gets into his hat than puts it on, pushing his head so far into its depths that there is nothing of him left on view save what extends below the line of his white eyebrows.

To the right of Mr. Lowe I see a figure which, foreshortened from my point of view, is chiefly distinguishable by a hat and pair of boots. Without there being an absolute Quaker fashion about the cut of the hat or garments, there is a breadth about the former and a looseness about the latter suggestive of Quaker associations. Perhaps if my idea were mercilessly analysed it would appear that it has *its growth* in the knowledge that I am looking down on Mr. Bright,

and that I know Mr. Bright is of Quaker parentage. But I am jotting down my impressions as I receive them. Mr. Bright does not address the House to-night, but he has made one or two short speeches this Session, and Chiltern, who has heard them, speaks quite sorrowfully of the evidence they give of failing physical power. The orator who once used to hold the House of Commons under his command with as much ease as Apollo held in hand the fiery coursers of the chariot of the sun, now stands before it on rare occasions with a manner more nervous than that in which some new members make their maiden speech. The bell-like tones of his voice are heard no more; he hesitates in choosing words, is not sure of the sequence of his phrases, and resumes his seat with evident gratefulness for the renewed rest. Chiltern adds that much of this nervousness is probably owing to a sensibility of the expectation which his rising arouses in the House, and a knowledge that he is not about to make the "great speech" which has been looked for ever since he returned to his old place. But at best the matchless oratory of John Bright is already a tradition in the House of Commons, and it is but the ghost of the famous Tribune who now nightly haunts the scene of his former glories.

Mr. Gladstone was sitting next to Mr. Bright, in what the always smiling and obliging attendant tells me is a favourite attitude with him. His legs were stretched out, his hands loosely clasped before him, and his head thrown back, resting on the cushion at the back of the seat, so that the soft light from the illuminated roof shone full on his upturned face. It is a beautiful face, soft as a woman's, very pale and worn, with furrowed lines that tell of labour done and sorrow lived through. Here again I am conscious of the possibility of my impressions being moulded by my knowledge of facts; but I fancy I see a great alteration since last I looked on Mr. Gladstone's face, now two years ago. It was far away from here, in a big wooden building in a North Wales town. He was on a platform surrounded by grotesque men in blue gowns and caps, which marked high rank in Celtic bardship. At that time he was the nominal leader of a great majority that would not follow him, and president of a Ministry that thwarted all his steps. His face looked much harder then, and his eye glanced restlessly round, taking in every movement of the crowd in the pavilion. He seemed to exist in a hectic flush of life, and was utterly incapable of taking rest. Now his face, though still thin, has filled up. The lines on his brow and under his eyes, though too deeply furrowed to be eradicable, have been smoothed down, and the Pope being, let us hope, finally slain, there is about his face a sense of peace and a pleasant look of rest. Chiltern says that sometimes when the right hon. gentleman has been in the House this Session

he has during the progress of a debate momentarily sprung into his old attitude of earnest, eager attention, and there have been critical moments when his interposition in debate has appeared imminent. But he has conquered the impulse, lain back again on the bench, and let the House go its own way. It is very odd, Chiltern says, to have him sitting there silent in the midst of so much talking. This was specially felt during the debate about those Irish Acts with which he had so much to do. Chiltern tells me that whilst the debate was going on there came from no one knows where, and passed from hand to hand along the benches, a scrap of paper on which was written this verse from "In Memoriam":—

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

Although the gangway has a distinct and important significance in marking off *nuances* of political parties, it appears that it does not follow as an inevitable sequence that because a man sits behind the Ministerial bench he is therefore a Taper or a Tadpole, or that because he takes up his quarters below the gangway he is a John Hampden. The distinction is more strongly marked on the Liberal side; but even there there are some honest men who usually obey the crack of the whip. On the Conservative side the gangway has scarcely any significance, and though the Lewisian "Party," which consists solely of Charles, sits there, and from time to time reminds the world of its existence by loudly shouting in its ear, it may always be depended upon in a real party division to swell the Ministerial majority by one vote. The Scotch members, who sit chiefly on the Liberal side, spread themselves impartially over seats above and below the gangway. The Home Rule members, who also favour the Liberal side, sit together in a cluster below the gangway in defiant proximity to the Sergeant-at-Arms. They are rather noisy at times, and whenever Chiltern comes in late to dinner, or after going back stays till all hours in the morning, it is sure to be "those Irish fellows." But I think the House of Commons ought to be much obliged to Ireland for its contribution of members, and to resist to the last the principle of Home Rule. For it is not, as at present constituted, an assembly that can afford to lose any element that has about it a tinge of originality, a flash of humour, or an echo of eloquence.

That of course is Chiltern's remark. I only know, for my part, that the Ladies' Gallery is a murky den, in which you can hear *very little*, not see much, and are yourself not seen at all.

THE POETRY OF CRITICISM: MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is not a popular poet. He is rarely quoted; nor are his pieces chosen by the public readers, or by the young men of elocution societies. It is worth inquiring why, whilst "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls" are the bosom friends of every thoughtful girl in the kingdom, and "The May Queen" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" figure in almost every entertainment of the "reading" kind, the author of "Empedocles" is known only to the more cultivated readers of his generation, and even by them, perhaps, is more admired than loved. Much of this, no doubt, may be accounted for by Mr. Arnold's terrible contempt for the great body of his countrymen, who are glad, it may be, to repay his scorn and pity by neglecting his poetical productions. Much, too, may be accounted for by the generally melancholy tone in which his muse conveys her message, by the comparatively narrow range of his sympathies, by the want of variety in his choice of topics for treatment, and especially by the severe and sometimes almost pedantic classicism of his style and diction. It is even complained of Mr. Arnold that he is cold and heartless; but the people who make this remark can hardly have read much of his poetry, for it is not wanting in many places in real tenderness and enthusiasm. What probably prevents Mr. Arnold from thoroughly taking hold upon the popular attention is his unfortunate self-consciousness, his inability to forget, as a rule, that he is a poet, or, as it would probably be more correct to say in his case, a man of poetic sensibility, expressing himself, according to established usage, in the form of verse. I am sure that in his inmost heart he is moved by the strongest and the warmest feelings; but there is observable throughout his poetry the effort to keep these feelings under control, a striving after that philosophic calm of mind and temperament which in his opinion ought to mark the man of culture, but which results too often in making his poetry bear a suspicious resemblance to the baldest prose. It is only too obvious, in fact,

that Mr. Arnold is *too* fine a critic, that his mind is too decidedly dominated by the critical faculty ever to admit of his obtaining the highest successes in the art of poetry. One can scarcely see, indeed, how a very fine critic can, except in extraordinary and exceptional cases, be a very fine poet. The critical faculty must to a certain extent paralyse the creative faculty and render its creations, though more correct perhaps, certainly less fresh and striking, than if the creative faculty had unimpeded sway. The born critic—for it is in the light of a born critic, in the best sense of the term, that Mr. Arnold is to be regarded—does not, when he puts his ideas into verse, write poetry, but poetical criticism; though it may be freely owned that when, as in his case, he is, as we say, a man of poetic sensibility, there are times when the poet gets the better of the critic and produces poetry of the purest kind. Such is the lovely burst of lyric song that brings “Empedocles on Etna” to a delicious close. Such are some of the pieces in the poem called “Switzerland.” Such, undoubtedly, are the soliloquy on “Dover Beach,” the poem “On Growing Old,” “The Strayed Reveller,” “The Forsaken Merman,” “A Southern Night,” some of the “Faded Leaves,” “Thyrsis,” and “The Scholar Gipsy.” These alone ought to have been sufficient, and I doubt not will eventually be sufficient, to make Mr. Arnold’s name familiar in every educated English household. But in the meantime it is clear that much of what, in his verses, goes under the name of poetry is merely criticism—literary, political, social, moral, and historical; criticism suffused with feeling; criticism which has been passed through the alembic of a really exquisite imagination.

There is no reason why criticism like this should not be of the most felicitous and delightful kind. Indeed, the presumption is, that criticism conceived by a poetic mind and expressed in a poetic form will be infinitely more satisfying and lasting than that which is conceived by the ordinary reviewer and expressed in the customary jargon of the critical press. The prose essays of Mr. Matthew Arnold are, as everybody is aware, distinguished by remarkable insight and unusual felicity of phrase; yet it may be doubted whether he has written finer criticism than is contained in many passages in his two volumes of poems. Take, for instance, the “Memorial Verses” written in April 1850, which include the famous passage about Goethe:—

When Goethe’s death was told, we said :
Sunk, then, is Europe’s sagest head !
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage !

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said : *Thou ailest here, and here !—*
He look'd on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power ;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life ;
He said : *The end is everywhere ?*
Art still has truth ; take refuge there !—
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

It would be difficult to find truer criticism than this, unless it be the lines on Wordsworth in the same poem :—

And Wordsworth !—Ah, pale ghost, rejoice !
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we !
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round—
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth ;
Smiles broke from us and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again ;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd ; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.

Take, once more, the reference to Byron :—

When Byron's eyes were shut in death
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little ; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw

Of passion with eternal law ;
 And yet with reverential awe
 We watch'd the fount of fiery life
 Which served for that Titanic strife.

A second reference to the same poet is to be found in the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," where Mr. Arnold asks : -

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
 With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,
 Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
 The pageant of his bleeding heart ?
 That thousands counted every groan,
 And Europe made his woe her own ?

How true it is of Byron that "he taught us little, but our souls have *felt* him like the thunder's roll " There may be a touch of exaggeration about the "Titanic strife," for there was not much of the Titan in Byron;* yet there *was* in him a "fount of fiery life" for which high criticism will ever give him credit, while the phrase, "the *pageant* of his bleeding heart," is eminently descriptive of his attitude in the latter part of his career. Equally happy is the allusion to the "lovely wail" of Shelley, which the breeze carried away,

Musical through Italian trees
 Which fringe thy soft blue Spezzian bay.

The poem on "Heine's Grave" forms so admirable a pendant to the prose paper in the "Essays on Criticism," that it may not be uninteresting to quote some of the most striking passages :—

Hark ! through the valley resounds
 Mocking laughter ! A film
 Creeps o'er the sunshine ; a breeze
 Ruffles the warm afternoon,
 Saddens my soul with its chill !
 Gibing of spirits in scorn
 Shakes every leaf of the grove,
 Mars the benignant repose
 Of this amiable home of the dead.

Bitter spirits ! Ye claim
 Heine ?—Alas, he is yours !
 Only a moment I long'd
 Here in the quiet to snatch
 From such mates the outworn
 Poet, and steep him in calm.
 Only a moment ! I knew

* Still, Mr. Arnold almost repeats the phrase in his sonnet on "A Picture at Newstead," where he speaks of Byron's "cry."

"Stormily sweet, his Titan agony."

Whose he was who is here
Buried : I knew he was yours !
Ah, I knew that I saw
Here no sepulchre built
In the laurell'd rock, o'er the blue
Naples bay, for a sweet
Tender Virgil ! no tomb
On Ravenna sands, in the shade
Of Ravenna pines, for a high
Austere Dante ! no grave
By the Avon side, in the bright
Stratford meadows, for thee,
Shakespeare ! loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy !

What, so harsh and malign
Heine ! distils from thy life,
Poisons the peace of thy grave ?

But was it thou—I think
Surely it was—that bard
Unnamed who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love :
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss ?

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine ;
Love is the fountain of charm !
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet ! the world to thy way ?
Not by the lightnings of wit !
Not by the thunder of scorn !
These to the world, too, are given ;
Wit it possesses, and scorn—
Charm is the poet's alone.

*Hollow and dull are the great,
And artists envious, and the mob profane.*

We know all this, we know !
Cam'st thou from heaven, O child
Of light ! but this to declare ?
Alas ! to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile
God gave the poet his song.

Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold !
Therefore triumph itself
'Tasted amiss to thy soul !
Therefore, with blood of thy foes,
Trickled in silence thine own !
Therefore the victor's heart
Broke on the field of his fame !

This is brilliant criticism ; and all the more brilliant and effective because touched, as Mr. Arnold would say, with emotion, and expressed in verse. It can scarcely be said, perhaps, that "sweet" and "tender" are the happiest adjectives to qualify the genius of Virgil ; and the allusion to Shakespeare as

Loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy,

is the least bit common-place.

But Mr. Arnold has made due amends to the greatest intellect the world has seen, in the following noble sonnet :—

Others abide our question—Thou art free !
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge ! So some sovran hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the border, often, of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality ;

And thou, whose head did stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at.—Better so !

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

On the whole, there is no finer criticism in poetry than these passages, though there are fine touches in Wordsworth, in the sonnets on "The Sonnet," and on "Walton's Lives," and in various other pieces which will at once occur to the reader. There is good satirical criticism in Suckling's "Session of the Poets," in Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets," in the "Dunciad," and in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But criticism, to be worth anything at all, must be perfectly unprejudiced and sincere ; it will not do to be merely clever and flippant like Byron in his satire, or witty and bantering like Suckling in his quizzical poem. The utterances of Mr. Arnold are not the unpremeditated offspring of a bright wit or a glowing humour. They are evidently the well-weighed and final judgments of a master of the art of criticism, who does not speak without the requisite knowledge, and whose decisions it is almost presumptuous and always hazardous to dispute.

Mr. Arnold does not confine himself, however, to the purely literary side of criticism. His "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon" is criticism from beginning to end, and criticism of a still higher kind

—a long discussion on the limits of the respective spheres of the painter, the musician, and the poet. One morning as Mr. Arnold and (presumably) a mythic friend are walking through Hyde Park, they chance to talk of Lessing's famous work, and after they have gone awhile—

In Lessing's track, and tried to see
What painting is, what poetry :

“ Ah,” cries the friend, “ but who has taught—

“ Why music and the other arts
Oftener perform aright their parts
Than poetry ? why she, than they,
Fewer fine successes can display ? ”

And then he goes on to point out that even in Greece, “ that Phoebus-guarded ground,” Pausanias found more good statues than good poems ; that even in the land of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, the canvas glowed with triumphs—

A yet ampler brood,
Of Raphael and his brotherhood ;

and that though in our own day there has risen the “ profound yet touching, sweet yet strong ” poetry of Goethe and Wordsworth,

They yield us not, to soothe our pains,
Such multitude of heavenly strains,
As from the kings of sound are blown,
Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn.

Then the two pass out of the path and “ take the grass.” The cattle are resting in the shade, the flies are making a summer murmur ; bright is the morn, and south the air. “ Behold,” says Mr. Arnold, “ the painter's sphere ; the limits of his art appear.”

The passing group, the summer morn,
The grass, the elms, that blossom'd thorn ;
Those cattle couch'd, or as they rise,
Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes ;
These, or much greater things, but caught
Like these, and in one aspect brought.
In outward semblance he must give
A moment's life of things that live ;
Then let him choose his moment well,
With power divine his story tell !

Still they walk on, in thoughtful mood, and now upon the bridge they stand. The air is full of breathings, sudden stirs, sweet pauses ; the breeze comes rustling from the garden-trees, and plays upon the sparkling waters.

"Here," exclaims Mr. Arnold, "is the world of music!"

What a sphere,
Large and profound, has genius here!
The inspired musician, what a range,
What power of passion, wealth of change!
Some source of feeling he must choose
And its lock'd founts of beauty use
And through the stream of music tell
Its else unutterable spell.

The friends move on, and presently reach "the ride where gaily flows the human tide."

Agitated, brisk, and near,
Men, with their stream of life, were here.
Some hang upon the rails, and some,
On foot, behind them, go and come. . . .
The young, the happy, and the fair,
The old, the sad, the worn were there;
Some vacant, and some musing went,
And some in talk and merriment,
Nods, smiles, and greetings, and farewells!
And now and then, perhaps, there swells
A sigh, a tear—but in the throng
All changes fast, and hies along;
Hies, ah, from whence, what native ground?
And to what goal, what ending, bound?
"Behold at last the poet's sphere!
But who," I said, "suffices here?" . . .

Only a few the life-stream's shore
With safe unwandering feet explore;
Untired its movements bright attend,
Follow its windings to the end.
Then from its brimming waves their eye
Drinks up delighted ecstacy,
And its deep-toned melodious voice
For ever makes their ear rejoice.
They speak! the happiness divine
They feel, runs o'er in every line;
Its spell is round them like a shower;
It gives them pathos, gives them power.
No painter yet hath such a way,
Nor no musician made, as they;
And gather'd on immortal knolls
Such lovely flowers for cheering souls.
Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach.
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place!
And brightest is their glory's sheen,
For greatest has their labour been.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian way;

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit grey:
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day.

"Poor world," she cried, "so deep accurst"
That runn'st from pole to pole,
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
Go, seek it in thy soul!"

She heard it, the victorious West,
In crown and sword array'd.
She felt the void which mined her breast,
She shiver'd and obey'd.

She veil'd her eagles, snapp'd her sword,
And laid her sceptre down;
Her stately purple she abhor'd,
And her imperial crown;

She broke her flutes, she stopp'd her sports,
Her artists could not please,
She tore her books, she shut her courts,
She fled her palaces.

Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind—
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.

Tears wash'd the trouble from her face'
She chang'd into a child!
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smil'd!

The next few verses have for the moment the bright sympathy of the truest poetry :—

Oh, had I liv'd in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravish'd spirit too!

No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

No lonely life had pass'd too slow
When I could hourly see
That wan, nail'd Form, with head droop'd low,
Upon the bitter tree ;

Could see the Mother with the Child
Whose tender winning arts
Have to his little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts !

But it is only for the moment. In the next four or five stanzas it is only too evident that Mr. Arnold is writing to enforce a preconceived theory of history, which he sets forth thus :—

And centuries came, and ran their course,
And unspent all that time ;
Still, still went forth that Child's dear force,
And still was at its prime.

Ay, ages long endured his span
Of life, 'tis true received,
That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man !
He lived while we believed.

While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave ;
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

Now he is dead ! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

All this is very beautiful, of course ; no one will doubt it. But, without going out of one's way to discuss the truth or falsity of its teaching, every reader will resist this endeavour, by means of poetry, to persuade the Englishmen of to-day into the peculiar "philosophy of Christianity" of which Mr. Arnold aims at being the exponent.

The conclusion to which the writer desires us to come is seen from the sequel to the above : -

From David's lips this world did roll,
'Tis true and living yet,
*No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.*

Alone, self-poised, henceforward man
Must labour! must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine.

The same thought reappears in "Empedocles on Etna" :—

And we feel, day and night,
The burden of ourselves!—
Well, then, the wiser wight
In his own bosom delves,
And asks what ails him so, and gets what cure he can.

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears!
Man gets no other light,
Search he a hundred years.
Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine!

It is to be feared that no amount of delving into one's own bosom, or sinking into one's self, will enable us to get rid of the burden and the mystery of this unintelligible world. But, apart from this, it is noticeable that when Mr. Arnold leaves literary and historical criticism, and comes into what we may roughly term the socio-moral sphere, his poetry seems to leave him, and his utterances become frequently reduced to mere rhetorical prose. It is not too much to say that the greater part of the soliloquy of Empedocles is entirely destitute of poetic feeling. It is interesting enough—though, I venture to think, trite enough—as criticism, as poetry it is decidedly a failure. Even as criticism it is possible to have too much of this sort of thing :—

Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still;
We would have health, and yet
Still use our bodies ill;
Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to life's last scenes!
We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means;

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through :
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers !

Nothing could well be truer than all this ; nor could anything be much more common-place. And common-place is as fatal to criticism as it is to poetry.

Mr. Arnold is much more successful when he drops the high moral tone and falls into the contemplative attitude. Then his musings have a suggestiveness of their own, and the form of verse gives terseness and precision to his meditations. Thus :—

Ah, too true ! Time's current strong
Leaves us firm to nothing long.
Yet, if little stays with man,
Ah, retain we all we can !
If the clear impression dies,
Ah, the dim remembrance prize !
Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !

Again :—

And women—things that live and move
Mined by the fever of the soul—
They seek to find in those they love
Stern strength and promise of control.
They ask not kindness, gentle ways ;
These they themselves have tried and known.
They ask a soul which never sways
With the blind gusts that shake their own.

There is a really fine passage in the poem from which the above is taken :—

We school our manners, act our parts—
But He who sees us through and through
Knows that the bent of both our hearts
Was to be gentle, tranquil, true.
And though we wear out life, alas !
Distracted as a homeless wind,
In beating where we may not pass,
In seeking what we shall not find ;
Yet shall we one day gain, life past,
Clear prospect o'er our being's whole,
Shall see ourselves and learn at last
Our true affinities of soul.

Even this, perhaps, is a little common-place ; but, then, the criticism is suffused with feeling, and the result is one of the most elevated passages in Mr. Arnold's works.

Here, again, is a bit of reflection which one of Mr. Arnold's critics has quoted as being peculiarly prosaic :—

This is the curse of life ! that not
A nobler, calmer train
Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
Our passions from our brain ;
But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will.

But this is not prosaic. It does not, indeed, read as if it were written spontaneously, and it comes in somewhat harshly in the place assigned to it between a stanza and two other stanzas of impassioned verse addressed to "Marguerite." But it expresses tersely and not unmusically an undoubted truth, which is so rarely insisted upon that it has to a certain extent the charm of novelty ; and the combination of terseness, music, truth, and novelty cannot be said to be altogether an unhappy one in this particular instance.

I do not insist, of course, that, *as a rule*, verse is an appropriate medium for criticism. It is never an appropriate medium for the *lower* criticism—for the criticism, if one may venture so to term it, of the daily journals. But for the *higher* criticism, as represented by the best passages quoted in this paper, there is obviously a field in poetry of which, however, it is to be hoped that no one will take advantage who does not possess, like Mr. Arnold, adequate knowledge, adequate ideas, adequate command of verse, and adequate poetic feeling.

AT NIAGARA AND ELSEWHERE.

BY GEORGE DAWSON.

IT is common to hear people say that they are disappointed with the Falls of Niagara : as it is difficult to know what they expected it is difficult to say why they are disappointed. Many stay too short a time ; they seem to see all that is to be seen at one view, and they hurry away, adding Niagara to their list of "vanities." I found nine days too few for me : the longer I stayed the longer I wished to stay, and there are few places that I more wish to revisit than these famous Falls. Something of the common disappointment arises from the openness of the Falls ; there is no dimness, nothing is hidden ; there is no gloom, no dark and narrow gorge. Such a leap of the waters needs no half concealment, depends on nothing but itself for its sublimity. Linger until you have seen the Falls in every light, from early dawn till dewy eve, and then till moonlight comes, and then till darkness follows : watch the rainbows, and the never ceasing white clouds of spray. Return day after day and find the waters rushing down without the slightest change of form : note the deep green colour in the centre of the Fall, which shows the depth of the water : go up the river and watch the flood rushing towards the great leap : cross in the little ferry boat at the very foot of the Fall and mark the wondrous calm of the water : go lower down, where this calm gives way to a rush of waves like the waves of a stormy sea ; but unlike them, moving onwards with a rapid rush : go behind the Fall as far as you can, and if after all this there is any disappointment tell it not to your best friend, unless he has been chosen for his likeness to yourself.

Seen as they should be seen the Falls of Niagara can never be forgotten : go where you will, you will feel as Charles Dickens did when he wrote, "I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble all day long : still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that

tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid : which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

"When monarchs build the rubbish carriers flourish ;" where men gather to see the great works of nature or of man, there the showmen are gathered together. Insects abound in fairest scenes : sometimes they do but buzz, sometimes they buzz and sting. At Niagara there are the usual plagues—guides, showmen, touts ; but they do not pester half so much as at the Pyramids of Egypt or the Giant's Causeway. Take your time and walk, avoid museums, tea gardens, curiosity shops, abjure Indian squaws and all their wretched bead-works, and you may have peace. The photographers amused me much. The first I saw was a long-legged specimen with his apparatus in a travelling box, by the side of which he stood, spider-like, watching for his prey. On the approach of a likely looking person out he rushed, and presenting a specimen of his art, solicited the honour of a sitting. I looked at the board on which he had painted these words, "Parties taken with Falls in the background." That was too great an honour for me, and I declined to be a party with Falls in the background. Soon came a little man who was willing to pose in front of the Falls : Long-legs set him a chair, and whilst he was retiring to thrust his head under a curtain the sitter arranged himself, took off his hat, coaxed his side locks, threw open his coat, crossed his legs, folded his arms, assumed an air, and was "taken with the Falls in the background." The operator retired to his peripatetic studio, and the sitter waited impatiently for the result. At last it came, he seemed satisfied, paid his money, and went on his way. I too went on mine, and soon came to photographer number two. I looked at his sign-board : "Falls taken with parties in the foreground." How deliciously different, and yet how precisely the same thing ! I declined to be a foreground to the Falls, and went on musing on many a distinction without a difference that I had met with amongst theologians, metaphysicians, and politicians. Old controversies rushed back to memory, and for awhile I forgot the parties and the Falls. After awhile I came upon another artist, and I felt curious to see what his inscription would be. It would never do to plagiarise ; he must be original, but what could he do ? parties must be foreground to the Falls or the Falls must be background to the parties. He was equal to the occasion. I looked up and admired the simple ingenuity of the words : "Parties and Falls taken." Declining modestly to go into partnership with the Falls, I passed

on, thinking quietly of Harmonies, Unions, Latitudinarians, Broad Churchmen, Comprehension, and many other matters far and far off. I left the Falls an undepicted party, and I must depend for evidence of my having been there on other proof than that of the photographer.

There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and that step I found it easy to take. Opposite to the Falls, separated from the river only by the road, is a museum, and at the side of it a garden with live buffaloes, Indian wigwams, and a fountain. Such a little fountain throwing up such a little jet such a little height, and keeping up by its soaring power a little ball. It seemed to court comparison with the Falls—nay, it seemed to exalt itself above them. They were water, the fountain was water too: they could but fall, it could rise before it fell. Here was a water party with the Falls in the background! The little squirt was not neglected: some tourists seemed to regard it with more admiration than they bestowed upon the Falls, and went away from it, evidently not disappointed. An American friend has requested me to say that this is on the Canadian side: justice to Canada requires that I should do so; and I do so: the squirt is on the Canadian side. Slightly inclined to sneer at man's littleness, I recovered myself by looking at the bridges that span the river above the roaring tide: they are the work of man, and for aught I know to the contrary, the work of a man related to the little party whose portrait pose I had watched.

No place is sacred to the American advertiser: the rocks in the harbour of St. John, in New Brunswick, the banks of the lovely Hudson, the fences of the railways in the forests, the edges of the curb stones in the best streets of New York, are all daubed with the advertisements of pills and pectorals, gargling oil, and other abominations. These advertising agents stump a continent and cover all available places with their hideous announcements. The Americans do understand advertising. In Boston a tea-dealer has a gigantic kettle over his door: many tea shops have kettles, but this one has a waste pipe from the steam engine, employed in the shop, introduced into the kettle, and so from the spout issues a constant steam; but lest this should become familiar and forgotten, the enterprising tea seller issued an announcement that guesses at the contents of the kettle would be registered in the shop; that on a given day the city-surveyor would gauge it, and that a chest of tea would be given to the person whose recorded guess was nearest the truth. That tea-kettle became the talk of the town.

A former famous Prime Minister has said that magnificent palaces and comfortless habitations for private persons are characteristic of imperfect civilisation, and the present Premier has recorded his opinion that "the best security for civilisation is the dwelling. It is the real nursery of all domestic virtues, and without a becoming house the exercise of those virtues is impossible." If this be so Philadelphia must take high rank as a civilised city. It has many public buildings, and is building some larger and splendid ones, but its familiar title, the "City of Homes," points to its distinguishing glory. At the beginning of 1873 this city contained 134,740 buildings of all kinds. Of these 124,302 were dwelling-houses occupied by families. Its peculiar excellence will be seen by comparing these numbers of dwelling-houses with those of other American cities: they exceed those of

New York by over	60,000
Brooklyn	"	78,000
St. Louis	"	84,000
Baltimore	"	83,000
Chicago	"	79,000
Boston	"	94,000
Cincinnati	"	99,000

Philadelphia has a population of nearly 800,000, and they live in an area of $129\frac{1}{8}$ square miles. It has 1,000 miles of streets and roads opened for use, and over 500 miles of these are paved: over 212 miles of city railways, on which run 1,794 cars daily more than 400 public schools, 1,600 school teachers, and 80,000 scholars. The chief park, Fairmount, contains 2,991 acres, and in 1873 it was enjoyed by three millions of people. Of all the cities of the United States Philadelphia is pre-eminently American. One of its best citizens and dearest lovers, Dr. Brewster, thus speaks of it with just pride:—

Philadelphia's characteristics and customs, the habits and peculiarities of the people, are essentially American. The vast body of its population is chiefly the product of its own people, who were here almost from the beginning. The descendants of the men who were here at its foundation, and were here at the outbreak of the Revolution, are the men who now compose the body of its citizens, who do its work, carry on its trades, make its ordinances, control its offices, own its property, and fill the stations of public usefulness and dignity. We are not governed by strangers, and have never been willing to submit to such rule. We have a manly local pride of citizenship: other sea-board cities are provincial, or filled with strangers from other parts of the nation and from other countries; and the Western cities are, like New York, the homes of new men from old places.

Historically, Philadelphia is the city of American cities; in it sat

the Continental Congress, in it the Declaration of Independence was written, executed, and proclaimed; here Penn, "the greatest of all the founders of free commonwealths," ruled; here Washington presided, and here is Franklin's grave. Franklin said, when writing to his home, "dear dear Philadelphia"; so say her citizens to-day; and, mindful of all I have seen and heard, and of all the hospitality I have experienced, of the many fine specimens of American gentlemen and women that I met with, of the Shakespeare Club and its pleasant meetings in that city, I too, a foreigner and but lately a stranger there, say "dear dear Philadelphia." I am sorry that I cannot include in my love and admiration of things and people Philadelphian, the far-famed Girard College. I mean the building: the benevolence of its founder, the greatness of his endowment, the noble object to which it is devoted, all win admiration. I respect the memory of the old Bordeaux mariner and merchant, with his love and courage so nobly shown during the outbreak of yellow fever in 1793: a plague that rivalled that of Athens or of London. I read with rapture the minute of the visitors of the poor on September 15th of that fatal year:—"Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, members of the committee, commiserating the calamitous state to which the sick may probably be reduced for want of suitable persons to superintend the hospital, voluntarily offered their services for that benevolent employment," and I do not wonder that the example of this wealthy merchant "excited a surprise and satisfaction that can be better conceived than expressed." The results of Girard's work were soon seen. On the afternoon of the day on which he offered his services he began his work. Order soon reigned where confusion had been supreme; cleanliness killed dirt; all things were soon ready at the hospital, where for sixty days he did his duty bravely and successfully until the plague was stayed. Would that he had seen to the building of his orphanage himself instead of leaving a will to be contested and funds to be wasted! His married life had not been happy, and he left no child behind him. His relations held the doctrine that has come down to us from old times that they had a right to his property, a doctrine to which law so often gives its sanction. His fortune amounted to about 7,500,000 dollars; his chief bequest was one of 2,000,000 dollars for the college, and this bequest was opposed by the next-of-kin on the grounds that the institution, as devised by him, was illegal and immoral. These people recovered from the city the real estate bought between the date of the republication of his will and his death. Not content with this, they laid claim to the fund set apart for the college. Though not set forth in the bill filed, the

following portion of his will was relied upon as a most important argument for invalidating the intentions of the testator:—

I enjoin that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but, as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans who are to derive advantage from this bequest free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may from inclination and habit evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer.

“Mere morality!” exclaimed the next-of-kin, and therefore derogatory and hostile to the Christian religion, and “void too!” because against common law and public policy in excluding parsons of all sorts. The decision of the Supreme Court was in favour of the will, and forthwith the building was erected. The will contained minute directions as to the materials and dimensions of the building: it must be three stories in height; each story at least fifteen feet high in the clear from the floor to the ceiling; needless ornament must be avoided, and strength, convenience, and neatness chiefly attended to. Directions were given as to cellars, windows and their shutters, doors, their number and their size, stairs and their materials, steps not to exceed nine inches in the rise, nor to be less than ten inches in the tread, and so forth. What is the result? A three-story building with nests of rooms covered over by a Grecian temple! We smile at a Palais Royal walnut fitted as a workbox, or made to contain two little scent bottles and a funnel wherewith to fill them; it is a toy, and nothing more; but a Grecian temple full of school-rooms and staircases! It is a big temple; whether needless ornament has been avoided we will not discuss, for we are called upon to admire the columns six feet in diameter, the bases nine feet three inches in diameter and three feet two inches high, the capitals eight feet six inches high and nine feet four inches wide on the face of the abacus. We hear with awe “that each capital consists of twelve separate pieces, all of which are securely dowelled and cramped together, and the joints so disposed between the cauliculi as not to be observed.” We fall to thinking of the little orphans, but our attention is recalled to hear that “the net amount of marble in each column, including the base

and capital, is 1,346 cubic feet; the weight 103 tons, and the cost of each 12,994 dollars." Happy orphans! The roof is an architectural wonder, but I preferred the view from it to the view of it. One of the cells in this classical beehive was oddly filled. Girard had directed that a suitable room was to be set apart for the preservation of his books and papers, but from excess of pious care or dread of the next-of-kin, all the plain homely man's effects have been shovelled into this room. Here are his boxes and his bookcase, his gig and his gaiters, his pictures and his pottery, and in a bookcase, hanging with careless grace, are his braces—old homely knitted braces, telling their tale of simplicity and carefulness. Bless those braces! but I wish they were not inside a temple of the "Grecian Corinthian order," which has a "cornice consisting of a congeries of mouldings, enriched with a dentil band, and crowned with a sculptured cymatium of two feet four inches in height." In addition to the temple full of rooms, are four other buildings devoted to the purposes of the institution. Mr. Girard willed that all should be surrounded with "a solid wall at least fourteen inches thick, and ten feet high, capped with marble and guarded with irons on the top, so as to prevent persons from getting over." This instruction is obeyed; the wall is, I believe, ten feet in height, but several feet of it are underground! In one room I saw signs of its being used as a chapel, and a collection of hymns for the use of the college lay upon the desk, but I had not time to examine whether any sectarian doctrines were contained therein, and whether, as in the case of the wall, the wishes of the testator had been kept in the letter and neglected in the spirit. In the streets of Philadelphia I saw signs that the classical style of architecture was losing its exclusive sway.



AL LYN SAHIB.

BY FRANK PERCIVAL.

BOOK II.

Give battle to the leagued world if thou'rt worthy, truly brave,
Thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave.

CHAPTER I.

Neu vlaen gwydd falsum,
Py estung mor grum,
Neu pet anatlon
Yosid yu en bon—
Neu leu a Gwyddion,
A vuant gelvyddan
Neu a roddant lyvron.

TALIESIN.

(The points of the counterfeited trees,
What is it they whisper so forcibly -
Or what various breathings
Are in their trunks?
These are read by the Sages
Who were versed in science,
Or who delivered books)



AME JESSICA GLENELG stood by Conway's shore where it expands its bosom to the ocean, rippling past the site of that ancient castle of Diganwy within whose walls Maelgwyn shut up Elphin, and where Taliesin came and sang the chains from off his patron's feet.

In the halcyon softness of the mild western light stood Jessy, now gazing at the silver haze on the low line of the time-honoured Anglesey, now at the many-hued Joseph among his brethren—the precipitous Penmaenmawr, but ever letting her eyes rest most of all on a tiny craft, *Prydwen* by name, manned by those diligent explorers of foreign lands, her much-cherished grandsons.

The boat of boats called *Prydwen*—its speck of sail full in sight—is fast pursuing its course towards a certain mimic port which these two young sailors have agreed to call “America.” It is wonderful the speed of that tiny craft. In the shortest possible space of time it returned from long voyages to “Caerleon-upon-Usk,”

"Ireland," "France," "India," the "Pyramids," and uninhabited islands without number. Unfortunately it sometimes happened that landing with less than their usual amount of caution, the young explorers had to flee fast as their young legs could scamper back to their boat, and hastily push off beyond the reach of "savages."

"Ain't we going to land now?" asked the youthful navigator Owen, of his comrade Alyn. "Here's America."

"I don't seem to want to, to-day. I wish we had gone to 'Pen' instead."

"Oh, come, that's nonsense. We can go to Pen to-morrow. Let's land now."

"Not to-day, Owe, there's a good fellow. It ain't half so nice as being in *Prydwen*. Dear old *Prydwen*! Ain't she a jolly boat, Owe? Wouldn't your friend Jonas like her?"

"I should rather say he would too. He wants us to take him to Puffin's Isle real, some day. And he says if we will, he'll get his father to take us out with him fishing. And Al, only think; very often he's out all night. Shouldn't you like it? I said you would."

"Yes. If Granny knew. I wonder if she would let me stay at Yr Ogo all night."

"Well, then, I'm sure she wouldn't."

"I shall try for it. I *must* sleep there some night. And oh, if there was but a moon!"

"And then will you put it all down like—like—what a botheration name it is to remember."

"Put the moon down? She'd be gone too soon without, strikes me."

"How stupid you can be when you like, Al. Put down the things, I mean, that come in your head like Taes, Tallies? I'll joggle the boat over if you don't tell me."

"Like Taliesin, I suppose you mean. I wish I could. But what's the use? Now look at that range of mountains. It makes one feel nice like, to see them in that golden glow. But then feelings ain't thoughts, and if they were, they would want clothing in words. If it *could* all be done, perhaps somebody somewhere who is fond of mountains might think it not bad just to read about, like I did. I know it kept me awake all night that piece we learnt; you remember *that* about Madoc. But then you know Mr. Southey has got the true awen."

"And why shouldn't *you* have the true 'awen' as well as Mr. Southey or Taliesin?"

"Or Llywarch Hen, or Aneurin and Merlin, why don't you say,

eh, Owen? What a fellow you are! Why *should* I? that's about it. A poor Welsh boy like me."

"We ain't poor, and we ain't Welsh. And it ain't so very long we shall be boys."

"Now let's get back to Europe; it's going to rain. Tell you what; I would rather go abroad in real good downright earnest, Owen, than be the biggest prydden that ever lived."

CHAPTER II.

Marchwiall bedw briglas,
A dyn vy nhroed o wanas;
Nag addev rin i wás.

Marchwiall derw mwynllwyn,
A dyn vy nhroed o gadwyn—
Nag addev rin i vorwyn.

Marchwiall derw deilar,
A dyn vy nhroed o garchar—
Nag addev rin i lavar.

LIYWARCH HEN.

(The shoots of the green-topped birch
Will draw my foot out of a snare:
Reveal not the secret to a youth.

The shoots of the kindly oak
Will draw my foot out of a chain.
Reveal not the secret to a maid.

The shoots of the leafy oak
Will draw my foot out of prison:
Trust not the secret to the voice.)

DAME GLENELG stood watching the progress of "her boys" for several minutes; her hand making a verandah to shield her eyes from the slanting, but still dazzling rays of the evening sun.

No brighter, neater, pleasanter, more happy little woman existed in all the Principality. And her cottage was the wonder of all who were honoured by an invitation to step inside.

These, however, were by no means numerous. Dame Jessica Glenelg's one weakness, in fact, consisted in totally ignoring the duties of hospitality. It is true she had always a crust of bread and something more for any forlorn wayfarer that strayed in that direction. But this only made matters worse. "If she could afford to give hot porridge to a beggar, it was odd she couldn't be a bit more neighbour-like" was the comment of the neighbours.

But this "Sassanach" was a benighted kind of individual, given

to pursuing her own ways regardless of the yelping of the little world about her. And these wilful ways consisted chiefly in devoting herself, heart and soul, to promoting the happiness of her boys. On one subject alone did they ever disagree. And this arose from Granny's want of appreciation of the beauties of Nature, as exemplified in decaying sea-weeds, shelly sarcophagi, newts and beetles aiming at achieving mummy immortality under adverse circumstances.

This opposition on Granny's part having been voted impregnable, it behoved the boys, as scientific explorers of "foreign countries," to have some place which they could call their very own wherein to deposit their priceless treasures, something after the fashion of the Museum which they once had had the happy fortune to see at Llanvaes.

Fortunately the destiny that waits upon earnest, persevering effort favoured their enterprise. A nook being discovered, hollowed out from between the giant ribs of "Pen," was quickly appropriated, swept, garnished, and eventually christened Yr Ogo, which, being interpreted, means simply "The Cave."

"Granny" watched her boys long enough to be sure it was not "Pen" they intended visiting. Not that she was in the secret of its wonderful charm—the embryonic museum. *That* was a sublime mystery never to be divulged to mortal ears.

And having watched them for some time, in the fullness of her heart she spoke aloud—

"It does me good, that it does, to see what clever boys they have grown up. And to be sure, how they do manage that boat. What I should do without 'em I don't know! The Lord take care of 'em, for they're getting beyond me. And it's just their old Granny, bless their young hearts, that'll have a good supper for 'em again they come in."

And as she turned to enter her cottage the sun hid itself behind a cloud. And all the sunlight of her life changed to a midnight gloom as she saw, standing on the very threshold of her home, a man, whom she failed not for one brief moment to recognise, though fourteen years and more had elapsed since last they had met.

One searching glance from beneath her lowered brows solved the question with which her heart was in the throes of travail, and solved it to its own despair. No reformation was there—no son was that to welcome, as in early infancy, with affectionate embrace; more swaggering and more shameless even than in times gone by. A wretched, drivelling sot, half sneak, half bully.

Poor old dame! She cannot welcome, she won't upbraid, even this distorted specimen of humanity. And so she stands before him speechless.

"Well, mother, yer don't seem owre glad to see yer own son arter fourteen year. Blowed if I didn't 'spect as much, when I heerd o' them 'ere brats. Whose be 'em, eh? Wur precious nigh bein' throwed off the scent arter all by 'em.

"'An English dame and her two grandsons lives there and owns the boat,' says the people. Lawks-a-massy, thinks I, it can't be right then. That ere sort o' thing don't fit to the old woman that used to live by coppers down at Poole's Hole. And how she comed by grandsons when she never had another chick nor me is more nor I can tell. But come along in and gee us a swig o' summat. Ain't we jist spruce a bit!"

"You shall have whatever I've got, Bill. But I did hope you'd have left off them wild ways and settled down comfortable before this. What brings ye to this part of the country? It's a good long way from the Peak."

"What did yer come for then? Ony caverns to show about y'ere. Lor, if that ben't it, I'll lay a cart-wheel. Underneath some o' these ere hillocks. A tip-top spec, too, I can see with half a eye. All right. Now fair play, and no humbug. I'm settled down comfortable for the rest o' my days. Gie us yer hand on it, mother. I'll turn ower a new leaf, an' be a good boy—go to meetin', mayhap, arter a bit. Now that's a bargain. Hould out yer fist. Yer won't? Then I stops without, and"—

Poor Jessy could not be said to deserve the name of coward. But at this strong man's arm raised to strike her she trembled in every limb, less for herself than at the thought that like an arrow shot through her brain, of what her boys would feel if any harm came to her, so she said

"I'll give ye some whisky, Bill. Don't ye go for to hurt me."

"There now. Ain't I as good as a wizard? Didn't I say it wur a tip-top spec? Poole's Hole never found ye in whisky. Now, get it out, and sit down, mother, and let's have a drop o' the creetur, an' be comfortable like. How much ha' ye got? Anew for both on us? A thimbleful ain't no use, ye know, to this child. Is that all? Well, I'se make it do. And now ye's like to make a chap welcome for good an' all, for my mind is quite set on't, and ye maun as well gie in first as last. And I say, gie us a drop o' whisky when I wants it—more nor this though—and I wunt let drop a word them brats ain't mine."

"You can earn good wages, if you like, Bill. And I don't get much—nothing like enough for us all."

"Then —— send the brats to the work'us." And every bit of crockery in the place shook all over at the violence of the blows bestowed on the unoffending table. "What for must they ha' hot cockles and toggery, an' me, yer old man's own chick, go without?"

But matters were becoming too serious for prolonged conversation. Jessy had never ceased sending furtive glances through the window or doorway. And now *Prydwen* and its precious freight might be in sight any minute. Not without a stout wrench at her heart was Jessy's mind made up. But that once achieved, she lost no time in putting her project into execution.

"I don't give *them* whisky, as I do you, Bill. Will you have a drop more?"

"Ye ain't got none. Yer wur allus plaguing a chap at the Peak. But it's better times yere, too. Maybe ye have, arter all. Hav' ye, mother?—it's jolly good. I feels gettin' comfortable, an' at home, like. Now don't pother a chap. If ye ha' got it, bring it out. And we'll drink together this time. That other was such a precious little drop!"

Jessy went to a small, and to ordinary eyes invisible, cupboard, and taking from it a whole bottle, corked, sealed, and inviolate, she placed it on the table before him.

Such extraordinary luck was not to be believed in without deliberate rumination. It must be a hoax. Yes, that was it—a "try on to chaff a fellow." And not until it had been duly tapped, and a portion of its ambrosial contents imbibed, did the blissful reality, in all its infinite perfection of entirety, burst upon his enraptured brain. Telling him to put plenty of water in, and only to help himself to one glass, or there would be none for another time, Jessy proceeded upstairs, as if to arrange for the night.

This was done by substituting warmer clothing for that she had on, by stowing in various pockets diversely wedded to her person whatever valuables were not too bulky for these repositories, and by bringing down stairs with her a nearly empty basket.

And as she peered into the room before venturing to smuggle into it her bonnet, basket, and shawls, the head of its occupant rolled so alarmingly forward as to endanger not only the articulation of the upper vertebræ but the safety of the nectar-containing bottle. Awaking sufficiently from this to help himself again to its contents, which were suspiciously low down, while the kettle did not appear to have been touched, he hiccupped out: "Got—bed—r—ready, old

'un? Ain't — time — yet — awhile. Where's b—brats — — — ?
'Father' 'll tan their hides for 'em."

Jessy's sole reply was to send half-scared glances on to the rippling waves.

And as he again fell asleep, nodding, snoring, and finally coming to his proper level on the floor, she quickly deposited in her basket the last of three bottles of whisky, which had been given to her by an old sea captain in return for the use of her boat on several occasions, a goodly piece of cheese, and the best part of a quartern loaf, together with some tea, sugar, and oaten cake.

Then extinguishing the fire, and giving a parting look at the sleeper, in which grief for him rather than for herself prevailed, she left the cottage, taking with her the basket and extra shawl, having noiselessly locked the door and dropped the key in her basket.

And now where is *Prydwen*? Why, just below there, rounding Cape Clear, on her voyage home from America.

Looking round about her, Jessy at length descries a hazel twig, which is the best substitute she can find for a flagstaff. Upon this she hangs her pocket-handkerchief, and hoisting it to the full extent of her arm, endeavours to attract the circumnavigators' notice.

Fearing much the while lest that terrible son of hers awakening should come tumbling out of the window, and follow her even into *Prydwen*, where, on her boys resenting the intrusion, a struggle for mastery might ensue, *Prydwen* would be upset, every soul in her drowned, and then going into heaven, a boy on either hand, Jessy would be met by reproachful glances from large, dark, lustrous eyes, and by the appalling inquiry: "How hast thou fulfilled thy trust?"

A considerable time elapsed before the navigators observed so insignificant an object as Jessy's flag, hoisted as it was on known territory. And when at length it attracted their attention, they made the discovery that domestic affection must, upon occasion, yield to the more pressing advancement of science.

Granny thought they had been out long enough, that was evident. They were of a different opinion. The tide had turned, and was carrying *Prydwen* so lovingly along that it was mere play to them dipping their oars in and out. A slight breeze also favoured them, and gave animation to the waves.

Altogether it was supremely jolly, and could not properly wind up yet, so often as they had stayed out later.

But before long they found the jollity had all gone out of it, while they ignored conscience and Granny. And just as she was in the

lowest depths of foreboding despair, *Prydwen* ran ashore, and her crew were startled, astounded, translated into the seventh heaven of ecstasy, on being greeted with the brief summary of Jessy's desire—

"Quick, my lads, I want you to row me to Conway."

Then for once at least in their lives they experienced a moment of pure, unadulterated bliss. To have a real live passenger—to be in charge of Granny!

Oh, if they had only known that this was the joyful news that the flag signalled, they would have run ashore more quickly than Arthur and all his men when they brought over the big cauldron of Irish money.

"Jump in, Granny," they both cried out at once.

"What's in the big basket?"

"Give me your shawl."

"So—o—oh, *Prydwen*—steady, lass."

"There now, Granny, ain't it nice? Why didn't you ever come before?"

And they started for Conway.

Then Fate said: "You have got that foretaste of Elysium you had just now, to pay for, my little dears. And here's the price I charge for it: to row against wind and tide, with extra weight, and tired young arms for a space."

And they never knew whether they would have bought the article at the price, providing it had been a case of contract.

As for Jessy, who used to be the *ne plus ultra* of thoughtful consideration, she was totally heedless of their unprogressive toiling. She might have seen how hard they laboured over one great rolling wave, to be met with just such another, or she might not—one thing was clear, she was thoroughly heartless, and did not care a rap. All she did was to keep turning her head to watch her own cottage, as though she expected that, like the enchanted castle at Narberth, where Pryderi was made captive by the golden bowl, it would vanish altogether.

And her hard heartedness was all the more palpable that she must have seen how obstinately still the cottage stood, never receding the least bit from sight.

And the poor sailors had rowed all the way to America and back without even landing!

At length Alyn said: "Granny, what is the big basket for? Must you go to Conway to-night? We could start with the tide to-morrow. It's half holiday, and it would be much jollier than it is now."

"To-morrow won't do. I must go to-night."

Another rueful turn at the treadmill of Fate, who, the debt being now paid, took the bandage off Jessy's eyes, and she at last suggestively inquired -

"Is there anywhere else we could land? It must not be on our side. And, lads, I want to find a lodging where we can get and stay all night."

"A lodging?"

"All night!"

"What is it all for, Granny?"

"Oh, Granny, I am sure there is room in Yr Ogo."

"Where is that? Is it anywhere near? I never heard of it."

"It is in Pen."

"I don't know what you mean, boys, but turn the boat round if we can't get on this way, and let us land somewhere quickly, where we can get out of it, and away out of sight as fast as possible."

Fortunately for the boys, their minds were so occupied with getting Granny to the "Museum," that they overlooked her very urgent desire for a hiding place far from her home; or, sharp boys that they were, they must infallibly have jumped to the conclusion that their—often mysterious—Granny had committed a murder, or run off with stolen property in that big basket.

Now there was some pleasure in putting forth their utmost strength. Every stroke told. Jessy had promised to go to Yr Ogo, on Alyn's recommendation, her grave face relaxing into more than its ordinarily amused expression as Alyn described the wonders of his rocky cavern. But Jessy's lips betrayed not the subject of her thoughts. Only her eyes had a look of being turned inwardly, away from the present, and back into the cavern-cells of memory.

But civilisation had done its work on Jessy, since that time of which she seemed to be thinking. And she began, now that they were out of sight of the cottage, to regret her hastily given consent, and to suggest other quarters.

Alyn was wofully disappointed, but he put a good face on the matter, saying "Thou sayest well, Granny. Though we get our supper in Yr Ogo, there is that which we'll not get—a fire. And I wouldn't like you to get a chill. So perhaps we had better take you to the 'Refreshing Glass,' and when we have had our suppers Owen and me can come back to Pen."

"Not if I know it," thought Granny. "The same roof covers us this night, whether it be slate, thatch, rock, or the canopy of heaven."

But now *Prydwen* ran into a baby creek that played from morn to

eve at cubby-house between the huge toes of giant Pen. And quickly landing, they laboured up the steep ascent, Alyn pondering in his heart whether it were possible to promise Granny a fire in Yr Ogo.

His meditations were interrupted by a couple of rough fellows, who pushed past Granny in such a way that he sharply ordered them to mind what they were about, in the tones of a man who had a six-barrel revolver at hand, and was prepared to use it on the smallest provocation. But unutterable was the general consternation as the following colloquy was indistinctly heard—

“I’ll be blowed if I think Bill need ha’ bin ’arf as long.”

“Ye fool! we’ve never looked for the neckercher yet.”

“What neckercher?”

“Why, his own neckercher. He wur to whisk it up in the air like, if ’twere all serene.”

“Never heerd a single word on’t. Where be us to look for it?”

“Down yonder, t’other side o’ the water. Don’t ’spect us can see it from this —— of a place. We must get a bit further down.”

“Know’d ye wur all out. Besides, t’ain’t a bit a good. It’s just Bill all over. The tin’s gone, an’ so he tumbles into a good berth himself, and throws us over.”

“Then I’ll be blowed if I stands it any longer. Share and share alike says I, or I’ll pitch him into a likely hole in the water, where he won’t find it very easy to get out again. Hullo, Jack, blessed if we don’t lick ’im now. If here ain’t the tidiest young kid of a craft I ever seed, and nobody to look arter its sweet young innocence. Belongs, dessay, to them blokes we met up above there. Hop in, an’ I’ll bet my first month’s wages we be on to ’im, sooner, mebbe, than he’ll like.”

And the splash of the oars announced the departure of *Prydwen!*

It was with difficulty that Jessy restrained the boys from flying at all hazards to the rescue. She knew, what they never dreamt of, the value placed upon life by such men as these, when opposition, like sods in the Iceland geyser, stirred the turbulent depths of their fierce, brutish passions.

And in great mental disturbance lest the whereabouts of herself and her boys should by means of these men become known to her wretched son, Jessy resolved on eschewing the manifold advantages offered her both by the “Refreshing Glass” on this side of Pen, and the “When you are over take another” farther on; and made up her mind to abide for the night, fireless and bedless, within the obscure recesses of Alyn’s cave.

CHAPTER III.

Grŷg bu ddyddamnad,
Dy werin swymad
Hyd gwyr erlyniad.

TALIESIN.

(The heath was a defender on all sides,
Thy squadron was protected,
Till pursuit turned aside)

THE boys were up with the lark next morning. Their dreams, at least the waking ones, had been of Granny's breakfast.

The ample contents of the basket had supplied them with a good supper. And the whisky (diluted with water from an ancient well above) had been by the connoisseurs of fourteen or thereabouts pronounced "no end jolly," and "real comforting" by the good old dame.

But however Bohemian their mode of life at this particular juncture, they could scarcely imbibe whisky-toddy for breakfast.

So, sending Owen to turn over the big stones on the beach, with the crowbar always kept at Yr Ogo for the purpose, and to search well for eels and crabs in the pools below, and then to fill up the basket with such cockles, periwinkles, lumpets, &c., as he could not fail to come across, Alyn set himself with determined energy to the task of achieving a fire.

Poor Granny ! She was nearly scared out of her senses when, on awaking from a very tolerable night's rest, she discovered that Owen had gone wandering about, within range, it may be, of the enemy's fiery vengeance ; and that Alyn was doing his best by unwinding tall flags of ashen grey, and sending their mazy streaming pennons up into the clear morning air, to lure the foe into the very heart of the encampment.

But by degrees, as the huge volume of smoke dwindled down into the smallest duodecimo, and Owen returned, laden with what the Neapolitans so prettily call "fruits of the sea," Jessy, from being as timorous as a harvest-mouse or a lapwing, became quite gleeful. Indeed, she enjoyed the whole disreputable proceeding as much as any one. And so they partook of their *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the fork being represented by the boy's clasp *knives*, which they would as soon think of being without as their boots and socks.

It was a rare and unique pic-nic, but soon Alyn's thoughts wandered off to what, by means of snares, masked batteries, pitfalls, *traps*—original but unpatented—he might obtain for dinner.

Owen, he decided, should go to the village of Penmina for bread, and perhaps beer, while Granny could amuse herself by tidying up a bit, and purifying from base uses the contents of the Museum.

And then dinner, the great event of the day for Granny, being over, he and Owen would set off and scour every nook and corner of the world, and even beyond it, in search of *Prydwen*.

But upon these fascinating little arrangements down came the veto of the Commander-in-Chief, like the sharpest of guillotines.

Jessy could no longer stifle her desire to know how fared her cottage and its contents, and whether by any chance *Prydwen* had been left abandoned at its moorings. And quite determined was she that no one save herself should proceed to ascertain.

So obtaining a most reluctant promise from the boys that they would not stray far from Yr Ogo, and in the event of seeing the marauding party of yesterday would do their best to avoid a collision, Jessy departed, to trudge the weary round of the estuary.

Deprived both of their boat and ordinary pursuits, and limited to space, the boys naturally enough had recourse to a gossip.

“Who could this man be Granny had run away from, and left in possession of the cottage? Why didn’t she fetch the constable and turn him out instead? Was it Granny’s son from Derbyshire? Why, if it was, then of course she would be glad to see him, and not go running away from him.

“Besides, if it was Granny’s only son she had, it must be their father. And he would want to see *them*.”

“Don’t I wish we had been at home when he came, Owen. We could have pitched him out of doors, I should think, if he had been ever so big—don’t you?”

“I should rather think we could too. How long do you think Granny ’ll be? I’m getting so hungry. I hope Granny won’t get bacon for dinner. That was so precious salt she brought from Bangor.”

“I wonder, Owe, what she *does* go to Bangor for. I think it is for money.”

“Oh, bosh; what does it matter where it comes from so long as she gets it? Why don’t you ask *her* if you want to know?”

“So I have, lots of times; and she is always just going to send me off somewhere about something. Owen, that time when I twisted my foot I had been asking about father and mother—because, you know, the money must have something to do with *them*—and if the chimney didn’t go and set itself on fire: And the last time I said anything about it Granny cried—just a little, you know: I could see

the tears in her eyes—and said I wanted to go away from her, and didn't love her, and all that. And how can a fellow ask her anything again after that, I should like to know?"

"I do wish Granny would come. I'm 'getting as hungry as a hunter."

"So am I, as hungry as Aryfuerys, the chiefest of all King Arthur's hunters. 'There was nothing left, was there?"

"Not a scrap. I looked just as we came out. Let's go a bit further along, and see if she's coming."

"That I won't; not a step. I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

"You'll do as you like, I s'pose; you always do. What I'm tom-fool enough to let you for is more than I know."

"I am the oldest, Owen."

"Fiddlestick! Oldest out of twins—as if that went for anything."

"You would find it did if we were rich people."

"Oh, should I indeed, Master Greatgun? And you'd get the half-pence and I the kicks, I suppose? If that ain't *Prydwen* come back I'm a Dutchman. I can hear the splash of the oars."

"Wait a bit, Owen, and I'll have a look at her behind that snag. Because if it is, those beastly fellows are in her most likely. Oh, how jolly if they go off and leave her! I should think we might cruise about for Granny then."

Burton writes that "the memorie is nothing els but a tendernesse of the braine, disposed with a certain kind of moisture to receive and preserve that which the imagination apprehendeth."

Perhaps Jessy's brain may have been damper than that of most people, from her habit at an early age of frequenting haunted caves and regions subterranean—and better adapted, consequently, to receive a deep impression.

Certainly her recollection of the evil plight in which, on her return from Alfreton Towers on that never-to-be-forgotten night, she had found her cottage in Derbyshire, was as bright as if it had occurred but yesterday.

And now she had not a doubt in her own mind that every onward step brought her nearer and nearer to just such another scene.

Unless—and that would be infinitely worse—she found her son and his reckless companions still in possession.

Prydwen was nowhere to be seen. And as she moved along close to the shore, immediately in front of her cottage, she saw that the door stood wide open.

An augury this of their presence she feared. And for the space

of half an hour or more she prowled about in the neighbourhood of her home, not daring to enter it. Summoning courage at last, she ventured to pass close by and furtively look in. A spectacle of desolation met her eyes far beyond anything she had imagined.

They had gone apparently—that was a comfort. And slowly entering, Jessy closed the door, and slid down—down on to the floor, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

The long walk in the sun, following upon yesterday's excitement and anxiety, had been a bad preparation for encountering a scene like this, and Jessy's usually buoyant spirits for once totally deserted her. At length she dragged herself up, and proceeded to reconnoitre. No piece of furniture that would either break or burn remained whole in the house. Backs and legs of chairs seemed to have been burnt, and then hurled away to make room for others. It was a marvel there had not been a general conflagration. Her much prized time-piece, small stock of cutlery, and almost every other article of a sufficiently portable nature, together with the boys' Sunday clothing, had been carried off. The most rigorous search had, beyond all question, been made, as in the Derbyshire hut, for a hoard, the ill success of which had probably stimulated their desire for revenge.

But it was not "Bill" who bore the blame now, but his bad associates.

"He would," his mother foolishly thought, "have hunted high and low till he found some money, if there was any about, and in so doing he would have upset things above a bit, but he never would have destroyed his poor old mother's furniture like this. Oh, it is them wicked companions that is the ruin of people. And now what'll I do? Put it to rights and buy new? No that I wouldn't—to stay here, if a single word would do it. Pah! I seem to smell their very breath all through the place. And how I'll get back to 'Pen' I don't know. Oh! but the boys will be crying out for their dinner. I'll see if Hughes will take me over in his boat."

And Jessy trudged off to Llwyd-tai, as Hughes's cottage was still pretentiously called, though only built on the site and with part of the *débris* of the ancient "Grey Farm."

Jonas, catching a glimpse of "Dame" in the distance, hurried indoors with the news, thereby creating considerable excitement.

"Dame's" visitors had of course been seen, taken stock of, and duly estimated at a very low rate by her prying neighbours.

And when, added to this, it transpired that the Englishwoman and her grandchildren had absconded, and that the men had done their

best to burn down her house, it is no great wonder that Jessy's bodily presence proved an event worthy of their turning out *en masse* to behold.

But she seemed to be coming to their house. What could that be for?

"Perhaps she wanted something!" This was the signal for Hughes to retreat and begin nursing and rubbing his leg, preparatory to having "hurt it stumbling amongst the ballast in his boat yesterday."

Jessy cut short the vehement denunciations which began to be hurled on all sides, upon the heads of "them vagabond English pitmen," by asking if either of them could put her across to Penmina.

This was immediately met by the obstacle of the bad leg, and Jonas having to start off directly for Llandulas; until it suddenly occurred to Isaac, the father of Jonas, that if he didn't go to Bangor to-day he'd have to go to-morrow, and his leg wouldn't be any better then than it was now, he supposed, and so if she wanted to go very badly, why he would go to-day.

Which wonderful idea strayed into his head simultaneously with Jessy's offer to pay half-a-crown for the accommodation.

Returning to the cottage, she packed up as much as it seemed desirable to take in her present houseless condition, barred and barricaded the doors and windows to the best of her ability, and proceeded to stow herself and her bundles in the stern of Hughes's fishing-boat.

So that notwithstanding the splash of oars (for there was not the faintest breath of wind to fill the sail) heralded Granny and dinner, the sight of Hughes's boat, instead of their own beloved *Pryduen*, proved a terrible downfall to the boys' hopes.

CHAPTER IV.

A boat, a boat, is the toy for me
To rollick about in on river and sea,
To be a child of the breeze and the gale,
And like a wild bird on the deep to sail—
This is the life for me.

PROCTER.

By noon on the following day Jessy had settled down satisfactorily, if not comfortably, in lodgings at Penmina. There were many reasons why lodgings just then suited her. One will perhaps suffice: nothing else in the world remained to be done, no cottage at that *precise epoch* advertising itself to be let.

Her stock of furniture was peculiar, but her rent being paid in advance, this circumstance mattered little to her landlady, and less to any one else.

Two nights in Yr Ogo had been enough, even for Alyn, although he declared himself ready to repeat the experiment any night there was a moon. Thus it came to pass that a blanket and mattress on the floor were more highly appreciated than they might have been three days ago.

The loss of *Prydwen* spoiled it, or else it might all have been, as far as the boys were concerned, a pleasantly exciting dream.

School being with one accord voted too far now, was given up for good. And their occupation gone, Jessy cast about in her capacious mind whether it might not be desirable to purchase them another boat. She would, she thought, give them two years to knock about, and then it would be high time for them to consider about getting their own living.

Jessy had never drawn the full amount of the allowance settled on her by Lord Beauchief, and consequently she had accumulated a sufficient sum not only to meet any such exigencies as the present, but to apprentice the boys, if need be, to whatever calling they might eventually show a disposition to adopt.

No sooner had the words "another boat" passed Granny's lips than four muscular, sinuous arms proceeded to convert her into a modern Laocoon. And before five minutes had elapsed, four long vigorous legs were striding at a rapid pace the round of the bay to Hughes's cottage, to inquire of him whether he knew of a boat for sale similar to their last—Jessy's economic ideas of course not soaring beyond one at secondhand.

Hughes rather thought he did—that is, if it wasn't sold.

Oh, no, it was quite impossible for the boys to go about it then. The man was out fishing, but he should "see him to-morrow, and would inquire."

Mr. Isaac Hughes, not having any more a boat in his eye than he had integrity in his heart, but thinking he saw the way to pocketing a couple of crowns for commission, looked upon the fib as an integral part of business.

When the boys, in their impatience, came again next day, apprehensive of their inquiring elsewhere, Hughes invited them to go with him out fishing.

This was luck indeed, and Alyn's conscience smote him for having on more than one occasion, since the loss of their boat, declared Jonas and his father to be "beastly selfish brutes!"

It was of course necessary to ask Granny's permission, so Jonas volunteered to put his former school-fellows across, and to wait while they informed Granny of the more than charming arrangement which would in all probability keep them out all night.

As Jessy had long been expecting this, not only from the boys' well-known proclivities in that direction, but from the fact that they were well able to be of use to Mr. Isaac Hughes upon such an occasion, leave and license were readily given, accompanied of course by the usual amount of good advice, without which, since the great year of the Chaldee, no favour of any description has been known to be conferred.

If, as Hood asserts, travelling at the best is but a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process, one would think a nocturnal fishing expedition was draining the cup of discomfort to its lowest dregs. But—

This sport of boy's strife
Gives the zest to boy's life :
Without it his boyhood dies.
Be it jewel or toy, not the prize gives the joy,
But the striving to win the prize.

And though it mattered as little to them as to the smallest scintillation of phosphoric light gleaming in the surrounding waters, whether Hughes's smack returned full or empty, it would have been a heavy disappointment to the boys if a certain amount of success had not attended the night's labour.

As to Hughes, he found that with these "mates" he had only to keep his eyes well on the look-out, and all the rest of his transcendent powers, moral, intellectual, and physical, might be profitably devoted in diminishing the lading of the boat, as the fish continued to increase it, by a steady consumption of tobacco.

And this kind of thing was so much to his mind that he told the boys, to their intense beatification, that he "wouldn't mind them coming again any time, if as how, as it seemed, they liked it."

And notwithstanding that they eventually obtained a boat of their own (through Hughes, who had got to value his commission at double the original figure), the novel charm of "being in real downright earnest, and no sham you know," was so great that it became a habit with them to accompany him as often as once or twice a week.

The monotonous character of these cruises never seemed to tire them, although any variety was hailed with delight. Sometimes,

when more than usually successful, they had the happiness of conveying to Granny a basket of fish, worth in their estimation a king's ransom.

Finding they worked harder and altogether "had more in 'em" than his hopeful son Jonas, who could never see anything in the sea beyond the fact that it was wet, salt, and nasty, Hughes took a liking after his fashion to the boys, laughing heartily at their odd sayings, and inviting them to drop in oftener at Llwyd-tai. "He would always put them across again; or if it was a bit squally, Sally 'ud contrive a bed somehow"—"Sally" being a vermilion-cheeked, jetty-eyed damsel of age indefinite, much admired by Owen, for which there seemed no more valid reason than that she was perpetually flattering him at his brother's expense, and inventing plausible excuses for sipping (save the mark!) out of his glass that wonderful mixture of beer, and eggs for which Llwyd-tai in its present degenerate stage had become celebrated.

As the two years wore calmly and blissfully away, it became manifest to Jessy and others who took an interest in the youths that no occupation which separated them from their beloved sea would ever meet with approval.

But while Alyn, like a young courser of the Sun, pawed the rock with his fiery hoofs, impatient to traverse Ocean's boundless limits and Earth's remotest shores, Owen was content to trudge quietly along the sandy highway, in the harness of a dray horse, dragging from door to door terrestrial "pisces" for earthly appetites, and only hoping to attain, in the far-off future, the expansive hand of the adorable Sally.

Upon one occasion of their going to Hughes by appointment, prepared for the usual excursion, they perceived at a respectful distance from shore, but apparently on a visit to Llwyd-tai, a fishing-lugger of considerable respectability, bearing on its stern, in the brightest, greenest, and most verdant of paints, the name of *Sally Hughes*.

"Could this," thought Owen, "be the fair Sally's dower? And could he, oh, could he, be married at sixteen?" He never knew till now how fervently he adored Sally.

While they were still admiring her, the owner of the wonderful vision came out of the cottage, followed closely by Hughes, who, as usual when a Triton ruffled the waters of his minnow world, was loquaciously gabbling.

"As to that other matter," he was saying, "there ain't no sort of doubt about it. I've puzzled and puzzled my brain no end to know

what ailed the gal. Ever since that day when you comed home with her from the honey fair, if she haven't been as mum as a roach. And if there comes any chaps about the place, as there does pretty often, for you ain't the only one to like black eyes about here, blow me if she won't walk off, and never so much as give 'em a civil 'good day.'"

"Well, come along with me to-night instead of going by yourself—we'll go halves. And I'll think matters over a bit. I likes to have a good smell of the brine under my nose when I settles anything important. And if 'tis to be done, the sooner the better. I ain't fond of no shilly-shallying nonsense. I haven't frightened any visitors away, have I?"

Disinclined to intrude, the boys were about to beat a retreat; but Mr. Hughes's attention being momentarily diverted from the more engrossing object of his thoughts, he shouted to them to come and have a look at the boat, and asking how they'd "like a cruise in *her*."

Seeing the look of excessive gratification that passed over their young faces the good-natured owner of the *Sally Hughes* proposed to them to go too.

And in somewhere about an hour's time they started for an expedition which produced results not inserted in the programme.

As they were returning home, after less than Hughes's usual amount of success, they encountered so heavy a sea that in spite of their utmost efforts they were carried on to a sand-bar in Rhos Bay, distant about a couple of miles from shore.

Striking the bar, the *Sally Hughes* heeled over on her starboard side, and every soul was washed overboard. The two boys, together with Jonas, clung rigidly to the side of the vessel, when after drifting for some time on her side, she suddenly righted herself, but with the loss of mainmast, anchor, and rigging. Still pertinaciously maintaining their hold, as the only chance for life, the boys had contrived to save themselves, and now gladly dropped into the boat.

Neither the master, Hughes, nor the two men of whom the crew consisted were anywhere to be seen. Indeed it was nearly pitch dark, and though the boys shouted long and loud, their voices were lost in the impetuous rush of the in-coming tide, and what to do next they knew not.

It was not long, however, before it occurred to Alyn that they must endeavour to attract attention by means of a fire. And as fortunately the tin canister containing the matches was still found

wedged in its nook, they proceeded to ascertain who possessed the driest garment.

This was not satisfactory until the wind volunteered assistance. But at last, in much fear and trembling, a burning flag, as signal of distress, was hoisted in the breeze. And while the drying process was still carried on to windward, a premature oldness shrivelled up their young hearts with fear, lest after all their whole stock of garments should be exhausted and no help come.

CHAPTER V.

Ho! they struggled sore for the fading shore,
And fought with their failing strength,
But I swore they should die, and I smothered their cry,
And their lives were mine at length.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

FULL three hours elapsed before the lifeboat came to their relief from Llandudno.

And by the time it returned, bringing in it "all on board," the beach was well sprinkled with people. The boys, cold and exhausted, with tattered, half burnt trousers and blistered fingers, would have met with no lack of friends. But the initiative was taken without loss of time by two gentlemen, who evidently commanded the respect of the seafaring population, and who, on seeing the plight the boys were in, immediately gave orders that they should be taken to the Royal. Proceeding thither, after picking up what information they could on the subject of the "casualty," they ascertained that they were being well cared for, and lingering till they had the satisfaction of seeing the poor fellows fast asleep, they lit a cigar each and adjourned towards home.

"Youngsters got some pluck, don't you think?" asked Henry Bagot of the Captain.

"Not a doubt of it. But it is not the first time by a good many *they* have put to sea. Nothing like it to bring out pluck. I should vastly like to know if any of those other fellows swam ashore."

"Let us hope they did. The tide coming in, they would probably reach land somewhere about Llardulas. How far out do you suppose they were?"

"Two miles, according to the crew of the lifeboat. Nothing, that, for a man to swim to save his life. But, by the powers, it is four o'clock. Time we get up in India. I do not see the use of going to bed now. Your wife will set to-night's work down to my account, I suppose, Harry. Ah, well, I must see if I cannot square it

to-morrow by buying that juvenile scamp of yours the toy cannon he wants. Eustace's tastes are decidedly aggressive. You dare not go for a stretch till breakfast of course!"

"I would rather go to bed if it is all the same to you."

On looking in upon his young *protégés* later in the morning the Captain found them deep enough in a beefsteak pie to feel assured there was not much harm done. And as their Providence for the time being, it behoved him to consider what he was going to do with them.

Jonas Hughes, he settled, lived near enough to scramble home by himself, and he was promised a shilling to return and say whether his father and friend, the owner of the ill-fated *Sally Hughes*, had escaped disasters and returned home. But, little as the Captain belonged to the magnetic order, he was unmistakably attracted towards Alyn. Inordinately selfish himself, he was not without a certain kind of admiration for a spirit of self-sacrifice in others. And there was no mistaking the fact that of the three boys, Alyn *had* done and suffered the most. Both his appearance and the unconscious testimony of his companions confirmed this.

So not having anything better on hand, he borrowed his brother's pony phaeton, hunted up an old shooting coat and an antediluvian plaid, and, freighted with Alyn and Owen, set off for Penmina.

I have been reprehensibly amiss in not describing Captain Bagot before the influences of war, matrimony, and a tropical climate had photographed their traces upon his character. In appearance, then, he belonged to the terrier species; his narrow head, carried high in the air, his quick, bright, prominent beady eyes, and forehead the reverse of expansive, bore unmistakably the impress of this genus. And while he would scarcely go out of his way to commit an act of resolute iniquity, his utter lack of sympathy often made him a scourge to those who necessarily jostled him in the vortices of public or private life.

Monosyllabic as a Chinese to inferiors, he could converse as affably as a dignified specimen of the order *Psittacidæ* with his equals. Superiors, this optimate of an Indian captain had none. For a nature of this kind to become imbued with the wild idea of carrying off Alyn to India, we may as well seek for a reason as hope to discover the laws on which is founded ancient Saxon versification, or the germination of bulbs from the hand of a three thousand year old mummy.

The ancestor of every action being a thought, and Captain Bagot belonging to that vast array of right-minded people who stand aghast at the bare possibility of thinking a thought imbued with the faintest odour of absurdity, his present line of action must, I think, be attributed to the fact that he had become weary of wasting his splendour on his unappreciative brother and his imperturbable young wife. And, although they were but rough sailor boys to whom he was acting a beneficent Providence, their glow-worm light brightened by contrast the brilliancy of his own meteor shining. And the tale of his bountiful charity, eloquently related in perspicuous and ornate language, interspersed with sundry similes of the heroic order, embellished with the initial letters of graciousness and sympathy, and illustrated by his good-natured condescension to Alyn, who would stand an effective frontispiece to the whole, might serve to supersede, at least in the ears of his Indian *fiancée*, Miss Caroline Thelluson, the oft-told anecdotes of his own early prowess.

When the words were first tossed carelessly to Alyn, "How would you like to go with me to India?" the poor lad trembled in every limb, so that he could hardly speak. He tried hard, however, not to show it, merely answering that he should like it very much indeed.

Bad news travels at electric speed; and poor faithful old Jessy had lived to hear that both her grandsons had gone to the bottom of that sea they were so fond of.

"And oh! why did I ever let them go on it at all? What possessed me to come and live near it? Why couldn't I have stayed in Derbyshire? Or gone where there was no cruel sea? It's all my fault. There's nobody to blame but myself. Unless it is that false-hearted Isaac Hughes, and the other man—who could save themselves it seems, and leave my poor boys to drown! Oh dear, oh dear! that I should ever live to see this day! And now I'll just go my way down to the shore at Llandulas, and never stir from it till—till I see their blessed angel faces once again; for Dan'el Williams said if they was washed up anywhere, it would be about there. And——Lawks-a-mercy. Praise be to Heaven! If there isn't Alyn—aye, and Owen too!"

And raising her eyes, somewhat after the manner she had been wont to do when admiring the stalactites in the Derbyshire cavern, but with clasped hands this time, Jessy tottered to her cottage door—lodgings had turned out a failure, and been exchanged for a place of her own long ago—where she remained standing, overjoyed, silent, bewildered.

In an instant the boys were down, and clinging about her, getting their own young cheeks well wetted with her tears. But the presence of their benefactor could not long be ignored. And he, probably for the first time in his life, condescended to be civil to a whimpering old woman. Graciously entering the cottage while Owen held the ponies, he accepted the offer of a glass of cwrw-da, and then, to the amazement of Jessy, opened up his proposition of taking Alyn to India.

Granny became stiff and stately at once. Though she determined to ignore it, Alyn *was* her favourite. And alas! and alack-a-day! was he rescued from the grasp of the sea only to be torn away from her by this grand man, whose name even she did not know?

The Captain, who had expected his offer to be followed by a large amount of gratitude, was taken aback more than was pleasant to his high-mightiness; but ascribing her manner to her ignorance, he condescended to enter into an explanation respecting the manifold advantages of his proposal, far beyond anything she could expect for him in this out-of-the world corner of Wales. Granny seemed to be listening, but was all the while watching the excited glow of hope, alternated by the pallor of disappointment, as it came and went upon Alyn's handsome features. So that instead of the obsequious gratitude expected, the Captain was fain to be content with Jessy's firm but respectful request for "a day or two to consider his kind offer."

Now, strange as it may seem, Granny's conscience was in a fix. She knew perfectly well that the money settled on her by Lord Beauchief had been for her own maintenance simply, while any other arrangement that he might have contemplated making had been frustrated by his awfully sudden death. But, again, as in her inclination to favouritism, the loyal old creature *would* not know it.

Share and share alike to the end was her motto, if not that of her charming son. And would she be justified in turning Alyn adrift into the world in this manner? Or was she in a position to force him to reject what seemed an eligible opening for him? Finally she resolved on admitting Alyn to the consultation going on between conscience and herself.

"You see, Alyn," she said, tenderly laying her hand upon his shoulder, "I have enough money, and always shall have enough, to pay our way while we all live together. And there would be no exact need for ye to be earning yer living either of ye at all, only I

know well enough idleness never brings happiness. And soon ye'll be getting to be men, and looking out for a wife apiece. And then, 'deed a goodness, the money wouldn't go far divided betwixt ye, and especial if yon flaunting Sally Hughes is ever to have the handling of any of it.

"Besides that, there is no knowing, I may live a long while yet to want it myself. I am sure what with the sea-air, or something or other, I often think I feel younger than I did at forty. And so you see, Alyn, my boy, something will have to be done. But why need you go so far away from your poor old Granny, who may after all never live to see ye come back from those far-off Indies ?

"But if your heart is set upon it, then it's no use talking. I couldn't find it in me to disappoint you so. But don't ee be in a hurry to settle it all, there's a good boy. Think it over. Now take my advice, and if ye settle to go it will most likely be the last I'll ever give you. Take *Argo*, and go for a row in the bay, and bring me word if the old cottage is let again. And just think it well over by yourself. And remember, ye know nothing about this Captain Bagot, and ye mightn't like him at all, and never be able to get back again. It's very kind of him—I don't say but it is—but somehow, I don't seem to take to him myself."

"He is a real gentleman, Granny."

"Daresay he is, but I have known real gentlemen too in my time, and they wasn't like him."

"But you'll let me go with him, Granny, if I settle to want to?"

"I never said ye no yet, Alyn, to anything you ever set your heart upon. And I'll not begin now, come what may. But go and look about a bit and bring me that basin from Yr Ogo. May be you'll find you don't want to go away from all the old places after all." And Jessy's head fell this time on her chest for a change.

Alyn started on the suggested expedition, but without *Argo*. The greater evil had overcome the lesser in Granny's mind, and she had overlooked the fact that the state of his hands was not such as to make him particularly desirous of managing a boat.

But the experiment proved a failure, for the air breathed confidently in his ear—

"I float about far and wide, morning and night. It is death to stay long in a place. Go, by all means."

The sea murmured at his feet—

"I go to many shores ; none are too remote for me. Go ! oh, go ! I will take you right lovingly."

The mountains said—

“ *We* cannot go to the foreign lands like the air and the sea, but we lift up our heads and gaze on the setting and the rising sun, and are content. But go you and see our brethren of more giant mould, and then come back to us ; you will love us none the less.”

So Alyn went ; and, in little more than three weeks' time, he might have been seen gazing in ecstatic bewilderment at the forests of masts in the Thames from on board the *Adonais*, bound for India.

(To be continued.)



TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I CANNOT regret even the little element of unpleasantness which arose out of an exceptional criticism on Mr. Lucy's memorial article on the late Tom Hood, since it has been the means of enabling me to lay before my readers the following most interesting and touching letter from the only daughter and only surviving child of the author of the "Bridge of Sighs":—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

Sir,—As Tom Hood's only sister, and the last representative of a name which our father rendered honourable, will you, with your usual courtesy, insert a few words from me in your next number?

I must first set to rights a minor question as to my dear brother's name. He was always called Tom, and I believe till within a few months of his death believed he had been christened thus. I must, however, correct this, as in a family Bible, still in my possession, he is registered by my father himself as "Thomas," and he was at least the third of that name, as my grandfather, the publisher, was also a Thomas Hood, and as such is noticed in the second edition of the "Memorials of Thomas Hood." I quite endorse my brother's opinion that my father disliked the name of "Tom Hood"—he certainly did—perhaps because he lived in a generation when people were not quite so familiar in their manners. My brother, however, always called himself Tom, in voluntary distinction from his father, and future generations of editors may, perhaps, be grateful to him for thus preserving his father's identity.

I am well aware of the fact that his name, as he always felt, was rather against him, as suggesting invidious comparisons; in fact, in early life he met with some rebuffs on that score, and the taint still rankled in his sensitive mind, for in one of his last letters to me at the beginning of his last illness*—"Tim," says he, "if I *had* taken to spitting blood would they have said I was imitating my father again?"

In conclusion, let me say that I have had the sad fate of seeing father and brother, both so dearly loved and valued, go before me, and the unusually painful task of writing both their epitaphs.

The controversy that has arisen lately, and which has only lately reached me in my temporary French home, has pained me in many ways. In common justice to Mr. Lucy, who was introduced to me by Mr. Sampson, I can only say

* In allusion to an old family joke; see "Memorials."

that he *did* derive most of his facts from me. If his notice on the whole was not a very warmly appreciative one, I must say I considered it tolerably fair, especially from one who did not personally know my brother. Moreover, as having been used to literature from my childhood, and "born in the purple," as one may say, I never entertained the novel idea of "criticising the critics!"

In conclusion, may I ask all those who loved Tom Hood to abstain from quarrelling over his early grave, and to wait till his sister, his longest loved and congenial friend, as she may surely call herself, can overcome her natural grief and write a little memoir of him herself? but at present it is impossible, for the sorrow that has fallen upon her—already early orphaned, and early widowed—in the premature loss of her only brother weighs too heavily for much speech. If Tom Hood could be so deeply regretted and missed by even his acquaintance as he has been, what a blank, a dreary blank, his loss must occasion to those who knew and loved him best!—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP.

TOUCHING Mr. Clive's Article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, but before the appearance in print of Mr. Omond's reply of last month, Mr. Robert Buchanan wrote:—"I am sorry to disagree, however slightly, with Mr. Clive, to whom I owe deep gratitude for his fine vindication of James Boswell, published some months since in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but I do not think he has made out a good case for prose-poetry. He errs, moreover, in imagining himself alone or original in his ideas on the subject; for if he will turn to Masson's 'British Novelists,' he will find the question mooted, and if he will turn again to my own 'Master-Spirits,' he will find it discussed at some length. No one admires Whitman more than I do, as I proved sufficiently when, some years ago, I rescued his works from the obscurity into which they had fallen here in England; but I should certainly not uphold him as a master of *style*. In my essay on 'Master-Spirits,' I argued on Mr. Clive's side, using extracts from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Richter, &c., to point the argument. The passages quoted by Mr. Clive are not strictly *poetical*—I mean in 'idea'—with one exception, that from the Book of Job, which, however, though printed as prose, is in reality *metrical*. Richter's 'Dream of the World without God' (in 'Liebenkas'), and Coleridge's 'Wanderings of Cain' are non-metrical, but grandly poetical, as regards both substance and form. I believe the issue of the whole matter to be that the very highest manifestations of thought and emotion, whether printed as prose or verse, fall necessarily, and by laws of their own being, into 'metrical' combinations. There is as much rhythm in the 'Old Curiosity Shop' as in 'Queen Mab' or 'Thalaba,' and Plato is as musical as Euripides. Mr. Clive's argument that verse is the real barrier between poets and the

public cannot be upheld for a moment. Thought, emotion, beauty, art, are the real barriers. The 'public' never did and never will care for the highest products of human genius, whether expressed in prose or verse; on the whole, they are rather charmed by 'jingle' than otherwise. Shelley is quite as 'popular' as Hawthorne, while for Whitman's one reader, Tennyson and Longfellow number a thousand."

ANOTHER correspondent, whose capacity for producing both prose and poetry gives him the right to be heard on the subject, says: "May I be permitted to go a little farther than Mr. Omond, who in your March number so eloquently vindicated the claims of verse to be regarded not as 'trammels,' but as wings? Most people, I suspect, who have tried to write both would be more inclined to speak of the freedom of verse and the 'trammels' of prose. Nothing can be more certain than that all races have 'lisp'd in numbers,' and that the formation of a prose style is a slow and elaborate process never completed until literary maturity. A poet, or at any rate a writer of good verse, is a common product of nature: but one of the rarest products of art is a writer of good prose. I cannot help thinking that the author or authors of the Iliad, or any other makers of songs or ballads, old or new, would have found the task of expressing holiday thoughts in their work-day language anything but a release from trammels. Most people who, without being poets, can fit a couplet together without the help of a dictionary find that the forms or ornaments of verse seldom fail to call up the ghost of an idea even when there was none at starting, sound aiding sense and sense aiding sound: and though it may savour of *l'èse poésie* to suggest that poets have ever worked in this fashion, still there is internal evidence enough in the works of the greatest to give colour to the slander. If the effect of verse owes anything to the musical sense, it is as simply impossible that a born poet should be able to help thinking in rhythm as that a born musician should be able to help feeling in melody. Both would find equal relief in being kindly allowed to compose without the aid of what those who are *not* artists call Art, and what those who *are* artists call Nature. Even if a form of expression as old and as world-wide as birds and men could be called a 'trammel,' there is much reason in an obvious simile which I send you for its aptness, and which may be thus roughly translated. I have somewhere seen it quoted from the Chevalier de la Faye.

From rhyming rules and rhythmic laws
That seem the spirit to enclose,

A subtle strength the captive draws
 To soar above the plains of prose,
 E'en as in narrow channels pent,
 Forced upward by imprisonment,
 The fountain sparkles to the sky,
 So doth the soul, confined by art,
 Learn like the stream aloft to dart,
 And sprinkle earth with poesy."

YET another controversialist on the same topic, Mr. B. Corke, asks leave to quote the testimony of five famous writers. His first extract is from the "Defence of Poesie" of the most "noble and valorous knight" Sir Philip Sidney:—

Now, that verse farre exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest. The words (besides theyr delight which hath a great affinitie to memory), beeing so set, as one word cannot be lost, but the whole worke failes: which accuseth it selfe, calleth the remembrance backe to it selfe, and so most strongly confirmeth it; besides, one word so as it were begetting another, as be it in ryme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a neere gesse to the follower lastly, even they that have taught the Art of Memory, have shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine room divided into many places well and throughly knowne. Now, that hath verse in effect perfectly: every word having his naturall seate, which seate must needes make the words remembered. But what needeth more in a thing so knowne to all men? So that, verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and beeing best for memory, the onely handle of knowledge, *it must be in jest that any man can speake against it.*

Ben Jonson under the heading "But how differs a Poeme from what wee call Poesy?" wrote thus:—

*A Poeme, as I have told you, is the worke of the Poet; the end, and fruit of his labour, and studye. Poesy is his skill, or crafte of making, the very Fiction it selfe, the reason, or forme of the worke.**

Shelley, in the preface to "Prometheus Unbound," after a beautiful passage on the aim and scope of poetry, proceeds thus:—

But it is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely as the direct enforcement of reform, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life. Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; *nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse.*

Hear what a very different writer, Sir Walter Scott, says in his essay on "Popular Poetry":—

It would be throwing away words to prove, what all must admit, the general taste and propensity of nations in their early state, to cultivate some species of

* These two extracts are taken from Mr. Arber's reprint of the "Defence of Poesie."

poetry The savage is disposed to refine the ordinary speech which forms the vehicle of social communication betwixt him and his brethren, until by a more ornate diction, *modulated by certain rules of rhythm, cadence, assonance of termination, or recurrence of sound or letter*, he obtains a dialect more solemn in expression, to record the laws or exploits of his tribe, or more sweet in sound, in which to plead his own cause to his mistress.

The final extracts are from Wordsworth :—

The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure ; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind. If the words by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now, the co-presence of something regular (that is, metre) cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly connected with the passion.

The music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight ; all that is necessary to say, however, upon this subject may be effected by affirming that of two descriptions, *equally well executed*, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Mr. Corke adds that it seems to him unaccountably strange that the author of the beautiful paper on Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a few months ago, should have penned such peculiar ideas, unless, as he is inclined to fancy, the writer's object was to produce a discussion, and not to express his own settled convictions.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell described the laws of England as "a tortuous and ungodly jungle," it was probably understood by the House that, in Parliamentary phrase, "the hon. member spoke in the heat of debate," and that he expressed an idea with somewhat unnecessary strength. Since the days when the member for Huntingdonshire sat as an unimportant unit in the British Legislature, it may be assumed that the legal processes of this empire have been made somewhat simpler and more efficient than they were, that a few crooked legal places have been made straight and a few rough places plain. But we are even yet not altogether rid of those vexatious and ridiculous provisions which so excited the anger of the great sturdy and outspoken Huntingdon squire. A modern instance was afforded by the reply of the Home Secretary to Sir W. Fraser on the evening of the 2nd March. Mr. Cross believed it was competent for any individual to proceed against the metropolitan vestries or district boards for non-fulfilment of their duty as to the cleansing of foot pavements in the metropolis. Proceedings could be taken

either by indictment or by an application to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus. So far, Sir W. Fraser was, no doubt, satisfied; but when the Home Secretary went on to inform him of the result of a successful action in the matter, it is probable that his sense of satisfaction diminished. It appears that the extreme power of the courts of law could be exercised by commanding the vestries or district boards "to cause the footways to be cleansed in such a manner and at such times as they, the vestries or district boards, may think fit." This, in Mr Lowe's recent phrase, is "giving the cat the cream to keep" with a vengeance. This excellent piece of legal fooling reminds me of the solemn oath which was to bind man and woman together according to the tenets of a certain free-loving and free-living sect in the States. "They will solemnly swear," said the statute, "to remain together as long as they like"

THE analytical suggestions of my friends with respect to the "Dream of Fair Women" are not yet exhausted. I have a letter before me in which the writer refers to Mr. Tennyson's first mention of Cleopatra as—

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
and observes: "This is probably a true description of the Egyptian beauty, though by no means the ideal placed before us by Shakespeare. Tennyson, however, apparently forgetful of what he had previously written, subsequently describes her with the snowy skin of more northern climes. He says.—

With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare."

I am not sure that I agree with this criticism. "Polished argent" would, I think, hardly be a good description of the snowy skin of more northern climes, and might perhaps be applied with a certain propriety to the not white and yet not ebony breast of the beautiful Egyptian queen. But my correspondent is surely right in calling the poet to account for making Jephtha put his daughter to death. "Jephtha's vow," he observes, "has been wrongly interpreted in the text of the authorised version of the Scriptures, although correctly rendered in the margin. He said 'Whatever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me . . . shall surely be the Lord's, or I will offer it up for a burnt offering' Jephtha could only offer as a burnt offering any clean animal appointed under the law. Had such an animal met him, he would have offered it as described.

but if he were met by an unclean animal, or a human being, which could not be sacrificed, he intended to make it 'the Lord's,' by *devoting* it, for which a special provision was made in the law. His daughter was so devoted, and was condemned to celibacy. Hence she went to 'bewail her virginity upon the mountains.' Hence it is written that her father 'did with her according to his vow, and she knew no man.' Hence, too, it is added that 'the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament'—or as in the margin 'talk with'—'the daughter of Jephtha four days in a year.' That so accomplished a scholar and so careful a writer as Mr. Tennyson should have fallen into this obvious error is one of the curiosities of literature."

IRISH national feeling is by no means speechless, or in any sense of the word silent, but of all modern aspirations moving the hearts of some millions of men it is, I cannot help thinking, the most inarticulate—using this word as Mr. Carlyle generally uses it. In Mr. McCarthy's novel "A Fair Saxon" an ardent and earnest-minded young English heroine goes through a course of reading expressive of Irish disaffection and aspirations, and the author, describing the effects of the study, says: "At last there began to rise up in her wondering mind the consciousness that in two little islands, side by side, there really were two different nations, different in race, temperament, conditions, and *hopes*." I believe that to be a fair exposition of the impression that would be made upon such a mind by such a course of reading; but then arises the question: What are these national *hopes*? That they exist there is evidence enough—evidence which is sometimes terrible, sometimes beautiful, usually disastrous—but where are the books, where are the orators, to make them articulate? The novel I just now mentioned goes further towards the interpretation of certain phases of Irish national feeling than any book I remember to have read; but it was given to the world at the unfavourable juncture when Fenianism was dead and Home Rule was not quite born; when the Irish Church had been disestablished, and the public mind was under the influence of a reaction of extreme apathy about matters Hibernian. Well, but by the aid of this work, what conclusion might the student arrive at touching the actual goal of Irish national hopes and aspirations? What is the goal? I know not, unless it be a sort of pre-historic glory of princely leaders and devoted retainers. There is no sign of a desire to become a little quiet domestic republic like Switzerland, or a small contented kingdom like Holland; and, though it is quite

conceivable that a people occupying a contracted area of land may be a Great Power, the wish for such a consummation does not make itself manifest. I am not arguing the question or taking sides in the great political controversy. For aught I know an independent nation in Ireland might be the happiest experiment or the greatest blunder in modern history.

A YOUNG student of Elizabethan literature, following up the examples of similarity of thought and expression remarked upon by several correspondents in the "Table Talk" of the last five or six months, writes:—"George Chapman, in his tragedy 'Bussy D'Ambois,' speaks of seamen setting out

To put a girdle round about the world—

the very echo of Puck's famous boast—

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

'Midsummer Night's Dream' was published in 1600 and 'Bussy D'Ambois' in 1607." No doubt my correspondent is right in setting this down as an act of "unconscious plagiarism," for Chapman was too strong a man, too good a hand at original epithet and verbal conceit, and in all probability too good a judge of the immortality of Shakespeare's work, to have consciously stolen a line from his great contemporary.

IN the death of Sir Arthur Helps we have lost our greatest student and exponent of human thought from the æsthetic or literary side. Works like "Friends in Council" will one day, I think, be regarded as very important contributions of what may, by a liberty of speech, be called the raw material of psychology, to the ultimate science of the human mind. I have often thought that when the metaphysical observations and reflections of men like Ralph Waldo Emerson and Thomas Carlyle, the purely literary speculation concerning thought of such men as Sir Arthur Helps and, say, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the scientific investigations of the Herbert Spencer of the period, shall be brought together into one focus, then we may begin to hope for something satisfactory in the nature of precise generalisation regarding the laws of thought. But up to this time some of the ablest and most original observers and registrars of the phenomena of ideas have been among the most determined sceptics as to the possibility of a science of mental operations.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1875.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

"ENDYMION?"

SIR JOHN CHALLONER had a house in one of the finest and newest parts of South Kensington. It was built of grey stone, or material which looked like stone; it raised its massive proportions above a wall of stone, and it had a broad carriage drive. It stood with others in a private road which had gates and a lodge, and a painted board stuck up to warn everybody concerned that cabs and tradesmen's carts were not to make a thoroughfare of that dignified enclosure. Sir John Challoner's house displayed a little square tower or belvedere or some such erection on its roof, and looked very fine and imposing, albeit a trifle new, cold, and crude. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that an intelligent observer might have seen Modern Finance in every outline of it.

If the exterior looked rather new, the furniture on the contrary looked very old, or perhaps it would be more proper to say did its very best to look old. Everything had been ordered regardless of expense from upholsterers who had a special gift for the revival of mediævalism. The necessity of conveying ideas compelled scholars, while Latin was still the language of European culture, to introduce a great many mock-Latin words in order to give names to things which were not in existence even when Apuleius wrote. So the genius of these gifted upholsterers had to supply them with mediæval ways of constructing articles of furniture and ornament of

which the Middle Ages knew nothing. The effect was highly pleasing and artistic to those who regarded things with properly-tutored eyes, but to those not so trained it was somewhat angular, uncomfortable, and out of keeping. It gave to the uninitiated something like the sort of impression which might have been produced by the spectacle of a noble guest in armour endeavouring to eat one of Gunter's ices through the bars of his helmet.

The house, however, had a fine library well fitted up, and it was in this library that Christmas Pembroke found himself about five o'clock one March evening several months after the occurrences mentioned in the last chapter. Christmas now was a regular *attaché*, if we may use the expression, of the financial house of which Sir John Challoner was the head, and his special occupation and province was the supplying his chief with ideas and facts on the subject of railway extension in Japan and in the East generally. Into this work Christmas had thrown himself with tremendous energy, and he had developed a great deal of talent and judgment. He worked hard, partly out of gratitude to Sir John, who had been very kind to him, partly because it was his nature to throw his soul and energy into any task he undertook, and partly because in the literal overtaxing of his energies he found the best means of striving against the love which was so hopeless. He was almost becoming used to think of Marie Challoner only as the daughter of his chief, who was soon to marry a man of social rank and to make a figure in society.

Marie herself he had not lately seen. Her father left her with some friends in Paris when he returned from Pau, and during three months or more Pembroke was free of Sir John's house, and was often there, without dread or hope of seeing her. She returned in January, and made for a few weeks some acquaintance with London society, but it so happened that just at that time there were some arrangements to be settled, some people to be seen and talked to, in the North of England, and Sir John entrusted the mission to Christmas. When he returned to London Marie had gone into the country on a short visit to some of the family to which Mr. Vidal belonged, and before she returned Christmas had been sent off somewhere else.

Thus it happened that when Christmas came back to London on this particular evening he assumed that Miss Challoner was still in the country. All the previous night he had sat up writing out a memorandum on one of the special subjects in which he was concerned for Sir John Challoner's use, and he got into the train at the northern town whither he had been despatched about seven in the morning. He reached London at four, and having gone to his chambers he

then set out forthwith for South Kensington, believing that the library there was the most likely place in which to find Sir John at such a time, and eager to show him his work.

Sir John had not come in yet. Christmas, as we have said, was free of the house, and he went into the library to wait for his chief. The lights were burning, there was a cheery fire on the hearth—the whole place looked bright and inviting ; and Christmas sat in a great easy chair, which the spirit of mediævalism had happily permitted to pass in unchallenged, and he began to read over his manuscript again. Perhaps it was the subject ; perhaps it was the style ; perhaps it was the labour of the previous sleepless night ; perhaps all combined, that fell heavily upon the lids and the senses of our young hero. Anyhow, after a while he lay back in the chair, and the manuscript dropped from his hand, and he fell fast asleep. He sank into a confused dream, during which he passed from Japan to Durewoods, and from Durewoods to Saucelito in San Francisco bay, and thence to the City, London, with all the time the rattling and the motion of the London and North Western Railway dinning in his ear. Every now and then, too, Marie Challoner came and looked at him, or from various disguises looked out upon him. Once the floating goddess of his ceiling gazed down upon him with the face and the eyes of Marie Challoner. Then the form of the goddess and all her surroundings faded away, and only the eyes of Marie Challoner remained, and there looked so fixedly, so piercingly into his that in his dream he said to himself if they continued thus to look at him he must awake. And he did awake, and there, sure enough, were Marie Challoner's eyes turned upon him. Before they could change their expression he caught the look of kindness and of something like compassion, and then he sprang up ashamed of having been found asleep.

For Marie had returned home the night before, and had entered the library not knowing that he was there, and saw him asleep in the chair, and could not help looking at him with eyes of kindly interest. He seemed so pale, she thought, and wasted—very handsome, indeed, and far more masculine in appearance than when she saw him last ; but so pale, and even in sleep so earnest and thoughtful ! She did draw near, and even bend a little towards him, noting the lines of his face ; and she, too, was a little embarrassed when he awoke so suddenly.

“ Oh—Miss Challoner !”

She held out her hand. “ I have not seen you this long, long time !” she said.

"I am ashamed of having been found asleep," Christmas said, ordering himself into composure, "but the truth is that I was writing all last night" (he stooped and picked up his manuscript), "and travelling all the day, and I came in here to wait for Sir John Challoner, and so I fell asleep."

"You were writing all night? Are you becoming an author? I should be so glad."

"Oh, no! only doing some work about railways and that kind of thing. You wouldn't care about it. I mean no lady would care about it."

He thrust the manuscript rather confusedly into his pocket.

"You seem to me to have changed a great deal—and in such a short time," said Marie.

"I have been working pretty hard," said Christmas; "and I suppose I grow, as the little French conscript promised to do, in the presence of the enemy."

"Have you heard from Miss Lyle lately? I think of her at this moment because the very last time I saw her she compared *me* to a French conscript going to the war. I remember it well. Now you compare yourself to a conscript in the war."

"I didn't borrow the comparison, however," said Christmas, smiling in rather a constrained way.

"No, I don't mean that; but it is a coincidence, or an omen perhaps. Is real life then actually a sort of war?"

"I suppose so; but I like it."

"You don't work too hard, I hope?"

"No; oh, no. I can stand any quantity of work. It does me good."

"But you were writing all last night. I am afraid you are overworked," she said, kindly, and making a sort of approach to the familiarity of their earlier acquaintanceship.

"You are very kind," Christmas said; "but I am really not at all overworked."

There was a pause. Both were standing. Christmas held the back of the chair in which he had been seated when she came in.

"I hope," Marie said, gently, "that you like papa."

"Nobody ever had a kinder friend," Christmas replied, in a tone of genuine enthusiasm, and much relieved to be able to give full expression to his feelings on any subject. "I thank heaven for having sent me such a friend; and I thank you, too," he added, in a tone of some diffidence.

Marie slightly coloured. "Then you really like him—I am so glad; but I knew you would."

"Like him?" Christmas exclaimed. "I only wish there was something I could do for him, Miss Challoner—or sacrifice for him: and he should see—and you—whether I liked him or not."

"Indeed it makes me happy to hear you say so. You know that he and I have been always alone together, and we are so much attached to each other. And now, up here in the world, I have begun to find out, or to guess, or suspect—I don't know how—that"——

"To suspect what, Miss Challoner?"

"That—well, that papa has enemies; or at least that there are people who don't like him. That seems so strange to me."

"But every one has enemies; every one who is worth anything," Christmas said, with genuine and youthful warmth. "Of course Sir John has enemies! I should be sorry to hear that he hadn't. He has to deal every day with stupidity and cunning and craft and selfishness, and he is determined to be truthful and outspoken and kind in spite of the whole lot of them, and how could he escape having enemies? Why, Miss Challoner, I know that his very kindness to me has made some fellows jealous and angry."

"Has it really? Then I am glad he has enemies—if such things make enemies."

"You may be proud of it. I wish I had the chance of dealing with some of his enemies," said Christmas, pushing away his chair, and throwing out his chest significantly.

"I wish you had," Marie answered, with the brightest smile that had yet come on her face; "and I am delighted to think that he has such a friend. But don't work too hard. I hope we shall see you often. We ought to be very friendly; and we don't seem so friendly as we were. Do we?"

"Don't we?"

"No—I think not. You seem to me older than you were, and changed a little. I don't know how. And you have not ever asked me how I liked my long stay in France—or London life—or anything."

"Have I not? Well, I have not had a great many opportunities. Will you tell me all about it now?"

But at that moment, when they were both softening into something like friendly ease, a servant entered the library and told Miss Challoner that Mr. Vidal had called and was in the drawing-room.

Marie coloured slightly for the second time. "You know Mr. Vidal?" she said, turning to Christmas.

"I see him often. I don't know him very well."

"He is very clever—don't you think?"

"I believe so—he talks very well, and a great deal."

"He is very much liked," Marie said tentatively.

"Liked—by whom, Miss Challoner?"

"By people in general, I mean."

"Yes, I should suppose so," Christmas answered carelessly. "I should think he, now, hasn't any enemies."

"You are mistaken," Marie said warmly. "He is not by any means the frivolous person that some people think him."

"I don't think him frivolous," said Christmas; "on the contrary, I think him very shrewd."

"You say it in an unfriendly sort of way. I have heard it said and read it everywhere that women don't like each other, but I think men don't like each other."

"I can't like people until I know them very well," Christmas said. "What is the good of that kind of liking?"

"I have liked people sometimes without knowing them very well," Dear Lady Disdain replied. "I suppose it is a mistake. Good evening, Mr. Pembroke; I am so glad to have seen you."

She left the room, and Christmas seated himself astride upon a chair and leaned his hands upon its back, and his forehead upon his hands, and gave himself up to torment of thought. He had offended her who was so friendly and good; he had been guilty of the meanness of speaking against the man who perhaps would prove to be her accepted lover. He had been very near betraying his own sad secret, and in any case she must now despise him. What reason had he to sneer at Vidal? Merely because Vidal was rich and of good family, and was loved by her. "Oh, good God!" he groaned audibly—"loved by her!"

Then he sprang from his chair and walked up and down the library, stopping strangely enough every now and then to look at names on the backs of books, and suddenly finding himself thus vacuously engaged, and wondering what he was looking at, and walking up and down the room again. "Oh, but he is not worthy of her," he repeated to himself, trying to cheat himself into the belief that that alone was his reason for disparaging Vidal. "He couldn't appreciate her; it isn't in him. He's a man about town; a man of the world; a speculator for the excitement of making money. He wouldn't care if he ruined half a population so long as he did a clever thing

on the Stock Exchange. Aristocrat? Is that aristocratic—to be a Stock Exchange gambler, and to manage theatres, and to fix the salaries of ballet girls? Talent—culture? Is talking about old teapots and showing women how their milliners ought to make their dresses—is that talent and culture? Yes; he is of society, and he may make love to her, and will marry her I suppose—and I may not even think of her!”

Then he asked himself bitterly what use there would be in thinking of a girl who loved somebody else; and whether it was not handsome conduct on his part towards Sir John Challoner to go on in this way secretly railing at his daughter's accepted lover. “They say it is a fine ennobling thing, love,” he said to himself with grim irony. “I find it so! It's turning me into the meanest, most jealous, most pitiful cad!”

He went quietly out of the library. As he passed into the hall he heard the sound of music coming from the drawing-room; and then the music suddenly stopped, and he heard two or three voices in conversation, one of which was that of Marie. Mr. Vidal, then, was not the only visitor? “What is it to me? what do I care?” he murmured to himself; and he left the house unperceived, glad that not even a servant had seen him.

When he got into the street he walked along for a considerable distance without having any idea of a particular destination or knowing what he meant to do with himself. He had not dined and did not think about dining. He turned into Kensington Gardens, and sat there for a while vacantly observing the lights through the trees in the direction whence he had come, and wondering—after the immemorial fashion of the homeless—whether in all the houses there were any creatures as unhappy as himself. For he felt himself homeless. His heart, his affections, his ambition, had no home. The sight of Marie Challoner that day and the words he had exchanged with her had upset all his system of self-discipline. He had been schooling himself of late into a sort of iron self-control, and had been applying himself to work and to study with a positive ferocity of energy, and he had even begun to fancy himself cured; and five minutes' talk with her—they two alone—had brought his fit again, and banished all his reason. “What *am* I to do?” he asked of his tormented mind. “This can't go on—I could not stand it—I must break down in some way. Should I tell Sir John Challoner all—all—and beg of him to pity me, and let me go back to Japan, and not to tell Miss Lyle—and not to tell Her? No—I'll not do that yet. I'll try to bear it—I'll make myself bear it—I'll cure myself of this madness somehow—anyhow! I'll not give in!”

He jumped up and left Kensington Gardens. He had of late been accustomed to spend his nights in the most eccentric way when he was not working or engaged with Sir John Challoner. He kept absolutely aloof from acquaintances, and his whim was to range London streets in all directions until some far advanced hour of the night. He wandered anywhere, as the fit took him. He turned into a West End theatre, perhaps, and remained there until he was tired of the performance, which was generally very soon; and then, perhaps, he wandered away until he found himself near an East End music saloon, and he went in there and had a little rest, and took to the road again. He spent evenings in the regions round Leicester Square, and supped at French or Italian *restaurants* among conspirators and Communists. Sometimes he explored the haunts of the Italian organ-grinders in the Hatton Garden region. He found himself sometimes, with a sense of old acquaintanceship drawn from his memories of San Francisco, among the Chinese of the low lying regions of the far East End. He talked to anybody and everybody; it relieved him to talk to people he did not know, while he shunned any manner of companionship with any of his acquaintances. He used to walk miles and miles and return quite wearied to his chambers, where, when he lit his lamp, his painted goddess smiled down upon him with her smile of vapid and provoking self-consciousness. These nightly excursions were his only period of anything like rest, his nearest approach to enjoyment. To this had his great holiday in London already come!

This night, however, after he had sat in Kensington Gardens, he did not set out on one of his familiar and purposeless tramps. Some idea seemed to have struck him, and it was then that he jumped up and went his definite way.

Meanwhile Marie Challoner had for her part been disturbed in a vague way by her talk with him. It was strange the sort of barrier which seemed to stand up between them now. A broad distance appeared to have suddenly opened to divide them. What had become of the bright, clever youth, to whom she meant to be so kind, and with whom she had sworn an eternal friendship? Only a few weeks, it seemed to her, had passed since she dreamed that she was made a princess, and that she had given some brilliant appointment to Christmas Pembroke. Now she found that she could hardly even be friendly with him. He was the same surely—and yet not like the same at all. It reminded her of some grim old story she had read—an uncanny story suggestive of shuddering—about a youth who left his home, and after a while there came

a being who said he was the youth, and who looked like him, and knew all the things the youth ought to have known, and could answer every question the youth ought to have answered, and so was accepted by the parents—aye, and even by the sweetheart!—as the wanderer come home. But the exile returned was cold and melancholy, and his presence always had a gloom and a chill about it; his shadow darkened the household hearth; and the dog—his own favourite dog—always so loving and faithful—would not recognise him, or come near him, but growled and shrank away at his approach. In the end it came out that the youth was really dead—lying dead far away, and this gloomy and gruesome visitor was but a spirit of evil who, for some malign purpose, had put on his likeness. Where had she read that uncanny story? Why did she think of such nonsense now? “I am sure I never could have been deceived by any goblin,” she said to herself, putting herself unconsciously for the moment in the place of the sweetheart.

Anyhow the strange and shadowy change in the relationship between herself and her handsome *protégé* of Durewoods—the boy whom she took charge of that first night—puzzled and pained her. She seemed to have lost something that helped to make life friendly and bright. London now appeared to have become very lonely. She went to see her visitors—Mr. Vidal and one of his friends—with a good deal of inward reluctance, and she never listened with less interest to Vidal’s talk or his music, and she was very glad when they had gone. Then she passed the library door and looked in, and seeing no one there she went in, and resolved to wait there for her father. He always sat there for a while before dinner.

She had not long to wait, for Sir John Challoner presently came in, and she rose with her light vigorous movement—the healthful, energetic movement which fathers gladden to see—and ran to meet him.

“Mr. Pembroke has been here, papa.”

“He has returned, then? He often comes and reads here. At least he has often done so. Was Ronald Vidal?”

“Yes, he has just gone; and Mr. Lycett”——

“Lycett of the Foreign Office?”

“Yes, he who dined here one day lately.”

“Oh yes, young Lycett. How do you like him, Marie?”

“Very well—I think.”

“I don’t see anything in him, Marie. Vidal thinks a great deal of him. His father is a man of some brains; but I confess I don’t see much in the son.”

Marie's thoughts were not in young Mr. Lycett evidently. Suddenly she said—

“Don't you think he has greatly changed, papa?”

“Who, my dear?”

“Mr. Pembroke. He doesn't seem like the same being to me—the same that he was when we first knew him.”

“Well, Marie, he has become a man of business since then—and a very good man of business too, and we grow solemn down in the City you know. Men's minds are kept on the strain there, and boys soon turn into men.”

“But it never seems to have any of that effect upon you, nor upon Mr. Vidal. You are always cheerful; and he is always full of talk and spirits and nonsense.”

“I am an old soldier, Marie, and used to it—I take things coolly now. Vidal is only, after all, a sort of volunteer on the staff—he hasn't any sense of responsibility. He only goes into financial matters for the amusement of the thing, to occupy himself. But it is different with our young friend Pembroke.”

“Why is it so different with him?”

“To begin with, he is new to the thing, and of course he throws his soul into it strenuously—you should see how terribly earnest he can be where business is concerned. He has often sat up all night writing out a memorandum which would have been in time enough a week after.”

“Yes; he told me he had been writing all last night.”

“Just so; I never saw any young fellow who could so completely bury himself in business. Then, you know, he has his way to make, Marie. He must get money, dear, and he has the good sense to know it. Young fellows don't usually acknowledge any such necessity—think it unpoetic and unromantic, I dare say—as you do, Marie, in your secret heart—confess.”

“I have not thought much about it. I suppose it has to be done. Then that bright, poetic boy is changing already into a grim and grasping money-maker? I am so sorry—I liked him so much. Is money worth all that—is life worth it?”

“My dear child, if you were a man you would find—and indeed you'll find it soon enough, although a woman—that when people of spirit and energy go into a game they play it to win. They play to win! They can't help it.”

“So Mr. Vidal always says. I am sorry—I think I could keep out of such a game.”

“Keep out of it—perhaps. I don't say you might not do that,

Marie ; but once having gone in, you can't keep from playing your very best."

"And that is what *he* has come to already—so soon! I never could have expected that! It was I, papa, was it not, who first begged of you to put Mr. Pembroke in the way to make a career for himself? I wish I hadn't done so—I do indeed! What is the making of some money in comparison to the free, fresh life he has left behind? I would rather live on next to nothing and look at the world like Dione Lyle from a balcony, and love the sunshine and the trees, and the stars and the poets, and have delicious dreams of something better than all this—and be happy and poor."

"You never were poor, my dear," Sir John said, smiling at her earnestness; "and I suspect that he was—as I was. Dione Lyle moralises poetically over life with a substantial balance at her banker's, I dare say. Besides, Marie—to tell you the full truth, dear—you mustn't blame our hard City ways for all the change that you may see in young Pembroke. There are other emotions which impel young men to make money besides the accursed thirst for gold, my dear."

"Oh, yes; I know. Ambition, of course—the central sun of everybody's universe now I believe."

"No, Marie; not *that*. Ambition, I fancy, our young friend rather renounces."

"Then what is it, dear?"

"A handsome, impressionable youth of three-and-twenty; and you ask what is his prevailing emotion! I thought you read poetry, Marie, and that you still made use of our subscription to Mudie's."

Sir John looked quietly but very attentively at his daughter. She did certainly colour a little and her eyes drooped, but no girl of her age hears any allusion to love without some such passing tribute. She looked up immediately and answered almost as if carelessly—

"Oh, that is the cause then? The sweet youth's in love! I never thought of that. He always seemed to me so like a mere boy."

"I believe there is something of the kind going on, Marie. I don't pay much attention to these things, and people don't consult me very often about them; but I believe there is something. Mrs. Seagraves has hinted to me, as I dare say she will to you, dear."

"I dare say she will. Is she herself the object of his vows?"

"Nonsense, Marie."

"Really I didn't know. Who is the lady? Do I know her—is her name a secret?"

"I don't suppose there is any secret about it. You don't know her, though you may have seen her. Did you ever hear of Miss Sybil Jansen?"

"Sybil Jansen?—oh, yes; a woman who makes speeches at meetings? But that can't be—that is too ridiculous! Isn't she very old? and doesn't she wear spectacles and brandish a cotton umbrella?"

"She is very young and pretty I am told, and she has bewitched our young Japanese. So they say at least. I needn't tell you, Marie, that this is not to be spoken of or hinted at by you."

"Papa! As if I would"——

"Well, dear, you girls don't always know, I suppose, what you would or would not, and so it is right to give you a word of warning in time. I need hardly say that I don't like this poor young fellow to take up with a girl like that, but he hasn't breathed a word to me as yet. I dare say he will soon—if there is anything in it."

"And what will you say if he does?"

"I shall give him just the same advice as if he were my own son. I shall tell him that I think he is too young to marry, and that he ought to secure a position for himself first, and give himself time, and see if he knows his own mind. I shall tell him frankly that to marry a girl with such opinions and such a kind of distinction around her will be practically the sacrifice of all his social prospects. You can't drag a woman like that into good society—it's out of the question."

"But if he—if he cares about her," Marie asked, with hesitancy, and without looking at her father—"if he thinks her worth such a sacrifice—it is not much surely. Why should he care about society?"

"Very good. If he understands the sacrifice, and is willing to make it, that is enough; but he ought to be told plainly what it is—he doesn't know anything about English life."

"And if he should persevere—if he really does care about her—that would not change you to him, papa? You would not cease to be his friend? I certainly should not."

"No, dear. He may marry whom he will for me."

"You don't mean that you don't care—that you will take no interest in him after?"

"No, Marie. He shall have my friendship always—and yours, I hope. Any woman he marries shall be received by me."

"And by me," Marie said, emphatically. "I don't care what her opinions are, or whether she makes speeches. I shall like her

because of him—at least I shall try to like her.” The last words she spoke rather sadly.

“So shall I. But we can only speak for ourselves, dear; and you won’t always be able to speak even for yourself, I suppose. Well, there is the story. Give it an understanding; but no tongue! Keep it to yourself until I remove the bar of silence and secrecy; and now go and dress for dinner. You see that the City isn’t all to blame if young men grow a little grave and pale sometimes.”

“I should like to see her,” said Marie, thoughtfully. “Can’t we get to see her?” She meant Miss Jansen.

“Easily—if you care to go to one of Mrs. Seagraves’ Sunday afternoons.”

“I don’t much care for Mrs. Seagraves. She is too ridiculous. She doesn’t even amuse me any more. But I like her brother, for all his nonsense about kings and divine right; and I hope he won’t get himself killed in Spain. Do you know, papa, I think if Captain Cameron were to ask me to marry him I should have to say yes.”

“My dear, how can you talk in that way?”

“Yes, I think I should have to accept him. Could you give him a hint, dear? Would it be proper?”

“Marie! I don’t like to hear you talk such nonsense. What do you mean?”

“Women are not generally supposed to have much meaning, I believe, in what they say. But I have some meaning too. I think Captain Cameron is the only real man I know—of the unmarried I mean. He seems to have some purpose in life fit for a man—he has not surrendered his existence to the making of money—or the chasing of butterflies.”

“Butterflies, Marie?”

“Silly and frivolous tastes, then. I don’t know which I dislike the more, the work or the play of the agreeable gentlemen whom we count among our friends. In their business moods they are precocious usurers: in their hours of idleness they are ladies’-maids a little overgrown.”

Sir John looked up at his daughter in some surprise. He had always encouraged her to talk out her mind as she pleased. And he had often seen her in satirical moods. But she seemed more bitterly in earnest now than was usual with her.

“I should have known even if you hadn’t told me of Vidal’s being here to-day, Marie.”

“Indeed, dear! How should you have known it?”

“By your outburst against frivolous youth. I suppose he was

trying to amuse you after his own fashion. I really must let him know what a wise young person we have here, and recommend him to keep his levities for young ladies of feebler mould."

"I think they would suit old ladies still better, papa. I don't know anybody who would make a better attendant for a careful old maid of quality with a taste for discoloured laces and cracked china."

Sir John Challoner never lost his temper, and would not let even his daughter see that he could be annoyed by anything a woman could say. For though he adored his daughter, as his daughter, he no more considered her a creature equal to man than a lady who loves her toy-terrier believes that toy-terriers stand in the order of creation as high as West End ladies.

"You don't understand Vidal yet, my dear," he said, kindly. "I don't wonder. His is a very complex character—women don't readily make it out. But you will see some day—before long I hope—that he has something in him."

Marie ventured no farther then, and was sorry she had ventured so far. She went to dress for dinner, feeling miserably out of humour with the world, and not knowing why. She sat for a long time listless in her room, thinking what a stupid thing life was, and how mean people's pursuits and ambitions seemed to be, and moralising over existence in general, as young men and women always do when they are unwilling to confess to themselves that it is only some particular existence which concerns them. Many things, however, she acknowledged to herself had disappointed her. She was sorry that *he* too should be going in for the making of money—that he too was going to turn out like all the rest—"he too" being Christmas Pembroke; for she really had liked him always, she saw. Mr. Vidal's conversation had been especially out of tune with her mood that day, and she did not like to hear her father lay such stress on the necessity of making money. She used to hear but little of such talk from him at Durewoods. She began to have a shadowy, half-acknowledged idea, that her father making holiday at Durewoods was a different person from Sir John Challoner the successful financier in his ordinary life in London.

Besides—for she was a very clever girl, with eyes of keen intelligence—she began to think that people in general did not respect her father as she respected him—for the qualities which she desired to respect in him. She did not like the way in which Ronald Vidal commonly spoke to him, or of him. The young man greatly *admired* Sir John, and looked up to him evidently, but only as an

eager young adventurer looks up to a master in the craft. That was not the sort of admiration Marie would have wished to see. In a vaguer way, too, her womanly susceptibility to slight impressions, and her womanly observation of trifling shades of difference between one thing and another, were teaching her already somewhat of the lesson which Sir John Challoner himself had frankly explained to Christmas—that a man with plenty of money may be in society without exactly being of it. All these thoughts were pressing on her when she suddenly and unexpectedly came upon Christmas Pembroke in the library that day, and while his changed appearance and his seeming growth of years repressed her and kept her at a distance, she felt her heart open warmly to him as he spoke with such generous devotion of her father. Here at least, she thought, is genuine friendship and real sympathy—here is, thank heaven, an unspoiled human heart. And now, behold, he too was grubbing in the City for money like the rest; and he was in love with a girl who screamed on platforms for Woman's Rights! Against such trials that day Dear Lady Disdain could at first find no rampart but in her disdain. She seemed to be in a fair way now of earning her nickname.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEEKING A PLIANT HOUR.

WAS Sir John Challoner then mistaken when he believed that in his daughter's eyes and nature he could read the evidence of a slumbering spirit of ambition and energy which could be aroused and made to play with fervour the game which has social success for its stake? Was Dione Lyle mistaken? Was Ronald Vidal, who was of society and knew life, and who really admired the girl, and believed that if she would marry him she could be trained into making him a splendid wife? As a younger son Vidal was determined to marry for money, and had long looked about among Manchester manufacturers and Liverpool merchant princes for a presentable daughter, content even with such a prospect; and he now sprang with eagerness at the chance of so handsome and brilliant a girl as Marie Challoner. Were these all mistaken in believing that she had spirit and ambition? Was she really made by Nature only to be a happy shepherdess of Arcadian Durewoods?

Probably they were not mistaken. But Sir John Challoner perhaps was unwise when he sounded the praises and the glories of ambition too much in advance. Everybody knows how a prudent mother secures her son against captivation at the hands

of some pretty girl who is likely to be thrown in his way. She praises and puffs the girl so much in anticipation, and so excites his curiosity and eagerness about her, that when at length he sees her he is certain to be disappointed. Sir John Chaloner had piqued and roused Marie's expectations too much on the subject of Ambition. When she saw it she was disappointed. It seemed a poor thing, such ambition as he could show her. She had seen very little of London society as yet, but she was quick to form impressions, and she was disappointed. If her father had been a great Parliamentary leader and had eminent public men around him Marie would probably have warmed to the large and thrilling game of life in which they were engaged. If he had been in the centre of a circle of literature and art, and she had listened to the talk of historians and poets and novelists and painters, she might have felt the ambition to be the queen or the princess of such a coterie. But Sir John's Parliamentary colleagues were only men who used the House of Commons as a place in which to push their various "interests." The one or two peers who came on familiar terms to Sir John's dinner-table were promoted bankers. Ronald Vidal's father had not yet been persuaded to give his presence. The ambition was an ambition to push financial and railway schemes, and to make money. The people seemed to Marie stupid, the "interests" peddling and vulgar. Even when she still almost shrank from the expectation, she had expected something infinitely finer and more nobly-alluring than this. The very house they lived in, which Sir John believed to be imposing and superb, impressed her with a sense of something crude, false, and almost vulgar.

Sir John said well when he said to her "You never were poor, and I was." Mere costliness did not impress her as it still impressed him. She had always seen money freely spent around her, and she never thought about it. Done Lyle's little house at Durewoods charmed her with its picturesqueness and its serene artistic taste, but her father's great new mansion in Kensington chilled her almost from the first. If every one is born either an Aristotelian or a Platonist, so everybody, be he king or be he cobbler, is born of the artist or the *bourgeois* class. Marie was of the former class as her father was of the latter, and she could not help looking on all things in life, great and little, from the artistic point of view. The career which her present life seemed to open to woman's ambition had nothing picturesque or thrilling—in a word, nothing artistic about it.

All this produced its effect upon her mind, and its effect, combined with still newer things, shaped itself in thoughts more or less

distressing and melancholy as she was dressing for dinner on that day while Christmas Pembroke was devouring his way through London streets and thinking of her. One thought was perhaps uppermost in her mind, the idea that she at least would be a friend to any girl whom Christmas Pembroke loved. More than once the tears came into the generous eyes of Dear Lady Disdain as she determined on doing heroic things to befriend that pair and make them happy. How very happy he must be, she thought, to have found the one he loves so soon, and to be loved by her. And she too—she must be very happy and must love him. “I will tell her,” thought Dear Lady Disdain, “some day—how *I* liked him—from the very first.”

Generous resolves within ourselves beget generous construction of others. Marie began to believe that Christmas was really working in the City only for his love, and not for mere greed of money-making. She softened towards him and she became more and more anxious to see Miss Sybil Jansen.

Sir John had two or three heavy men and their wives to dine that day, and they went away early, and then he took his daughter to an evening party. Mr. Vidal was there, and was looking very handsome and bright, and was talking to everybody. He soon found his way to Marie's side, and seemed anxious to make himself conspicuous by his attentions to her.

Suddenly Marie broke in upon some criticism he was offering upon the music to which she had not been listening—

“Mr. Vidal—you know everybody. Do you know a lady—a Miss Sybil Jansen?”

“Sybil Jansen? Oh, yes, certainly. I have met her often.”

“Indeed. Then you know her?”

“You say I know everybody! I have met Miss Jansen at one or two places. She is a sort of person whom some people take up, you know. You must go to the right place to meet her. People who like curiosities and so on sometimes make a point of paying her some attention. You wouldn't meet her here.”

“Is she pretty, or is she clever? Tell me something about her.”

“She is pretty in a sort of way. She has nice eyes and teeth, I think—a pale little girl; very young, and with her little head turned rather by self-conceit and the notion that she has a mission.”

“She makes speeches—does she speak well?”

“Yes, I think so—for that sort of thing. I don't care about women's speeches—in public I mean, Miss Challoner. She talks like a little whirlwind: would give you a headache to hear much of it I should think.”

"Did you ever tell her what you thought of her speaking?"

"Well, no; not exactly. That would be rather rude, wouldn't it? I haven't quite the courage of old Lady Jervis—the old woman; mother of the young fellow Sir Dudley Jervis, *you* know."

"No, I don't know; but what did she do?"

"She took a liking to hear little Sybil, and got some one to take her to a lecture somewhere. When it was over somebody offered to present Miss Sybil, and the old lady blandly consented. So the poor girl was brought up, and Lady Jervis calmly studied her through her eyeglass, and then said 'Miss Jansen, if you were my daughter I'd whip you and send you to bed!'"

"What a detestable and cruel old woman! Yet I don't know that it was not better to speak in that way than to praise the poor girl to her face—oh, I know from what you have said that you did praise her to her face!—and then make a jest of her. I suppose she is very much in earnest. I think now that I should like her."

"No, you wouldn't care about her."

"I mean to see her and to make her acquaintance for all that."

"That will be easily done if you really wish to know her and Sir John doesn't object. But I don't think he cares much about speech-making women, does he?"

"Speech-making women seem to you a class something like dancing dogs," said Marie.

"Well, Dr. Johnson did make some sort of comparison like that, didn't he?" Vidal asked.

Marie dropped the conversation, or, indeed, to describe matters more properly, shook it off. It offended her to hear any earnest attempt of an enthusiastic woman talked of in such a manner. "I had rather a thousand times be a man who could fall in love with her," she thought, "than a man who could only laugh at her. Why should she be laughed at? She is trying to do some good in the world: and *I* am not. She has some purpose in living beyond making money and getting into society. I don't see any other purpose in most of the people I know."

Perhaps if Ronald Vidal had greatly praised Miss Jansen, Marie might have been more inclined to doubt her mission and her merits. But with all his supposed knowledge of women Mr. Vidal went wrong in assuming that every girl likes to hear other girls spoken of with contempt. He quite misunderstood Marie Challoner at all events, for she always had the generous weakness which inclines one to defend the assailed even without much inquiry into the *merits* of the question. If the nature of woman always loves to

exercise itself in contradiction, as people say, the contradiction which Dear Lady Disdain found herself tempted to indulge in was only that which speaks up for the weak or the unpopular.

Ronald Vidal saw that he had not quite pleased Marie by his criticism of Miss Jansen, whom he would have praised with the greatest readiness if he had known that it would give her any gratification. He was a good-natured young man, who never cared to injure anybody; but he generally found that conversations are more freely carried on by means of censure than by means of praise. His active mind seeking everywhere for knowledge of persons, had led him to where Miss Jansen was to be heard—and of course he took care to be presented to her, and no doubt he had praised her to her face and disparaged her (he was not much given to laughter, and had very little sense of humour) behind her back. But it is only fair to say that he would have pointed out the defects of his own sister with equal openness. Marie Challoner was probably the only woman who impressed him with any sense of genuine respect and admiration. He greatly enjoyed talking scandal to other women, as he liked time-bargains with men or chaff with actresses; but he came to Marie always with better hopes and topics.

This night he had evidently had the hint which Sir John Challoner promised to give him. He left Marie discreetly for awhile after the talk about Miss Jansen, but he contrived to come near her again before long.

“So glad to find you again,” he said; and he managed to intercept others who were near her. “I have something to tell you—stay, here is a chair—in this quiet corner.”

Marie was afraid perhaps that she had been a little abrupt in the matter of Miss Jansen, and she welcomed him with a propitiatory smile, and took the chair which he was offering to her.

“I am going to do something at last,” he said—“something definite I mean. I think you will approve of it. I am going to start upon a regular career in public life.”

“Oh! I am very glad; I think you are doing quite right. Every man of talent ought to do something of the kind.”

“Thank you,” he said, much more warmly than the implied compliment deserved, and evidently determined to make the most of it. “Thank you! you are very kind and encouraging. Yes, there is an opening—did you hear them talking of it to-night?—in Lord Barbican’s borough—and there would be a chance for some one who would come boldly forward on thoroughly independent principles, and try to get the seat out of the hands of the insufferable Barbican

family. One runs a risk and makes enemies of course ; but I don't care. You see it's this way"——

And then he drew a chair beside her, and began to give her an account of how Lord Barbican and his family had for generations domineered over the borough, and how there was a good chance now, with the ballot, of wresting the representation from them, if a really independent candidate came forward who was not afraid of the Barbicans. Every woman warms to the prospect of a combat, and feels some interest in the champion who runs most risk ; and Vidal soon saw a sparkle of ambition and encouragement in Marie's eye. Before he had talked to her very long she began to regard the borough as a sort of Andromeda, Lord Barbican as a devouring sea-monster, and the handsome Ronald Vidal as a rescuing Perseus. He did certainly look very handsome, and he talked, she thought, very eloquently. Perhaps she had really then misunderstood and undervalued him. Perhaps the levity was but the indolence of a gallant spirit waiting for its opportunity. Perhaps it was once more a Sardanapalus rushing from his revel to the battle, or Prince Hal renouncing Eastcheap to offer challenge to Harry Hotspur. Marie's rather vague ideas of political contests happily enabled her to contemplate the coming struggle for Lord Barbican's borough with other eyes than those of an election agent.

"I thought you would approve of this," he said, in a low appealing tone.

"Mr. Vidal, it gives me great pleasure"——

"I have been thinking of it this long time, and especially since that first day when we walked up the hill among the trees at Durewoods. Do you remember?"

"I remember the walk," Marie answered, a little pleased, despite of herself, to know that he remembered it.

"Well, we talked then of political life and ambition, and you seemed to encourage my desire to make some sort of a name for myself in politics."

"Did I? That was very rash of me, Mr. Vidal, for I knew nothing about political life then, and I know very little now. Did I really venture to give any opinion?"

"Indeed you did! I have not forgotten it. And from that moment I determined to show you that perhaps I deserved a better opinion than you had of me."

"But please don't say that! If I was so rash as to urge you to anything, it was only, I suppose, because I had a better opinion of you than you had of yourself."

"Thank you—thank you. I'll do my best. I'll have your good opinion if I can. I'll win my spurs. The truth is, Challoner spoiled me—your father spoiled me!"

"I am sorry to hear that my father has spoiled anybody!"

"I don't mean seriously, of course; but he has such a head for business and finance and all that; and he always told me I had too: and he is such a thorough man of the world, you know; and has such a tongue that he can make people do whatever he likes. I never saw such a fellow to talk people over as Challoner is. Never, I give you my word."

Certainly this was not the sort of panegyric which Marie would have cared to hear pronounced upon her father.

"I know so little of these things," she said, rather coldly. "I always lived so much out of the world down at Durewoods. My father always appeared to me in so different a light! I don't recognise him in your praise even, Mr. Vidal."

"Of course," said Vidal, "our fathers always appear to us in an ideal light. It's a merciful dispensation of Providence. We could never get on if we regarded our fathers and mothers as ordinary human beings. But you must not mind my nonsense, Miss Challoner."

"I don't mind it at all, Mr. Vidal."

By these words Marie probably meant to say that she knew she ought not to mind it, and that she would not mind it if she could. But she did mind it for all that. It jarred heavily on her feelings, and even on her nerves. Was this, then, the character which her father bore—the character of a pushing, plausible, grasping man of the world? It was not thus she thought of him when they read together and rambled in the lanes together at Durewoods, and when out of the vague hints she had heard of his early acquaintanceship with Miss Lyle she had woven together the threads, faint and light as if spun from sunbeams, of some romantic story in which he must have played a noble, heroic part. Even if it was all only Vidal's nonsense it hurt her to hear such nonsense spoken of her father.

Vidal could not make much further way that night. Passing through one of the rooms presently he met Sir John Challoner.

"I say, Challoner, look here," he said, and he drew him into a corner. "I've been putting my foot in it with your daughter."

"Indeed? What have you been saying?"

"Well, she was very kind, and I was telling her of all my plans, and, by Jove, I never saw her so friendly to me—when in an evil

hour I began to excuse myself by saying that it was you who drew me into money affairs and all that, and that you were so clever a man of the world"—

"Well?"

"She didn't seem to like it at all. I thought if I could put the blame on you it would be all right—that she would excuse me all the more readily, and of course you wouldn't care. But she grew quite cold and distant at the bare suggestion that you weren't exactly like that particular one of King Arthur's Knights who found the Holy Grail."

"Marie has a very high opinion of me, Vidal."

"But I say—you know—what an absurd idea it is to bring up one's children with the notion that one is a sort of divine being. That sort of thing must burst up one day or other, you know. I can assure you I never had any such idea of my father, although there could hardly be a better man of his kind. Anyhow, Challoner, you ought to have warned me beforehand that I was to think of you as a Bayard of Whitehall and a Fenelon of Lombard Street, and I'd have done my best to cheat myself into the delusion."

"You don't understand women yet," Sir John said with his quiet smile. "Women are not to be studied merely by sitting next to them at dinner parties, or waltzing in a crowd or composing the quarrels of rival actresses, Vidal."

"I wish I understood your daughter a little better. She's the only woman I know who is worth the understanding."

"You must make allowance for her country bringing up," Sir John said with the slightest possible flavour of sarcasm in his tone. "You don't often meet such girls, Vidal. But in any case you ought to know that women don't as a rule care to look at things as they are, but only as they would like to think them. Even if a woman knew in her secret heart that somebody—her father if you like in certain cases—was not an ideal personage, she would always prefer to have him presented to her as if he were."

"I suppose that's true," said Vidal. "In any case it's advice I shall act upon for the future. But, good heavens! to think of a clever, quick girl of to-day having such ideas about her father!"

"It is absurd," Sir John said, smiling in his peculiar way; "but they are only children, you know, Vidal. Men of brains, like you and me, must humour their pretty little ways."

"I only hope I haven't made an utter mess of it."

"Oh, no; I don't fancy it can be quite irretrievable. I'll do my best by restoring myself to restore you too."

So they parted for the hour.

CHAPTER XV.

HYPATIA AT HOME.

SYBIL JANSEN lodged in a quiet street which branched off from a considerable thoroughfare in the West Centre of London. The houses there had been spacious mansions occupied by people of quality in other days, but had come gradually down in the world. Professor Huxley has expressed some regret, in one of his lectures, that we have not in our society, along with the arrangements which enable meritorious and gifted persons to rise from lowly state to high, some mechanism to facilitate or cause the regular descent of the unmeritorious and ungifted from high estate to low. It is a pity that the defect is not supplied, if only that we might be allowed periodically to watch the edifying spectacle of the deserving and the undeserving person passing each other, as in an ascending and a descending bucket, the one mounting heavenward to Belgravia, the other mournfully going down for his sins to New Cross. Some such process may, however, be observed in our streets and houses. There the descent in the social scale may be watched by the easiest observer. The house sinks in the street; then the street sinks in the quarter; then the quarter sinks in the city. Only it is hard to trace out the moral. What were the sins that doomed the house, the street, the quarter, where Miss Sybil Jansen lived to go down in the social rank—what the virtues which earned for South Kensington its title to go up?

Most of the houses in this street had their lower floors occupied by solicitors, doctors, or dentists. The upper rooms divided themselves among lodgers. Thus the houses still kept up a sort of dignified appearance of being offices and chambers; not hack London lodging-houses. A good many artists lodged in that quarter, and the passer-by occasionally met some brown-cheeked Roman women with gold earrings and snowy chemisettes, with supple forms and superb walk, who were the models for peasantry of the Campagna to the rising pencils of the region. Not far was the British Museum, whence flowed after four o'clock each afternoon a stream of readers and students of both sexes, alike rather careless of dress, and alike for the most part somewhat ungainly of figure. Not all, however, were careless of dress or ungainly of figure, for Miss Sybil Jansen read in the Museum, and her pretty face, slender form, and artistic dressing were the admiration of many a student of the one sex, and the envy of many even among the most learned of the other.

It was in the British Museum that the acquaintance between Sybil Jansen and Christmas, begun in Mrs. Seagraves' drawing-room, had ripened into something like friendship, at least on his side. Miss Jansen had gone in for renovating the world on the basis of free opinions and the equality of the sexes. She hugged to her heart and often repeated to herself the statement in which the feelings of George Eliot's latest heroine had just been set forth—viz., that when any good was to be done for anybody, the heroine would have thought any allusion to the sex of the person concerned wholly irrelevant. Miss Jansen told herself in the fullest and purest good faith that where friendship, beneficence, and a good cause were concerned, a question of sex was irrelevant. If the question did not actually become irrelevant the moment it was philosophically proclaimed to be so that was no fault of Miss Jansen. Much more pretentious and important schemes of philosophy than hers have been founded on the principle of calling things irrelevant which yet prove themselves every now and then to have a sad and unalterable relevancy to our life. This principle of Miss Jansen's is only mentioned here to explain the readiness with which the young Hypatia struck up a friendly league with our hero and walked often in his company of evenings from the British Museum to her own door. Sybil thought no harm, and neither surely did our often preoccupied youth of the gloomy brow. He was lonely, and her frank friendship pleased him. There was a good deal sympathetic between them. He was now a little at odds with the world, and so she seemed to be. Some things had gone wrong with him; to her the whole scheme of the universe seemed out of gear. He was unhappy, and certainly Sybil Jansen was not happy.

She had often asked him to pass a few hours of the evening with her and her mother, and he meant some time to accept the invitation. He had once or twice entered the house with her, and had been greatly pleased with his reception in his simple boyish way. He had not seen her now for many days (so far astray was Sir John Challoner in his conjecture), and he had hardly thought of her in his work and his rushing hither and thither. As he looked across Kensington Gardens this night he suddenly thought of her, and he resolved to go and see her. "They are friendly to me," he thought—and observe that even in his thought it was "they," not "she"—"and I think they would be glad to see me—nobody else cares particularly in London that I know of." In this mood he made his way—a pretty long way—to the street where Miss Jansen lived; and he saw lights in the windows, and the elderly woman who opened

the door and took general care of the offices and apartments told him that she believed Mrs. and Miss Jansen were at home, and would he walk up, please? For this was no lodging-house, be it understood, with a common servant to wait on everybody. This was a collection of offices, chambers, and apartments, and the elderly housekeeper who took charge of the concern in general had nothing to do with admitting you or piloting you into any particular department of the building. You went your way and knocked at whatever door on whatever floor you wanted—almost as if you were in Paris; and you could not possibly be so lost to all impression of dignity as to suppose you were in an ordinary and commonplace Bloomsbury lodging-house.

So our youth found his way up a broad and very dimly lighted stair until he came to the floor on which the Jansens lived. He had been there before in company with Miss Sybil; that is, when he had escorted her home—or walked with her, for she did not care about escort—he had gone upstairs with her once or twice, as has been said, and had been presented to her mother. He had learned or inferred from Miss Jansen's conversation that they lived on some very small income which had remained to her mother, aided by Sybil's own hard work in translating for publishers, doing occasional magazine articles, and delivering lectures. One of Miss Jansen's faiths or dreams was that when women got the suffrage they would be able to command for their literary and other work reward equal to that of men. Christmas had mildly endeavoured to question with this hope, but had little success. He thought now, as he ascended the half-lighted stair, that Sybil's dreams were hardly to be wondered at, and that it would be cruel to deny her the pleasure of hope.

He tapped at their door, and a servant told him the ladies were in, conducted him across a small passage to the door of a room which was dark, scraped a match and lighted a lamp in the room, showed him in, then asked him his name, did not wait for his card, and disappeared apparently in some bewilderment.

Christmas was left for a few moments to occupy himself in looking over the books and papers which lay on the table. The word "Scrap-book" in gilt letters on one volume attracted his attention, and he wondered much how a young lady of Miss Jansen's vigorous and exalted turn of mind could care for a trivial and feminine compilation of that kind. He opened the scrap-book and found that it contained only a collection of cuttings from newspapers referring to the lectures and the speeches of Miss Sybil Jansen.

There was a melancholy interest in this poor little collection of criticisms. No journal of which Christmas had ever heard the name before had honoured the young Hypatia with a notice. But the *Peckham Chronicle* compared her to Corinna; the *Deptford and Isle of Dogs Gazette* said she reminded him of Sappho; the *Woman's Champion* declared that Miss Jansen was the priestess of a new gospel. There were pages and yards of this sort of thing cut out with scrupulous neatness, and preserved as though they were works of art. A feeling of compassion came up in Christmas's mind, as he thought of the poor girl trying to feed her heart on this sort of food, and believing that the voice of the *Deptford and Isle of Dogs Gazette* was fame. Fame itself, wise people say, is incense that only godlike hearts can feed upon without withering into atrophy; but fancy a sham-fame, the dulled reflection of a soap-bubble in a cracked glass!

While Christmas was thinking over these things there entered the young Hypatia herself. She was dressed gracefully and simply as was her wont—in black silk, high to the throat and short at the ankle. She looked very pale and very pretty, and in the dimly-lighted room she gave the idea to Christmas that she was all eyes. She entered the room in the dubious way of one who expects to meet a stranger, and then recognising Pembroke, a very wave of welcoming expression passed over her face—

"Mr. Pembroke! Now this *is* kind, and I am *so* glad to see you;" and she emphasised words here and there in her energetic little way; "but I had no idea it was you. Our new servant bungled over your name. Mamma will be so glad to see you"

"I have long been promising myself the pleasure of coming to see you," said Christmas, "but I have been a good deal out of town lately."

"You have just come in time for tea. I see you were looking over my notices. I ought not to have left that book out."

"Was I wrong in reading it? Surely not?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that; but it looks like vanity; and men always say we women are vain. It is not vanity, however, Mr. Pembroke—at least, in my case. I am not vain, but I hope I care for the cause which I represent; and any praise given to me must be of service to that. So you have been reading some of the notices? Some of them are very good; are they not? I wonder if you happened to read what the *Trumpet of Putney* said. Will you call me vain if I show it to you and ask you just to glance at it?"

She took the book from him with her nervous quivering hands,

and fluttered its pages over until she found the citation from the *Trumpet of Putney*. Christmas's heart sank as he glanced over it. It was an enthusiastic suburban reporter's rhapsody written in penny-a-line English, no word under three syllables, and the adjectives generally applied inaccurately. It spoke of Miss Jansen's talents as "transcendental," and said that her voice was as "potential" as it was musical. Yet this girl, of much talent and considerable culture, admired it and was delighted with it.

"I cried with joy when I read that first," she said. "It is too much praise, perhaps, you think ; but I welcomed it as a sign that men were at last beginning to do justice to women. You don't feel with us, I know ; and I am sorry for it, and I don't understand it. The generosity of your instincts ought to bring you to us."

"I haven't studied the question much, so count me as neutral, Miss Jansen."

"No. You can't be neutral. You must declare for right or wrong—for truth or falsehood. No, no ; you are under some influence—the influence of some woman, I know, who persuades you that we are unwomanly. Oh, how we suffer from these cold creatures of society—these traitresses to their own cause !"

Miss Sybil's eyes gleamed, and her breast heaved, and her little thin fingers closed as if around the hilt of some weapon wherewith to pierce the hearts of her treacherous sisters.

"Come," she said, suddenly changing her tone, and removing, or rather snatching, the book of criticisms from Pembroke's hand ; "you don't care about all this sort of thing I know, and I am only boring you to no purpose. I don't want to be a mere bore, Mr. Pembroke ; but if you knew how much I think about these things ! Come into the other room. Mamma will be delighted to see you. She likes you so much ; and we will give you some tea."

Her voice sounded gratefully in Christmas's ears. He was glad to be where he knew that he was welcome, and he had been growing into a passionate liking for poor young, lonely Sybil, with her futile aspirations and her barren ambition and her morbid susceptibility. He had never before met any one so terribly in earnest.

Sybil led him across the little passage, and into a room where her mother and she usually spent their evenings. It was a large old-fashioned room, very neatly kept, and furnished in a style which, to a quick and observant eye, would have told a somewhat pathetic story. There was, for example, a superb old-fashioned piano, and there was a beautiful little ebony table, old-fashioned too ; and there were two or three fine portraits in oil which had been done by a

good hand, and had cost money in their time. But the carpet was of the newest and cheapest kind, the chairs unmistakably suggested a second-hand shop and "This Cheap Drawing-room Set"—the mirror over the chimney-piece had beyond doubt once been marked with its price in chalk in the front of some small auctioneer's store; the little time-piece was evidently of similar origin. The same discrepancy was in the books. There were two or three very fine and costly old editions, and there were many of the very cheapest of modern reprints, with their thin paper and their small over-worked type. Everything bore evidence of scrupulous neatness and of refined taste. The story told itself. The Jansens had once had money, and now they were poor.

Mrs. Jansen was a feeble and wasted woman, with a manner of somewhat faded and old-fashioned elegance, like that of one who, long withdrawn from society, had fallen behind the ways of the present. She was dressed with much greater effort at elegance than her daughter, and might have passed off in dim light, or to not very keen eyes, as up to the fashion in evening costume. She gave Christmas a cordial welcome and a kind smile. She would be very glad to have the monotony of her life brightened occasionally by the visit of an intelligent and agreeable young man; and if she had any dim, undefined thought deep down in her maternal bosom about Sybil, who shall blame her?

"Have you looked at mamma's portrait?" Sybil asked; and she held up a lamp for him to see the painting. "It was done by Westwood—he was an Academician, you know." (Christmas did not know, but was ready to believe.) "Is it not a wonderful likeness?"

Christmas saw the portrait of a slender, soft, handsome woman, wearing a hat and feathers, and a dress unfamiliar to his memories of female costume. It might have been one of the famous Miss Gunnings, or one of Sir Joshua's beauties, for all he could have told. It certainly seemed to him to have little that even memory or imagination could connect with the worn and prematurely aged woman who sat near the hearth where the little brass kettle was standing. But he praised the picture cordially, evading the question of likeness, for he was a terribly truthful and ingenuous youth.

"I can see that you do not think it a good likeness," said Sybil, in a disappointed tone. "I know all Mr. Pembroke's ways, mamma. He never can be got to say anything he doesn't believe—he never will pay a compliment. Oh, if men were all so truthful and honest!"

And yet Sybil seemed somehow as if she could bear a compliment or two now and then well enough.

“My dear, how could Mr. Pembroke see any likeness in that to what I am now? You forget the number of years, and the changes. I was only Sybil’s age when that was painted, Mr. Pembroke. I had just been married. It was like me then, I believe,—very like. I am old enough to be able to say that now without affectation.”

“It seems wonderfully like, to me,” Sybil said, holding up her lamp, and gazing fondly at the picture. “I cannot see any change. The farthest memory I have, mamma, is of you just like that; only not the same kind of dress; and I cannot see any change.”

“One good thing about common misfortune,” said the elder lady, “is that it keeps up a sympathy and love that perhaps other people don’t have. Sybil is everything to me, Mr. Pembroke; and I suppose I am a good deal to her. Sybil, dear, will you make tea?”

Sybil bestirred herself very gracefully and prettily, and Pembroke watched her with interest. She poured some hot water into the tea-pot to heat it; then she poured that off again; then she put in some tea, after a momentary mental calculation of the additional quantity required by the presence of the visitor; then she poured water on the tea; and then she put the tea to draw. As she moved about he could not help observing now and then that she had a very white and pretty arm, and he even had a glimpse more than once of a bronze slipper, a very neat ankle, and a scarlet stocking. An instinctive politeness made him talk chiefly to the elder lady; but he was not thereby prevented from following the movements of the younger.

He could not help remembering that he had more than once heard disparaging criticism of the young Hypatia, on the ground that she defied society—that she went everywhere without escort, and that she lived independently, and alone—“as if she were a young man, and not a young woman” one censor remarked. It was true that Sybil did go to places alone, and return alone; but Christmas thought that anybody who saw her quiet home and her attention to her mother might have excused many of her acts of independence, and put at least the best construction on her doings.

Sybil left the room once on some domestic purpose, and the elder lady, as if she had been following Pembroke’s thoughts, said—

“My Sybil leads a strange life, Mr. Pembroke, or what would have been thought a strange life in my younger days. I do not cross her, and I do not even advise her against it, for she has been

a most devoted daughter to me, and her life has been a trying one. I encourage her in going out to places alone, for how else could she go? And she would pine if she remained always within these walls."

"Nobody has a right to complain of what she does, if you approve of it," Christmas said warmly, and forgetting that it was not the best thing perhaps to tell the mother that people did complain.

"I suppose people do find fault with her," she said; "and with me. But a great many people—you can't think how many—praise her, and say that she has a duty to fulfil. And she is really a very clever speaker—they all say—and I am glad to see her throw herself into some public cause, for then she goes about and speaks, and is praised, and it makes her happy; and if she did not think she was doing some public good she never would leave me; and what sort of life would that be for a young woman? It is no vanity of hers. She is not vain in the least, I assure you."

Christmas was deeply touched by these evidences of affection on the part of mother and daughter. The girl still saw a likeness in the brilliant portrait to the worn elderly woman; the mother could not see the little touches of unrepressed vanity in the daughter which actually sprang to the eye of every passing stranger.

"And then," Mrs. Jansen went on with a little energy in her usually feeble manner, "if Sybil is warm about women's rights and women's wrongs, she and I, Mr. Pembroke, have both suffered much from a man. We have been cruelly treated. Why is that child poor and hardworked in her youth? Because of a heartless man! I am not a widow, Mr. Pembroke, though you may have thought so. My husband, my Sybil's father, is living, and"—

She was leaning forward in her chair and speaking in tones of keen and concentrated anger. Sybil entered, and Mrs. Jansen leaned quietly back again.

"Sybil, my dear," she said, "I don't know if Mr. Pembroke would like a little cold meat with his tea. Perhaps he has dined early or not dined at all. Young gentlemen, I know, are apt to be careless."

Mrs. Jansen belonged to the days before gastronomy had come to be the special boast of every young man's education, and when young men were still called "young gentlemen."

"I hope he would like some," Sybil said, "for I have had no dinner, and I am going to have some cold meat."

Christmas had instincts far too kindly not to declare at once that he had eaten no dinner and that he should like some cold meat of

all things. Poor fellow, it was quite true that he had not dined, but true also that he had not thought about the matter, and now he did begin to feel hungry. Sybil left the room again.

Mrs. Jansen at once resumed her story to Christmas—

“Few women have suffered more at the hands of a bad and selfish man than I have, Mr. Pembroke—except Sybil—for however her father may have conceived that he had a right to wrong me, he had no right to desert that innocent child. Were you going to ask me why I tell you this?”

This was a painful question, but Christmas felt inspired with an answer which was at once truthful and soothing—

“No, Mrs. Jansen, I was not going to ask you that. I suppose you tell this to me because you think me better worthy of your confidence than a mere chance acquaintance.”

“That is the reason partly; but partly, too, because I should like you to know that if poor Sybil seems to you strangely eager to see women righted, it is because she, more than most other human beings, has seen how women are wronged. Thank you, Sybil, dear. Shall we have some toast?”

Then Sybil set to making some toast, and Christmas offered to relieve her, and with a few hints of instruction did efficiently relieve her. In return for his education in the art of making toast, he gave some information relative to Chinese and Japanese ways of making tea, which was received with interest. No women could be more easy and self-possessed than this mother and daughter. It was clear that they did all such lighter work as belonged to the tea-table for themselves, and left their servant only what may be called the heavier duties. They never seemed other than perfectly well-bred women—ladies, as the phrase is—when thus engaged. Christmas could hardly recognise the fierce and palpitating little prophetess of the platform in the kindly, genial girl who bustled about her modest rooms and made tea and laid plates and was so feminine and winning.

After tea Christmas, who had a good baritone voice and some knowledge of music, sang to Sybil's accompaniment several songs, and he also endeavoured, without Sybil's accompaniment, to give the ladies some idea of what Japanese music and singing were like; and they looked at photographs, and they kept off the woman question, and were very pleasant. Once or twice Christmas was reminded that he was under the roof of an agitator or a woman endowed with a mission, when a number of letters from the post were brought to Sybil, and, begging to be excused, she tore them open, and found

that they contained invitations to meetings and lectures, questions to be answered, and other such incidental intrusions on the peace of those who come before the public. Once or twice Sybil begged to be allowed to withdraw into the other room to answer letters that scarcely admitted of delay.

"Another word, Mr Pembroke," said the elder lady during one of these absences, returning with trembling lips to her former painful subject. "There is another reason why I have told you of our misfortunes. I know well enough what a cloud hangs over a woman in this country who for whatever reason is separated from her husband. I know that if she were as free of fault as an angel there are people who would hold her in suspicion and would shrink from her. I avoid that, for I shrink from them. But as you are kind enough to come to see us, I think it right that you should know I receive no one under false pretences. Now you *know*; and I shall not trouble you any more on the subject."

This was, indeed, the chief reason of Mrs. Jansen's confidence. She had acquired in her wrongs and her loneliness a sort of fierce independence, and if she had, poor woman, any faint far thought that possibly Christmas and her daughter might come to like each other, she was quite resolved that he should know from the first of the cloud, as she called it, that hung over them.

Sybil re-entered the room with some letters which she had written, and Christmas offered to post them for her as he went homeward.

"If you don't object," Miss Sybil said, "to making yourself an instrument in forwarding such a cause as ours—for I warn you that they have to do with our cause and with speeches—to be made by *me*."

"But I really have hardly any view either way"——

"Oh, yes; I am sure you have."

"My dear Sybil, Mr. Pembroke says he has not."

"He says it only in a qualified way, and out of good nature. The influence I dread is not the opposition of men, but the opposition of women through men. I fear that Mr. Pembroke is expressing the views of some thoughtless and happy woman—thoughtless because she is happy, and who does not consider how very different may be the lot of others—of thousands and thousands of others. That is the influence I dread."

Miss Sybil was growing eager, earnest, and rhetorical again. Christmas could not imagine why she kept charging him with thus taking his tone from some woman.

"I assure you, Miss Jansen," he said, almost as earnestly as she

had herself spoken, "I don't believe I ever exchanged a word on the subject with any woman but yourself—oh, yes; except with Mrs. Seagraves, who is all on your side."

"What a kind, good-hearted woman, so generous and unfettered! I like her. I know people sometimes think her affected and ridiculous—I don't care! Oh, yes; she is with us. But I think her friend Miss Challoner is against us."

The colour rushed into Pembroke's face. He felt himself red and hot; he could not wholly keep down his emotion.

"I don't know what Miss Challoner's opinions are on that subject," he said, trying to speak composedly. "I don't think she ever said anything to me about it. Anyhow I'll post the letters for you with pleasure, if you'll allow me. Perhaps the carrying them in my hand may convert me to your side."

Sybil herself lighted him to the door when he was going. Her thin white hand felt cold and tremulous as she placed it in his.

Christmas left the house full of kindly feeling and generous sympathy for the woman who had been so friendly, and touched with a special compassion for the girl thus hopelessly beating her soft bosom against the bars of conventionality. He had not spent so human, so friendly an evening for a long time; and he felt less desolate, less like a savage, and he was grateful for the little glimpse of a quiet home which had brought him this relief.

It was very late when he returned to his lodgings, for in the intermediate time he had walked to Kensington and paced in the silent shadow of Sir John Challoner's house, and waited lounging there until he actually saw a carriage come up, and under its flashing lamps saw Sir John hand out his daughter; and then, but not at once, Christmas quitted his place of refuge in a near doorway, and lighted a cigar and went his way.

When he had left Mrs. Jansen's room Miss Sybil did not return to her mother at once. After a few moments she came in silently.

"What a very charming young man," Mrs. Jansen said. "I like him very much; he has such a bright smile, I am sure he has a good heart. Any one can see that he has not been brought up in London; London makes young men so artificial and puppyish."

Sybil still said nothing.

"You like him, Sybil; don't you?" her mother asked, surprised at the silence.

"Oh, yes, dear, I like him. I suppose I ought not to have spoken about Miss Challoner," she added hesitatingly.

"Who is Miss Challoner, dear?"

“A friend of Mrs. Seagraves—at least, Mrs. Seagraves knows her—very beautiful, and very clever, and very rich.”

“And why should you not have spoken of her?”

“Because he—is—in love with her.”

“My dear, how do you know?”

“I know from his look when I mentioned her name.”

Sybil sat down and silently took up some work. Her mother looked at her wonderingly at first, then sadly, and thought of new clouds perhaps to arise upon their pale, grey sky.

Sybil looked up suddenly :

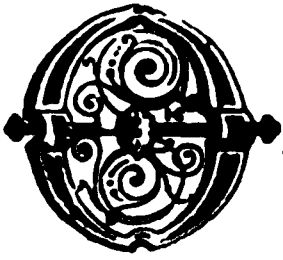
“She is so rich,” said the girl, “and we are so poor !”

(To be continued.)



A SONG OF A DREAM.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.



WHAT is this cry in our burning ears,
And what is this flash on our eyes, dear Love?
The cry is the rush of the rolling years,
As they break on the Sun-rock, far above ;
And the flash is the flash of that Rock of gold
As it burneth bright in the starry sea ;
And the cry is wilder a hundredfold,
And the flash more bright, when I gaze on thee.
My weak eyes dazzle beneath that gleam,
My sad ears deafen to hear that cry :
I was born in a Dream, and I live in a Dream,
And I go in a Dream to die !

O whose is this hand on my forehead bare,
And whose are these eyes that look in mine?
The hand is my Mother's soft hand of air ;
The eyes are my Mother's—thro' tears they shine ;
And the touch of the hand is so soft, so light,
As the beam of the sweet eyes blesseth me ;
But the touch is softest, the eyes most bright,
When I sit and smile, by the side of thee.
O Earth, dark Mother, whose blind eyes beam
With the long-lost love of a life gone by,
On thy breast I woke in a beauteous Dream—
And I go in a Dream to die !

O what are these Voices around my way,
And what are these Shadows that swim below ?
The Voices are Waifs in a world astray,
The Shadows are Souls as they come and go.
And I hear and see, and I wonder more,
For their features fair are as strange as mine,
But most I wonder when most I pore
On the mystical peace of this face of thine.

We walk in silence by wood and stream,
 Our faces turned to the same sweet sky :
 We were born in a Dream, and we live in a Dream,
 And we go in our Dream to die !

O what is this jangling of merry bells,
 And what is this laughter across the wold ?
 'Tis the sound of a market that buys and sells ;
 'Tis the laughter of Souls that are counting gold.
 I walk thro' Cities of silent stone,
 And the market places alive I see ;
 The wicked flourish, the weary groan,
 And I think it real, till I turn to thee !
 And I smile to answer thine eyes' bright beam,
 For I know all's vision that darkens by:
 That they buy in a Dream, and they sell in a Dream,
 And they go in a Dream to die.

O what are these Shapes on their thrones of gold,
 And what are these clouds around their feet ?
 The shapes are Kings with their hearts clay-cold,
 And the clouds are Armies that ever meet ;
 I see the flash of the crimson fire,
 I hear the murdered who moan " Ah me ! " -
 My bosom aches with its bitter ire,
 And I think it real, till I turn to thee !
 And I hear thee whisper—" These Shapes but seem —
 The one things certain are thou and I,
 Tho' we live in a Dream, and love in a Dream,
 And deep in our Dream, must die ! "

O what are these Spirits that o'er us creep,
 And touch our eyelids and drink our breath ?
 The first, with a flower in his hand, is Sleep ;
 The next, with a star on his brow, is Death.
 We fade before them whene'er they come,
 (And never single those spirits be !)
 A little season my lips are dumb,
 But I waken ever,—and look for thee.
 And ever each night when the pale stars beam,
 And the mystical Brethren pass me by,
 This cloud of a trance comes across my Dream,
 In my Dream to die !

O what is this grass beneath our feet,
And what are these beautiful under-blooms ?
The grass is the grass of the churchyard, Sweet,
And the flowers are flowers on the quiet tombs.
I pluck them softly, and bless the Dead,
And over them silently bend the knee,
But my tenderest blessing is surely said
And my tears fall fast, when I turn to thee.
And our lips are tuned to the old sad theme,
We think of the loveless Dead, and sigh ;
Dark is the shadow across our Dream,
For we go in that Dream to die !

O what is this moaning so sad and low,
And what is this crying from night to morn ?
The moaning is that of the Souls that go,
The crying is that of the Souls new-born.
The life-sea gathers with stormy calls,
The winds blow shrilly, the foam flies free,
The great wave rises, the great wave falls,
I rise to its height by the side of thee !
With arms outreaching and throats that scream,
With faces that flash into foam and fly,
Our beings break in the light of a Dream,
And the great waves gather and die !


O what is this Spirit with silvern feet,
His bright head wrapt in a saffron veil ;
Around his raiment our wild arms beat,
We cling unto them, but faint and fail ?
'Tis the Spirit that sits on the twilight star,
And soft to the sound of the waves sings he,
And he leads the chaunt from his crystal car,
And I join in this mystical chaunt with thee,
And our wild brains burn with the awful theme.
For he sings of wonders beyond the sky :
Of a god-like Dream, and of gods in a Dream,
Of a Dream that cannot die !

O closer creep to this breast of mine ;
We rise, we mingle, we break, dear Love !
A space on the crest of the wave we shine,
With light and music and mirth we move.

Before and behind us (fear not, Sweet !)
Blackens the trough of the surging Sea,
A little moment our mouths may meet,
A little moment I cling to thee ;
Onward the wonderful waters stream,
'Tis vain to struggle, 'tis vain to cry—
We wake in a Dream, and we ache in a Dream,
And we break in a Dream, and die !

O who is this other with hair of flame,
The naked feet, and the robe of white ?
A Spirit too, with a sweeter name,
A softer smile, and a stranger light.
He wraps us both in a golden cloud,
He thrills our frames with a fire divine,
Our souls are mingled, our hearts beat loud,
My breath and being are blent with thine.
And the Sun-rock flames with a flash supreme,
And the starry waves have a stranger cry—
We climb to the crest of our golden Dream,
And we dream that we cannot die !

Aye ! the cry rings loud in our burning ears
And the light flames bright on our eyes, dear Love,
And we know the cry of the rolling years
As they break on the Sun-rock far above ;
And we know the light of the Rock of gold,
As it burneth bright in a starry sea,
And the glory deepens a thousandfold
As I name the immortal gods and thee.
We sink together beneath that gleam,
We break together before that cry,
We were made in a Dream, and we fade in a Dream,
And if Death be a Dream, we die !



GAMBETTA.

IF M. Wallon is the godfather of the Third Republic, M. Gambetta made the preparations for the christening, and at the font protected the infant against greedy relations whose inheritance she had carried off, and from fanatical admirers who preferred no baptism to one taking place, as they thought, in a corner. The safe issue from the last Parliamentary crisis at Versailles is due to the sagacity and skilful leadership of Gambetta. To those unacquainted with him, his action upon the different sections of the Republicans was not the least surprising feature of the debates on the Public Powers Bill. No distant spectator ever doubted the impulsive force, the boldness, or grasp of Gambetta's mind. But it has been generally thought that he only would, or could, direct his prodigious natural gifts towards subversive ends. His genius, people imagined, fatally led him to destroy ; it could no more help demolishing than a bomb-shell could avoid ripping open a house against which it was directed and slaying indiscriminately the inmates. This reputation gave him popularity among the classes who, chiefly familiar with the treadmill side of existence, come to regard civilisation as a gaol, and Governments as gaolers. But it rendered him abhorrent to those with whom life had at all gone well. In England Gambetta has been held in particular dislike, because he has been entirely misunderstood. The fear that Gladstonian legislation might enable a counterpart of him to rise out of the British coal-pits and pull down our most cherished institutions worked actively, perhaps, in giving a particular complexion to the last elections in England. It is in human nature to recoil from great manifestations of blind force when the nerves are not blunted with long-sustained misery. If we extol the Providence of History, we turn with dread from the scourges he sometimes sends forth. We feel the overruling power to be a slow worker. When his plough rips up old pastures, burying with ugly clods wild flowers, the leaf-padded nests of field mice, and ornamental but innutritious mosses, we do not know whether the harvest for whose sake these pretty things are destroyed will come round even in the time of our children's children. Hence our dislike to Gambetta, who had come to be regarded as a ruthless instrument of the Destiny which governs the fate of nations. He was a Polyphemus, demanding, in the name of *les Nouvelles Couches Sociales*, to sink mining shafts and throw up

blast furnaces in the flower-enamelled mead where Panurges sheep had quietly grazed since the first Revolution.

The Gambetta, whether of the Red or of the Reactionary legend, is a very gross caricature of the born statesman and leader of men who carried the Wallon Bill through the Assembly. The real man is endowed with all the motive power for which he has obtained credit, or discredit. The mistake has been about the quality and direction of this force whose true nature was made manifest last January and February. A moderate deputy, in recounting to me what Gambetta did in committee-rooms and at Parliamentary reunions, said.—“His positive qualities are gigantic. But he owes his victory to the negative ones which so happily balance the others. He is quick to resent an offence; but he is incapable of rancour. Byegones are soon byegones with him. After castigating an aggressor, it costs him no effort to pick him up and give him a plaister. If a rancorous man, he could have never pulled with d'Audiffret-Pasquier against de Broglie. A vain man in his place could not have accepted the constituent prerogative of the Assembly implied in the Public Powers Bill. Another of his virtues is an un-French indifference to luxury. Through luxuriousness Mirabeau and Danton took bribes, although Danton declared he never delivered over his party to the buyer. Gambetta enjoys life immensely; but his hearty joyousness is not dependent on the multitude of his possessions. His deputy's salary, and what money he derives from the *République Française*, more than suffice for his personal needs. He spends the surplus on pensioners and in holding his party together.”

The lack of vanity noticed by this deputy enables Gambetta's enemies to calumniate him without fear of contradiction. He is indifferent to the libellous attacks with which Royalist and Clerical prints abound. But when a cur presumes to set his teeth in him the retaliation is swift, rude, and effective. Take as an instance of his indifference to what is said against him, his treatment of an assertion made in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. de Mazade, an Orleanist writer, concerning Gambetta's sudden return on the day of the Battle of Orleans from Beaugency to Tours. “The Minister of War,” said the journals of the Delegation published at the time, “finding the line blocked, did not go on.” M. de Mazade, who endeavoured to brand Gambetta as a coward, spoke of this statement as a pure invention. He had got up his case industriously, and cited in a foot-note an extract from the Tours-Orleans traffic book, in which the return of a goods train from the latter to the former station was registered as having taken place an hour after the arrival

of the express in which the Dictator retreated. The person showing this article to Gambetta said to him : "It is quite true that a goods train came to Tours from Orleans at the day and hour stated. I was a lodger in the house of the driver conducting it. His name was Dargo. He was charged with a quantity of powder and cartridges. Being a really superior man, and nerved with a strong feeling of patriotism, he accepted the dangerous mission, put on all steam, and went so rapidly as to escape the Prussians. Near Beaugency the stoker called the attention of Dargo to a barricade across the line. The latter answered : 'I am afraid we must go on. Don't you see Uhlans waiting to capture us? Going at the top of our speed may keep us on the rails, by striking through the obstacle. The Lord have mercy on my wife, the children, and the babe unborn.' Dargo rushed ahead. The train kept on the rails in its perilous dash. But the driver was pitched violently some distance on an embankment, luckily for him separated by a wide stream from the Uhlans, and sheltered from their firearms. He was picked up by the stoker, who ten minutes later reversed the engine and came back to him. Dargo was badly bruised and more dead than alive from the shaking. Why don't you make use of this information to contradict de Mazade? Here is an anecdote which, if published, could not fail to circulate. '*Ma foi,*' replied Gambetta, in his jovially satirical way, 'I might spoil de Mazade's chances of entering the Academy, which his attacks on me will, perhaps, open to him. If I were something more than a deputy I should reward Dargo for his heroism. For my part I don't trouble myself as to what my contemporaries or posterity may think of me. The truth may some day come out. If not, so much the better for M. de Mazade.'"

In speaking of Gambetta's lack of vanity, the deputy just now quoted justly remarked : "He does not make a speech for the sake of showing off. This is one of the reasons why his speeches are seasonable and produce the effect intended."

Gambetta never attitudinises. In public and private he speaks out of his great fullness. Unrestrainedly conversing with his nearest friends, he seldom refers to what he has done or what has happened to him. To know about his history one must apply for information to his relations, and notably to a maiden aunt who has kept house for him for fifteen years, and certain of his retainers with whom he became acquainted when a law student. Of his passage through the law school the late worthy Professor of Jurisprudence, Valette, had interesting recollections. They contradict the Greek idea of Fortune being a blind goddess.

Taine, in his essay on La Fontaine, starts with the seeming truism that without France there would be no French literature. By this he means to convey that our minds are racy of the soil on which we are reared. In showing my readers Gambetta as he is, and the circumstances which helped to shape his public career, I shall follow that eminent critic's method. Therefore shall I take them to Cahors, a picturesque town creeping up a steep cliff, encircled at its base by the River Lot, which, open to the south, is brilliant with sunlight the greater part of the day. Cahors is not a lively town, nor particularly cleanly; but it is a highly interesting one to those who are prone to follow the social revolutions through which some of the leading races of Europe passed during a long course of centuries. It is in itself an historical museum. Its quaint old bridge, towers, churches, and pagan ruins are so many historical strata left by the different forms of civilisation which rose, flourished, died out, and are dying near the Mediterranean. The streets of Cahors are narrow and antique. Some of them command the vast stretch of country reaching to the Pyrenees. The prospect from them is glorious. A lover of the picturesque revels in a blue sky, clear atmosphere, and rolling uplands, over which the *foile blanche* vine runs like a drunken Bacchante, with its dishevelled foliage tumbling about in all directions. Here the *utile dulce* is pleasantly commingled. Corn, oil, and sparkling wines are cheap. Truffles exude from the roots of the oaks in the neighbouring woods. The caverns on the Lot, in which are found the bones of pre-historic men and animals that were extinguished by the great European ice-flood, are turned into sheep-milk dairies. People take life easy at Cahors. They have active brains and strong bodies. When the pinch of poverty comes they can put forth tremendous working power; but if things go at all well they saunter through existence, letting well enough alone. The education of the children is now abandoned to the Jesuits. Trade is well nigh in the hands of Jews, who replace the Genoese, to whom the Riquetti de Mirabeau Canal opened up Languedoc.

The political movement of 1830 greatly stimulated the brain energy of Cahors, and helped to form the mould in which Gambetta's intellect eight years later was cast. A great link of sympathy between this town and Paris was the *National*, the celebrated paper founded by MM. Thiers and Armand Carrel in 1827 avowedly to bombard the restored monarchy. Under the direction of the latter it took a Republican complexion. If the universe is concentrated in a dewdrop, the *National* was a focus into which were converged the

intellectual beams which France in Louis Philippe's reign gave out with tropical heat and brightness. The style of its leaders was of classic dignity and elevation, quite free from academical pedantry. Nearly always in the Opposition, it exercised over young minds the seductive influence which belongs to a policy of principles, as contrasted with one of interests. Now the *National* was taken in at the Genoese Bazaar, and read with passionate interest by the young wife of the head of this establishment, which was founded soon after the opening of the Languedoc Canal by the Gambetti. The successive owners of the Bazaar jealously preserved their nationality, which was announced on the signboard. They avoided being naturalised, and their commercial relations brought them into frequent contact with *Genova la Superba*. Each intended to pass his chair days somewhere on the gulf laving the queenly city. But the prosperity of the house increasing, and local interests springing up, the final parting with Cahors never came to pass. The Gambetti went on taking back Italian spouses with their Genoese stock. The first to marry a Frenchwoman was Leon Gambetta's father. He was also the last to carry on the business. To him it has been granted to pass his closing years on the beautiful Riviera, not far from Nice. He had bought property near San Remo and Bordighera ere Dr. Antonio had made these places fashionable. His wife belonged to a large family doubly orphaned in infancy. She was reared by the sister, not many years her senior, who now keeps house for her illustrious nephew. Madame Gambetta had a literary turn, as her passion for the *National* evinced. Out of this newspaper she taught her Leon how to read, and it appears he took most kindly to the mental nutriment thus provided. The boy was a fine little fellow, very self-willed, frank, and boisterously mirthful. He was intended to be the "son" of the Cahors Dombey, who looked forward to "Gambetta Jeune" figuring on the signboard. But through the *National* the agitated capital whispered things to his childish imagination which prevented the paternal ambition from ever being realised. It was an amusement of Leon to break loose and ramble about the old town. The stones of Cahors told him strange stories of bygone times and peoples as he watched the effects of light and shade upon them. They awoke his curiosity about the Latins, Goths, Saracens, the feudal barons, the Bearnese king, and the military bishops of Cahors who laid their sword and gauntlets on the altar when offering up the sacrifice of the mass. These walks gave his mind the rich tinge which colours his speeches and familiar conversation. Gambetta is partially indebted to them for his un-French indifference to luxury. When a clear and healthy

vision of the beautiful has from infancy been vouchsafed to one of his philosophical range of intellect, he will not sell his party for anything M. Rouher can offer him. When the rambles were forbidden, which happened very often, French boys being allowed no personal liberty to speak of, Leon threw himself impetuously into the study of Thiers' and Guizot's speeches in the *National*. In his seventh year he was sent to the Jesuits' preparatory school at Monfaucon, the father being persuaded that he was consuming his brain with frothy orations when he should be learning accounts, and writing. Gambetta was a diligent pupil. His copies were of remarkable neatness. The priests were kind and patted him on the back. At the outset they did not try to repress his expansive disposition, but let him spout to the other children the speeches and leading articles of the *National* which he had assimilated. One of these speeches which fastened on his memory was by Thiers. It was an attack on the Government for encouraging the growth of the Jesuits in France. The occasion of the speech was Quinet's dismissal for exposing in his lectures at the College of France the dominating spirit of that body.

The events of 1848 powerfully stirred Cahors. The *National*, still taken in at the Genoese Bazaar, was smuggled into the Little Seminary by Mme. Gambetta when her son won good marks. His pulse answered to the strong heart-throbs of Paris. The electricity in the air agitated every fibre. The terrible days of May and June passed over; Cavaignac came and went, and the Jesuits interfered not with their rhetorical pupil. There was some bright sunshine in these early spring days, which was followed by a tempest that had, however, the advantage of whirling the future tribune beyond the reach of his clerical tutors.

Louis Napoleon was scarcely elected to the Presidency before he set to work to prepare a Dictature. An offensive and defensive alliance was entered into between him and the priestly party, he promising to secure the Church the domination she coveted, if she would aid him in stultifying the national intellect. He was to crush the Press; the clergy were to form the young minds, which an educational Bill of M. de Falloux would place under their direction. Ecclesiasticism was again to find a leverage in the secular arm, whose sword and gauntlet, as in the time of the military bishops of Cahors, were again to lie upon the altar.

Gambetta was one of the earliest victims of the alliance. The Jesuits on sufferance were very different from what they grew to be supported by the State. Felines win their way by flattering caresses

when reduced to the weak state of the cat. Give them strength, and all their latent ferocity comes out. In 1849 a new leaf was turned over at the Petite Seminaire. Gambetta was taken to task for his Republican enthusiasm. He was scolded, locked up, and subjected to a severely penitential *régime* intended to break his spirit. His newspaper slips were confiscated, his favourite studies suspended; and this harsh treatment failing in its object, the extreme measure of expulsion was resorted to. In notifying this step to the family, the superior expressed concern for turning off a pupil of extraordinary aptitudes. The boy was very studious, obliging, and open. In fact, he pushed the virtue of openness to the extreme point where it becomes a vice, and he could not help communicating to his class fellows the political passions which ravaged his young soul. Through him the school was degenerating into a club of Jacobin urchins. If the principal any longer tolerated the state of things which had grown out of Gambetta's speechifying he would, he said, deservedly incur the disciplinary rigours with which he was menaced.

Accordingly Gambetta was taken home in disgrace. The father met him with a frown; the mother blamed herself for stuffing his head with the *National*. Neighbours prophesied that, if he escaped being shot, it would be to go and join Blanqui in a dungeon of Mont St. Michel.

Left for awhile to himself, he profited by the opportunity to renew acquaintance with the historical stones of Cahors. They told him the same old tale, the moral of which he this time began to divine. In the south of France the historical sentiment is strong, the archæological conditions there tending to its development. In some of the towns of Provence and Languedoc one can learn more of the Gauls and Roman and mediæval French in a single walk than in a whole library devoted to the collective lives of these peoples. General laws are quickly apprehended when we see their results in a striking form. Now no law is more distinctly laid down in the pagan and other remains of the two provinces just mentioned than that despotism shares the speedy mortality of pampered despots. Had not this lesson been inculcated so early and so strikingly on Gambetta, he might—the tendency of his mind never leading him to break his head against stone walls—have lost heart in 1869, and made his peace with Napoleon III. But he was strengthened to persevere by the reflection that if solid old Rome fell with a crash, the electroplate Cæsarism of 1851 had no chance of enduring.

As early as 1849 Bonapartism had begun to assume a virulent form. The Reign of Terror which opened in 1851 was anticipated

in the provinces. Ramifications of the Tenth of December Society were sent into the departmental towns to cow the timid, and to draw up black lists of those who might oppose the re-establishment of the Empire. The shrewd head of the Genoese Bazaar was not blind to the signs of the times. So he locked up Leon in the Lyceum of Cahors, where the youth remained utterly cut off from the outer world until he had mastered the curriculum for a bachelor's degree. Although it was all work and no play in the scholastic prison, Gambetta did not become a dull boy. But his fine constitution was tried by the unwholesome incarceration. He acquired a sedentary habit, which is now the cause of his heaviest expenditure being in cab hire and of his being the bulkiest man of his years in the Assembly. In England we are in happy ignorance of those Bastilles in which French youths are confined at a time of life when nature indicates the acquirement of that practical knowledge of the world which our boys pick up in play hours and holidays.

The particular prisoner with whom we are dealing put forth all his brain-energy to get soon out of his gaol. He had done with philosophy, the last educational requirement of the French university, before he was seventeen. The bachelor's degree was brilliantly won. Gambetta then was taken home. His father told him that he had had enough of books, and must now apply himself to trade. Leon pleaded that he had no taste for buying and selling. His practical parent said that he must acquire one. The house was on an excellent footing. It was old, respected, and with energy and activity its business was susceptible of considerable extension. The monotony of the counter would be broken by frequent glimpses of distant places, the Bazaar deriving its supplies from Marseilles, and the splendid cities of Italy, Smyrna, Spain, and Algeria. Gambetta passively obeyed. For a while he applied himself to trade, hoping to conquer his aversion, and then, feeling he was wasting his life, besought a release. He regretfully looked back to the scholastic gaol, where he was consoled for the stagnation of his existence by classical literature and the friendship of the venerable Gatiens-Arnould, his Professor of Philosophy. Had a debating society existed at Cahors, had there been a local journal through which his cerebral energy could have flowed, he might have sought there a compensation for the narrowly prosaic life of a trader in a provincial French town and remained where he was. But there was nothing of the sort. The Imperial shoe pinched everywhere. Not a tongue dared wag. The *National*, and all else like it, was stamped out. Dull M. Havin's verbose lucubrations in the *Siccle* were the only journalistic pabulum

of a Republican sort that was vouchsafed to Paris and the provinces. The business of nearly every other paper was to laud the Empire. Neighbours had ceased to be neighbourly. Authority looked with jealous eye on friendly meetings, fearing they might gradually become centres of opposition; besides, when south of France people meet they must talk, and in the heat of conversation might make slips of the tongue pregnant with serious consequences. Constraint, and disgust with the existence he led sickened Gambetta. He recoiled from spending his powers in persuading the mayor's wife that a yard of Genoa velvet at twenty francs was cheaper than the same measure of the Lyons article at thirteen. He revolved in his mind scheme after scheme for abandoning trade and escaping to Paris to study law, with the design of taking pupils. But he had not a single friend there, nor money to go. One day, as he was in a state of almost moral prostration, his mother beckoned him aside. She saw that it was no use forcing him to continue the business, and after a sharp internal struggle resolved to let his vocation direct him. Placing a bag of money, she had secretly amassed, in his hand, she said: "This, my boy, is to pay your way for a year. A trunk full of clothes is ready for you. Try and come home Somebody. Start soon, and take care to let nobody suspect you are going away. Do not say good-bye to a single soul. I want to avoid a scene between you and your father."

And so Leon slipped away. He had heard of the Sorbonne as an Alma Mater, and drove, on reaching Paris, to that venerable institution with his box. He looked at the frowning building, and then addressed himself to the driver, who recommended him a very dingy hotel over the way. The youth (he was not yet eighteen) entered, asked for the cheapest room, which he hired and in which he lived until better days smiled on him. Having secured a lodging, he wrote home. Madame Gambetta answered his letter: she spoke of his father's anger as excessive, and feared he would never pardon his son for sacrificing a good position for what appeared to him a wild-goose adventure. Gambetta kept his purpose steadily in view. A year passed in the study of law books picked up on the numerous stands about the Sorbonne. This was in 1856, when Napoleon III. was at the apogee of his force. Through a journal which he saw at the café where he breakfasted, Gambetta learned how the Empire was consolidated by the birth of an Imperial Prince. He learned from the same source of the Treaty of Paris being the *revanche* of 1815. Of the illuminations he only knew from what he saw from his window.

Beyond the Sorbonne, the book-stands, a quiet café, and his lodgings, Gambetta remained an utter stranger to Paris and the Parisians. He did not make a single acquaintance, and passed his evenings with his books. At the law school Professor Valette noticed the assiduity of a slender adolescent with a very remarkable head. His diligence won the esteem, and his intelligence and originality the interest, of the professor, who was particularly struck with his voice, which was loud and resonant without harshness. A strong southern accent heightened the picturesque turns which he unconsciously gave his phrases. The worthy M. Valette encouraged the youth. Towards the close of the first year he knew him well enough to question him about his prospects, and drew from him his whole history. M. Valette dissuaded Gambetta from becoming a law teacher. The rarest thing in the world, he told him, is a fine voice. It would be a pity to throw away his in a classroom. He should study for the bar, for which he had all the mental aptitudes. Moreover, the professor offered to write to the elder Gambetta remonstrating with him for nursing his anger against his son, who in M. Valette's estimation was marked for greatness. A little money spent on him would, he was convinced, prove the best investment the family had ever made.

The letter produced a sensation. Cahors turned round and was on the side of Madame Gambetta and her sister, who, strong in the professor's report, pleaded the runaway's cause, which they soon gained. The father relented. He made an allowance to his son, who in less than two years passed all his law examinations with distinction. He had mastered the civil, criminal, military, forest, and maritime codes, and the commentaries on them of the standard authorities.

Not old enough to receive his call to the bar, Gambetta gave himself up for two years to a profitable sort of idleness. He did not really begin to look about him in Paris before 1858, a period of great political tension in consequence of the Orsini attempt and the advantage the Empire took of that crime to drive the gag tighter into the nation's mouth. The future tribune sought that year the acquaintance of journalists in the hope of joining some future Republican organ. He visited picture-galleries and museums, watched sun-set views from the Pont Neuf, occasionally witnessed the triumph of crinoline (that inflated buoy which helped to keep Cæsarism afloat) in the Champs Elysées, and he spent long mornings sauntering along the beautiful quays. Lying thus in fallow, the mind regained its original elasticity, which neither the Jesuits nor

the collegiate Bastille could crush out, but which the privations of 1856-57 had severely taxed. In studying life in the strange city which is at once the world's Vanity Fair and the centre of Republicanism, Gambetta had, with his superior education, the immense advantage of being untrammelled by social prejudices. He had no personal experience of those refinements originally intended to keep the social wheels from creaking but which, being abused too frequently, relax the mental and moral fibre and degenerate into coxcombry. The grain of his disposition harmonised with his democratic ideas. With a genius for penetrating into the kernel of things, Gambetta does not stop to feed on the husk. A worthy man is no worthier in his eyes for having a fashionable tailor. Homely outsides inspire him with no repugnance. Now most of the *bourgeois* politicians of 1830 and 1848 instinctively shrank from men who were not nicely varnished. Their eye was used to poor mahogany thickly coated with polish, which they preferred to the best seasoned oak without any. Gambetta's disregard of fine tailoring and high varnish has greatly conduced to his extraordinary popularity. It costs him no effort to shake hands with a poor man whom he respects. One of the hinges on which the door to fortune turned lay in his faculty to discern merit in humble life. In his period of unavoidable idleness in Paris he accidentally made the acquaintance of the head usher of the Corps Législatif, with whom he struck up a friendship, and who offered to admit him whenever he felt disposed to hear the debates, not permitted to be at that time reported in the journals. Unnoticed by any one, Gambetta acquired in the lobby and gallery his political education. His humble patron, to whom he subsequently granted a small pension, was very intelligent, and used to let him know what went on in the committee-rooms. There was no better school for a budding statesman than the Corps Législatif in the frankly despotic phase of the Empire. This, seeming paradoxical, demands an explanation. Up to 1861 the Lower Chamber was almost exclusively taken up with administrative business. A forlorn hope of five Republicans represented abstract ideas. Being a forlorn hope they took a high stand-point upon absolute principles. Parliamentary subtleties and party intrigues had no place in the Corps Législatif before the right to discuss the Address was granted. A golden vein runs through every evil thing in this world of mysteries. Here was an instrument silently preparing to break down Cæsarism, and, let us hope, to build up something better on the ruins.

Gambetta created a rostrum for himself, where he exercised his

oratorical faculties. He and his literary and legal chums used to meet at the quiet and classical Café Procope near the Odéon Theatre. Procope's was once the habitual resort of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. It has a distinctive character of its own. In all Paris there is no other café which has poor old Procope's air of faded gentility. The illustrious old customers have died off, the tide of rich playgoers flows to the north side of the river, and the students patronising the Odéon refresh themselves in noisier houses. Procope's is the original coffee-house of Paris. Its decorations mark the date of its foundation. A medallion portrait of Voltaire smiles sardonically on a desk table at the end of the café farthest from the entrance. Procope's shabbily-genteel quietude caused the police to overlook it when Gambetta organised there his forensic club. The landlord used to suffer the members, for a small fee, to sit round Voltaire's table until daybreak. Not a glimmer of light found its way into the street. Ventilation came through a blind court. One of the humours of the club was caligraphic journal. The articles, on politics, philosophy, literature, art, and contemporaneous celebrities, were read when the staff was "close tiled." A sober style was aimed at. Gambetta's "copy," written in a delicate, flowing hand, neat as copperplate, bore the stamp of genius. A member of the cenacle once said of him "He colours like Rubens, writes like Madame de Stael, speaks like Danton, and laughs like Rabelais."

He became the king of his company, though it was formed of young men of more than average abilities. At Procope's he recruited the nucleus of that able staff of lieutenants with whose aid he manages the *République Française* and directs Republican France. His genius brought him to the top, and his homely joyousness blunted the sting of jealousy, which is generally nowhere more venomous than hidden under a Frenchman's tongue.

In 1860 the long and forced vacation of Gambetta closed. He was of an age to be called to the bar. Pursuant to a rule of the benchers, he bought furniture and set up the modest chambers which he still occupies in the Rue Montaigne. His first brief came when he had been eighteen months a lawyer. It came from Greppo, the deputy, who had sat in the Assembly ejected by Louis Napoleon, and who was, with sixty-four others, accused of conspiring against the Government. The case was palpably got up by the police. Gambetta's defence at once gave him rank with the first orators of the bar but, the journals not being allowed to report political trials, his speech found no echo beyond the Palais de Justice. M. Crémieux, the celebrated jurisconsult, was foremost in congratulating Gambetta,

whom he asked to become his secretary. The offer was accepted, and for six years Greppo's eloquent defender voluntarily chained himself to a desk, turning down the business of Crémieux, then at the head of the largest Jewish practice in the world. He plodded steadily on, mastering the technicalities of his profession, from 1862 to 1868, when the celebrated Baudin trial took place.

This was another police case. The microscopic Minister of the Interior, Pinard, if an erudite lawyer, was a politician of small and far-fetched expedients. He advised the Emperor, before he went to war with Prussia, to get rid of certain political ferments which the debates on the Address were bringing out. His plan for doing this was to lay a series of traps, into which the dangerous men would, he calculated, fall. The French have a mania for keeping anniversaries. Pinard would hook the party he wanted to get rid of by setting them on, through the police, to keep a few Republican ones. All Souls' Day was nigh. Now M. Pinard had concerted with the secret service agent Lagrange to prepare a manifestation at the tomb of Baudin, a deputy shot the morning of the *coup d'état* for defending the rights of the Assembly. The bird-lime operated, and one of the captured birds was a man, fanaticised by a sojourn of several years in Cayenne, by name Delescluze. He was of austere habits, broken to hardship, and did not wish to be acquitted if a condemnation would hurt the Empire. Delescluze's instructions may be thus translated:—"Fire away at the Man of December, taking care not to imitate those lawyers who, to get off a political client, represent him as the victim of misplaced confidence in his co-accused friends." Right willingly Gambetta took this course. The only defence possible, he said, was an attack. The thing was to throttle the Empire and say "Disgorge your prey." Recollections of the Jesuits' school and the six years' imprisonment in the Cahors Lyceum nerved him to assail. He thundered and lightened from the fullness of his long pent-up indignation. M. Pinard's robed accomplices were dumbfounded at the boldness of the attack. The whole auditory was electrified, including the gendarmes behind the dock. When recovered from his amazement, Public Minister Aulois protested against the Emperor being dragged as an accused party into court. Judge Vivien was unable to check the vehement flow of Gambetta's eloquence. After giving a vivid picture of the band of gamesters who perpetrated the *coup d'état*, and of the massacre of peaceful citizens on the boulevards, the orator exclaimed:—"They talk here of the *plébiscitum* and of ratification by a national vote. The will of the people can never transform might into right.

A nation is no more justified in committing suicide than one of its individual members. And, after seventeen years, we are forbidden to discuss the iniquities of December! But the Government will not succeed. This trial must go on until the conscience of mankind has received the satisfaction it demands and the wages of crime are delivered up. For seventeen years you have been masters of France, and you have never dared to celebrate the Second of December. It is we who take up the anniversary, which you no more dare face than a fear-haunted murderer can his victim's corpse."

Nobody present at the Baudin trial will ever forget it. The sonorous voice of Gambetta filled the hall; and when, overcome with his own emotion, he sank fainting into his seat, the cowed judges did not attempt to silence the tumultuous burst of applause which came from the auditory and was taken up by the dock.

France is a land of ready sympathies. No other nation conveys more rapidly the sort of electricity which Delescluze's advocate gave out. Though unreported by the journals, Gambetta's speech was in every mouth. It was felt that if the Emperor did not make a second *coup d'état*, and deprive the bar of its highest privilege, the right of free defence, the Empire could not go on. No *coup d'état* was made. The Tom Thumb at the Home Office was dismissed for digging a pit into which his master was to fall. Pending more certain coercive measures, agents of the Tuileries were given for their cue the "Liberal Empire," and M. Olivier engaged to take it up. Gambetta repelled the advances made him, and founded the "irreconcilable" party. Overcrowded Belleville, on whose shoulders the stone and mortar of Haussmannised and fashionable Paris weighed heavy, having a vacant seat, made him an offer through its grand-electoral Braleret, than whom no Frenchman better deserves to be sketched from life by Carlyle. Braleret's is a singularly picturesque physiognomy. He is a silent, thoughtful man, with a high, overhanging forehead. In spite of honesty and the grace of martyrdom, he has grown rich. His wine-shop at Belleville needs no bush. Gambetta made his first electoral speech in Braleret's cherry orchard, where he announced himself an "irreconcilable." Thrice he has since addressed France from the same place, but under widely different circumstances, the Empire having disappeared, and the period for thinking of reconstruction arrived.

A bronchial affection menaced Gambetta's life at the time of his double election for Paris and Marseilles in 1869. The work-worn secretary of Crémieux was reduced to a shadow by close application to business, the fatiguing excitement of his public ovations, and his

malady. He was advised to pass a season at Ems. Bismarck and he sometimes met at the pump, where once they had a long conversation on the state of France and the prospects of the Empire. On returning to Paris Gambetta gave up the bar to devote himself to politics and the formation of a party. He was courted by the Orleanists, who had noted his sagacity in the committee-rooms. He did not repel their advances, which gave a show of truth to the rumours, spread by the police-agents in democratic quarters, that he was gained over to the Comte de Paris and would take the earliest opportunity of turning his back on Braleret and Belleville. Accused at a public meeting of having dined, in one of his holiday trips, with an Orleans prince, Gambetta simply answered: "I wish, my friend, you had been with me, for the dinner was excellent." His speech on April 5, 1870, in the Corps Législatif, on the *plébiscitum*, established his reputation as a Parliamentary orator, and put an end to the suspicion of his being an unfaithful servant of Republican principles. The reserve he was forced to maintain in a chamber packed with Bonapartist deputies, while proving that Republicanism was the inevitable corollary of universal suffrage and the sole possible basis for a really strong Government, heightened the effect of his eloquence, which, like the rivers of southern France, is apt to spread over a wide bed. It rolled the deeper, the clearer, and the stronger for being pent up in a narrow channel. It is a law of nature to place the antidote near the poison. Gambetta's speech, the importance of which the English press failed to perceive, was the antidote to the *plébiscitary* cheat of the so-called Liberal Empire. A week later Napoleon III. would, if he could, have withdrawn from the position he had taken up. The young statesman, whose name was in every mouth, had, he felt, caught the ear of the country, and was on the high road to become its representative man. But to retract would have been a confession of weakness which a French ruler could not safely make. The *plébiscitum* was therefore carried out. Napoleon III. knew, but the world at the time did not, how prefects, judges, procureurs, and mayors were whipped and spurred by the central authority to beat the country for docile voters, and to turn the gaols loose on the voting-urns. Eight million *ouis* inflated the Bourse; but the Tuileries estimated them at their real worth. Court and police were agreed that to counteract M. Gambetta's speeches the Emperor must go to war with Prussia and succeed in beating her.

Gambetta was, with his party, against war; but once it was declared he followed M. Thiers, who had counted its cost, which the

Court did not, in voting supplies. I need not stop to tell how from the very outset of the war disaster followed upon disaster with a rapidity unparalleled in history. Towards the close of August the lobby of the Corps Législatif became a great political club, to which the feverish city rushed for news of what was going on at the seat of war. The Empire was spoken of as virtually defunct. Ere the last spark of life was extinguished at Sedan the question of what successor it should have was openly debated. The friends of the Empress, who saw no hope but in bending before the storm, proposed an Executive Commission named by the Corps Législatif. Madame Edmond Adam, in her diary of the Siege of Paris, shows how this intrigue was defeated, and how Gambetta and a few of his friends took possession of the Hôtel de Ville and Ministry of the Interior before either the Communists or disguised Monarchists and Imperialists got there.

To conceive the practical difficulties with which the improvised Minister had to deal on September 5th, one must have seen him that day at the Home Office. He had not been in bed for three nights, and there was no prospect of an unbroken sleep before the investment of Paris should shut him off from the provinces. Clerks and ushers ran momentarily in with fresh telegrams demanding "immediate answers." The word "immediate" was stamped on every letter. Whatever there was to do should be done immediately. The world never witnessed such a fight against time. Germany was marching against the capital. Departmental France was in a state of higher fever than the capital, as the incessant whizz of the telegraphic alarm at the Home Office signified. Not a county nor cantonal town in communication with Paris resisted the temptation of keeping the wires going day and night. There was a general clamour for the instantaneous dismissal of Bonapartist functionaries. Denunciations of prefects and sub-prefects poured in from "good patriots" forced for twenty years to hide their patriotism; from intriguers, place-hunters, and men run mad with excitement. Conflicts were taking place between Republican populations wanting to make a clean sweep of the Imperialists, and functionaries tenacious of their rights. The Commune was reported imminent at Lyons and Marseilles. General elections were the order of the day. The hurry and confusion were intensified by candidates thrusting themselves by telegraph and otherwise on Gambetta, whose antechamber was filled with office-seekers, manifestants, sympathisers real and pretended, journalists, and intrusive people led there by mere fussiness. They clamoured in chorus and

separately. Those who failed to see the Minister went away angry. The clerks of the press department, which was abolished on the 5th, mixed up with the Bellevillites and whispered that their champion only wanted opportunity to become an "aristo."

The situation imposed a gigantic weeding process in the Administration. Every prefecture would have become a political Metz if the Bonapartists were maintained in their places. But where find men to replace them? The Republican sentiment had been chiefly latent under the fallen *régime*, save in overcrowded faubourgs and the noisy cafés of the Latin Quarter and of the Boulevard Montmartre. The Procope handful, and the friends of a later date, in a country where the "Great Unpaid" is unknown, were insufficient to form the feeblest administrative cadre. Gambetta's difficulties were augmented by the small number of tried Republicans who were men of the world and at all acquainted with the transaction of public business making it a point of honour to remain in Paris. M. Thiers' friends, with selfish prudence, agreed to maintain an attitude of watchful neutrality. They did not want to compromise themselves with a Government which rose in a storm and might soon disappear in another. The Proscrits of '48 and '52, who had refused to benefit by Imperial amnesties, hastened to the capital to join in the defence. They were too much in the habit of regarding Paris as the brain of France to think of rendering service in the other towns. This left Gambetta no alternative but to recruit his Administration with crude young fellows brought up in collegiate Bastilles, and greatly needing his rapid glance to make up for their ignorance of most things foreign to the schools of the Latin Quarter and the boulevards. Before the year was out some very able men had found their way to the top, but in the nature of things they were guilty of many sins of omission. The inevitable blunders and injudicious zeal of the common run of administrative freshmen (who thus became *Dons per saltum*) helped at the general elections of 1871 to throw France into the hands of a reactionary majority. Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier's bitter enmity to Gambetta arose from the nomination of a person of this class, M. Dubost, to the prefecture of the Orne. M. Dubost has many civic virtues, but he is devoid of social tact, disputatious, hot-headed, and has a natural talent for treading on corns. His passage through the fertile Orne was marked by a wide-spread destruction of bridges, one of which was the link of communication between the Pasquier estates and the county town of Alençon.

The formation of the delegate branch of the Home Office was

another difficulty demanding an immediate solution. Gambetta named to be its virtual head M. Laurier, who had gained a forensic triumph at Prince Pierre Bonaparte's trial, and was a good man of business. He and Gambetta had worked together at Crémieux's, the former as senior, and the latter as junior secretary. The appointment did not turn out a happy one. Laurier is a clever, even a brilliant advocate, but sceptical, shallow, and a believer in tricks and ruses. He has no faith in what is god-like, and is persuaded that what is low and cunning will ever rule the world. It is a saying of his that in the nineteenth century it is not faith, but the capital of dirty-handed Jews, which removes and tunnels mountains. He may be held accountable for the proclamation which in the commencement of October announced a *sortie en masse* of the National Guard, and a defeat all round Paris of the Prussians. This astounding State paper was drawn up in connection with the negotiations for the Morgan loan. M. Laurier's business at Crémieux's principally lay with Israelitish financiers, who collected round him at Tours and secured his patronage for military contracts before M. Gambetta arrived there on October 10th. In matters of commerce M. Laurier's clients were a match for the inventor of mahogany nutmegs. The credit is due, however, to Laurier of having, when he saw the incapacity of the Delegates, summoned Gambetta from Paris to put himself at their head. How the summons was conveyed through the enemy's lines must still remain a secret.

Gambetta descended from his balloon in the forest of L'Épineuse, which means thorny. Despite the proximity of the Prussians he could not help laughing at the coincidence between the name of the place into which he dropped and the difficulties he had to face. Of these difficulties he had received a brief sketch in one of the few letters which penetrated into beleaguered Paris from without. The three respectable old gentlemen forming the Delegate Government only thought of peace, but felt themselves impotent to make it. When the War Demon is raised, it is hard to lay it. In France it was impossible not to let it take its course in 1870. The invasion had brought out the latent humours of the blood which a sudden peace would render perhaps fatal by driving in. No doubt cowardice and treachery were rife; no doubt there were peasants who preferred trading with the Prussians to harbouring *franc-tireurs*, no doubt the railway lines on which military operations would mainly depend were in the hands of Imperialist Jews and Royalist Jesuits, who would rather see a new army beaten than a Republican Govern-

ment receiving the consecration of victory. But the French were not used to military disgrace. The cry of treason and dishonour would be surely raised throughout the country against any Government signing a peace on the only basis Germany would accept, unless first the nation were bled into a state of syncope. The Emperor foresaw this when he declined to negotiate, and his wife when she fled after drawing down the thunderbolt.

The distress of the venerable Delegates was pitiable. None of them had the nerve to go through the operation circumstances imposed. After trying to work on the two or three ambassadors who followed them to Tours, and who maintained a dignified reserve in their relations with them, they agreed to let chance settle difficulties which appeared beyond their range, confining themselves to small meddling in non-warlike matters. M. Crémieux, acting on this sage resolve, decreed the emancipation of the Algerian Jews, which drove the Arabs into rebellion. Lyons and Marseilles broke loose from him, they anticipating the 18th of March rising in Paris. Generally in the south there was in 1870 a centrifugal tendency. To be brief, confusion was everywhere fast running on to chaos.

The apparition of Gambetta in the provinces kept fevered France from jumping over a precipice. He lost no time in buckling to his herculean work and taking counsel with the few competent military authorities on whom he could lay his hand. Chanzy, Crémer, Faidherbe, and Gougéard pronounced his scheme of defence, borrowed from the strategy of Grant in the American civil war, a reasonable one. The Prussians were far removed from their basis of operations, with which they communicated by a single line of railway. In an enemy's country their recuperative strength would be greatly inferior to that of the French, supposing the old patriotic spirit could be revived. Although Bismarck had warned Jules Favre of Bazaine's intention to turn his force against the new Government, neither Gambetta nor the generals he consulted believed in the possibility of his working with the Prussians. They calculated on his holding "the Red Prince" before Metz until at least the end of November, when there would be an army of 400,000 men of all arms ready to take the field. This army was equipped and in marching order before the middle of November. Staff-Major von Goltz, in recently lecturing at the "Circle for the Promotion of Military Science," in Berlin, said:— "This colossal levy is the most remarkable event of modern history, and will carry down Gambetta's name to remote posterity. A prodigy of administrative energy and ability, it awoke France to her old faith in something higher than material interests, and it brought out men and

virtues which the Germans should take into serious consideration whenever the French may again tempt the fortunes of war along the Rhine." Major von Goltz dwelt on the purely moral character of the Tours Dictature. Gambetta, around whom admirals and generals stood in the rain, cap in hand, as he was going out to drive in a dingy hack carriage with his friend Spuller, had no authority beyond what was derived from his own enthusiasm and from the power exercised by strong over weaker minds. His promise to give the press full liberty, though it should be used to calumniate him and his colleagues, was scrupulously kept, in the face of very trying circumstances. But one journal was suspended in the four months' Dictature. It was M. Decumont's *l'Union de l'Ouest* of Angers, for exhorting the mobiles not to march against the Duke of Mecklenburg when he appeared in the next county. A few impressions of the *Journal de Bordeaux* were seized in the beginning of February, 1871. They contained M. Jules Simon's proclamation, in which, at Bismarck's dictation, Gambetta's decree for rendering certain categories of Bonapartist officials ineligible at the general elections was disavowed.

Gambetta, so far as he was able, followed M. Thiers' rule of not resting satisfied with giving an order, but seeing to its execution. His eloquence and enthusiasm, though backed by the judgment of his best officers, too often failed in stimulating Bonapartist generals to action. He could not move Bourbaki to create a diversion on the left bank of the Loire in Chanzy's favour. That general took a pessimist view of his army, and refused to budge. The Jacobin Club at Pauvents, already in bad humour with Gambetta because they were never able to extract more than two speeches from him at Tours, resolved that Bourbaki served him right. What else, the patriots there asked themselves, could he have expected of an officer who left Metz with the mysterious Regnier? They were thinking of manifesting publicly against the favour shown at the prefecture to the reactionists. Gambetta did sincerely try at Tours to gain Royalists and Bonapartists, when their antecedents admitted, by giving or maintaining them in posts of trust. Results seldom justified this bold experiment. When Bonapartist generals and civil agents were not openly hostile they met Gambetta's orders with passive resistance. Railway magnates arranged to prevent troops reaching the towns to which they were directed until late at night, when mayors, charged with the task of billeting soldiers, were in bed. Brigades of unsheltered mobiles were thus, for sixteen hours at a time, exposed to the inclemency of a winter which set in with frost and snow on the 18th of October. Before they got to the front they

were broken down with hardships. For a week at a time munition trains were shunted at a few stations from their point of departure, instead of being rapidly sent on to their destination. Courts-martial were relentless in punishing the famished victims of railway officials, disloyal mayors, and intendants deep in the Bazaine intrigue. They had no particular dislike to the raw Republican soldiers; but they feared that Gambetta might become popular, and they hit upon this means of making him hated in his own army. The Under-Secretary of War, M. de Freycinet, was a severe disciplinarian, of Calvinist grain, and something of a prig. Being a very honest man, he did not suspect how the soldiers were victimised, and in good faith lent himself to the plot. The *Moniteur* sometimes registered a long list of soldiers executed for pilfering victuals. In the afternoon agents of the fallen Cæsar, newspaper in hand, went about saying to the demoralised troops that, while their comrades were being shot like dogs for snatching a little food out of the provision shops, the Dictator was indulging at the prefecture in Asiatic luxury. Gambetta and his friends were represented as having emptied a coach-house full of champagne bottles, visible from the park-like garden, where, on the rare fine days he enjoyed that winter, he walked and gave audiences after breakfast. These bottles were the dry bones of pro-consular feasts, given under the Empire by M. Paulze d'Ivoy. The soft bed of the Dictator, also a legacy of that prefect, and a quilt, into whose fabrication entered eider down, yellow satin, and Brussels lace, was another source of scandal to Imperialist and Jesuit agitators. Gambetta did not even know of the existence of this luxurious article, intended originally, no doubt, for a lady's bower, until he saw a minute description of it in a newspaper. Imperialist prefects were particular about bedroom furniture. M. Janvier de la Motte appropriated 10,000 f. of madhouse money, in the Eure, to a state couch and its belongings.

Gambetta's popularity has not suffered from the malignant attack of priests, Royalists, and Imperialists, and of M. Sardou and other playwrights of no politics whatever, but who hunger for the fleshpots of Compiègne. Like an elastic ball, the more he is beaten to earth the higher he rebounds. There are some things in his public life which nothing but a wonderful run of luck will account for. The assault upon him by ex-Zouave Sergeant de Ste. Croix at the St. Lazare terminus enabled him to make up with Duc Pasquier and publicly to receive the advances of the young Orleanist party, without losing his hold upon the advanced democrats.

Another instance of his luck is Bismarck's quarrel with the Jesuits.

There were rich and timid Republicans who shrank from Gambetta from a fear that, if he became unmistakably the representative man of France, Germany would take umbrage. The determination of the German Chancellor not to suffer the Roman Catholic Church to become a State within a State, and the consequences arising from it, have removed this apprehension. But the greatest piece of Gambetta's good fortune was the discharge of explosive force occasioned by the civil war. The task of gradually changing the Conservative into a Reforming Republic will be facilitated by the terrible events of 1871, which, for the present generation, have broken the *Mouvement Social* into going at a reasonable, instead of a runaway pace. Invasion and the civil war have spared Gambetta and his party the trouble of ploughing the ground in which he seems destined to sow the seeds of reform. I do not say that he will not be called upon to harrow a good deal of stiff earth. It would be a mistake to think that Gambetta has gone over to what the French call the timid *bourgeois* party. The whole drift of his policy in January and February was to bring them over to him. His strategy has never changed. But, like a good general, he has subordinated his tactics to chance obstacles or advantages. Comparing France, one day, to a man whose constitution had run down, Gambetta said: "It is impossible to set her on her feet unless you place the blood globule in the tonic and vivifying conditions essential to hematose. There must be plenty of air, plenty of light, and nutritive diet. We must educate, we must secure individual liberty, and we must try fiscal reforms and distribute the burden of taxation more equitably, so as to place an amount of reasonable comfort within the reach of the working classes. Any party leader who does not keep this threefold object before him in trying to restore France to her ancient rank in Europe would be a quack. The army should supplement the school as it does in Prussia."

Since 1870 Gambetta has acquired a practical knowledge of France and the French people which he lacked that year. His well timed stump orations, delivered in the towns of the North, South, East, West, and Centre, have familiarised them with him. This is an important advantage gained over the other candidates in a country where, to be anything, a politician must now have universal suffrage at his back. Gambetta can suit his oratory to his auditory. When he addresses the country from the Assembly's tribune, if the style is the same the effects are different from what he aims at when talking from a balcony or from a platform. A Parliamentary speech of his is, from a literary point of view, better than one of his popular

harangues. The latter may be criticised for their redundancy. But it is in their delivery that some of the orator's rarest gifts appear. It is not given to every great speaker to say "Peace, be still," to a seething multitude of 200,000, such as Gambetta harangued on New Year's Day at Bordeaux, and reduce it to silence with a gesture of the hand. To such an auditory men speak oftenest in dumb show. Now the French tribune whom I endeavour to sketch does not. His voice is audible at a great distance, and he has the faculty of making those he speaks to listen. To ensure easy and commanding gestures he dresses loose and his free about the chest. The day he pleaded for Baudin he hired a gown made for a man nearly twice his size, so that his action might accord with amplitude of style in his discourse. Gambetta has taken up the mantle of the orators of the forum, which was a wide open space with market stalls all round. He has the Italian genius for improvisation, and also the Italian self-mastery even when he appears most carried away by his subject. He never makes a slip of the tongue, and however imprudent his language may sometimes appear he has, in the long run, no cause to regret it. His stump progresses are accomplished rapidly and suddenly. In making them he is generally accompanied by a following of young men who in a few hours send round the fiery cross and have the meeting organised at which their leader is to make his speech. Before the authorities have had time to interfere, Gambetta has come, spoken, received his ovation, and gone off.

A consummate lawyer, he never gets either himself or his friends into scrapes. With his leader's instinct he loses no opportunity to draw about him young Frenchmen of ability, on whose assistance he could rely were a turn of the wheel again to bring him to the top. The scene of confusion which the Home Office presented on the 5th September was a lesson that he still remembers. In preserving a needful degree of subordination, he gives his lieutenants room to come out, they never exciting his nor—what is still more remarkable in a country where envy is a ruling passion—he their jealousy. The *République Française* resembles a well-directed orchestra. Its bureaux are a school where men of different faculties and high abilities are acquiring a political education.

One of the strangest sights the strange French capital affords to rarely-privileged sight-seers is Gambetta in the editor's room inspiring leading articles to MM. Challemeil Lacour, Paul Bert, Allain Targé, Spuller, Isambert, and other members of his staff, telling exactly what shades they are to preserve, and, in treating dangerous

questions, showing them the unquestionable length of their legal tether. They all stand round, listening attentively, and oblivious that half an hour earlier he was their hearty comrade of the dinner-table, amusing them with his sallies and fine flow of animal spirits. Gambetta also often writes an article, but does not sign it. Where he greatly shines is in a biographical notice, in reviewing an historical work, or in criticising a painting. His portraits are drawn with a frank, liberal pen, and glow like a picture of Rubens. At the beginning of April he drew one of Corot, the landscape painter, which is a masterpiece of critical and descriptive writing. One of the greatest intellectual treats an artist could have would be to visit an exhibition of paintings with Gambetta and listen to his original criticisms.

The wide-spread belief in Gambetta's discernment attracts towards him young soldiers of promise, who resent the favouritism which the one year voluntariat has brought into the army. If he were not opposed to agitating the camps and barracks his military following would be important. He discourages attempts to work the soldiery, and, from a sagacious fear of drawing them into political quarrels, voted the withdrawal from them of electoral rights when they are under arms. His promotions when he was Dictator reflect creditably on his judgment. The committee on military grades, appointed by the Assembly to sift them, did not think it well to push inquiry too far lest they should defeat their own object. Thiers was politic enough to maintain, so far as he was able without provoking a storm, the minor grades accorded by Gambetta; and he entrusted to a favourite general of the latter, Clinchamp, the command of the Camp of Ville d'Array, by doing which he prevented a fusionist *coup d'état* towards the end of June, 1871. He has since regretted that he was not firmer in protecting Crémier and some others who were broken by the committee.

Gambetta's last public performance shows that his power and talent are unabated. The composition of the multitude suggested to him the phrase in which he spoke over Quinet's grave of the alliance of the *bourgeoisie* and *proletariat*. His old auditors of Braleret's cherry orchard were outnumbered by the shopkeeping and other *bourgeois* elements. This speech, from a party point of view, was necessary. The extent to which Gambetta pushed concession in January and February was operating to his disadvantage, the Bonapartists having, with their great machinery for publicity in the provinces, given out that he was absorbed by the Orleanists. A favourite maxim of his is that a mariner cannot command the winds

and waves. In the faubourgs and manufacturing centres Imperialist agents gave out that Gambetta, finding the tide against Republicanism, was seeking to make his peace with the Comte de Paris. He wanted, they said, the steam power of a democratic Empire, which, they preached, renders navigation possible in the face of air and ocean currents. Gambetta's last speech was an indirect answer to these reports. It has reassured his party, and it has not alarmed the rich *bourgeoisie* which rallies to the Wallon Republic.

SPECTAVI.



A SPRING RAMBLE ON THE ITCHEN.

BY "RED SPINNER."



SPRING RAMBLE do I say? To be sure, by all law and precedent, there cannot be any doubt that this is spring time, for we are in the first week of April, the month when the sealed caskets of nature silently and gradually open in beautiful response to warm sunshine and soft showers. At least so used it to be; but the grand vernal movement for which we have hoped so intensely during the murderous blasts of a severely protracted winter seems still reluctant to gladden our eyes in its full April measure. The farmers and gardeners do not object to a little reasonable backwardness of season, for anything in the shape of forwardness you may generally take it, with most kinds of vegetation, as with men and women, boys and girls, is unsafe, and not to be desired by those who are wise enough to look to ultimate issues. Yet it would be pleasanter, as we sally forth, were we not cut and slashed so mercilessly by the bitter wind, and were we able to realise even in a faint degree all the sweet adjuncts with which poets invest April skies and spring landscapes. But (fortunately who shall question?) it is not for mortals to command in these things; not one of us by taking thought can add another bud to the boughs, or develop another flower in the hedgerows.

Masses of slate-coloured clouds roll over the fine old city of Winchester as I wait in a porch for the carriage which is to convey us to Itchen-side, and miserable luck! the hail-stones storm us in volleys, making the windows of the cathedral rattle again, and covering the green grass of the churchyard with tiny dancing hop-o'-my-thumbs which speedily are gone for ever. The carriage cometh not; up the street and down the street we look, and still the chariot wheels delay their coming. It is but a step across to the cathedral, and we may spend a profitable quarter of an hour there. Moreover, it is a spot of peculiar interest to the angler. The antiquarian loves Winchester Cathedral because of its hoary historical associations with the period when the White City of the Downs was fortified by the Romans, who established there their College of Priests, and

upon its site—or near enough to it for argumentative purposes—erected their Temples of Apollo and Concord. The connoisseur of architecture loves the low-towered church for the wonderful combination of many schools which it represents. Rebuilt with crypts by Ethelwold, after the rude handling of Danish invaders; Bishop Walkelyn introduced nave and transepts in massive Norman style. This was the Walkelyn whose tower is supposed to have fallen in horror at the burial in consecrated ground of His Majesty William Rufus, who, you may remember, having been sent to his last account by Master Tyrrell's arrow in the forest yonder, was brought hither in a charcoal-burner's cart. Then we have the Right Reverend Godfrey de Lucy's Early English, and famous William of Wykeham's substitution for the Norman of the severely beautiful Perpendicular. Cromwell had a word or two to say, necessarily, about the decorations of our cathedral, but, as well-preserved specimens of all the above styles remain, though amidst many incongruities, I may well observe that to the student of architecture Winchester Cathedral is an object of admiration.

The angler, though I will not do him the heinous injustice to hint that he cares for none of these things, remembers the cathedral for another reason. He passes by Walkelyn's Norman work in the north transept, the corner by which, descending to the crypt, may be inspected the most ancient architectural features of the structure, and makes his way towards the eastern side to the little chapel, to which the name of Silkstede is given; but its singular wirework and other objects are of secondary consideration, for here lie the bones of dear old Izaak Walton. The good angler was a great traveller for his time. There were few parts of England unfamiliar to him. He fished many rivers, north and south; in Worcester Cathedral he buried his wife, "a woman of remarkable prudence and of primitive piety, who was blest with general knowledge, true humility, and Christian meekness," and who was therefore a worthy mate of the man who could write no higher praise of Dean Nowel, of St. Paul's, than the words—"This good old man was a dear lover and constant practiser of angling as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer * * * * a tenth part of his time in angling, and also * * * * to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught." Walton's son Izaak was a Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and Walton himself, dying during the hard frost of 1683 in Dr. Hawkins's house in Winchester, was buried in Prior Silksteed's chapel. Tread softly,

for here is the flat stone which points to the master's last home, and thus commemorates it:—

Here resteth the body of
MR. ISAAC WALTON,
Who dyed the Fifteenth of December, 1683.

Alas ' he's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crowned with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

Votis modestissime sperant liberi.

And still the hail peppers the streets as we come out into the light, and yet the angler, having finished the pilgrimage to his hero's shrine, is left lamenting at the non-arrival of the promised vehicle. Well, well, if we may not ride we can walk to our hearts' desire! The day is not favourable for angling, but it may be turned to good account for rambling purposes by the side of the limpid Itchen. And there can be no better guide than Hammond, who loves its trout with paternal affection, who is known by every Hampshire angler, and remembered by many a Winchester College boy when he has gone forth into the ends of the earth and makes the fish of distant waters feel the disadvantages of the lessons he taught him in the art of fly-making and trout-catching. Mr. Hammond is a well-known citizen, and he is known far and wide as "Hammond of Winchester." Who thinks of overweighting his "Caesar" with an unnecessary "Julius"? Hammond has fished the Itchen for thirty years and, acquiring water as fast as it came into the market, he is now the proprietor of several miles of fine trout fishing. Happily I find him amongst the stuffed fish, flies, and angling stock in his shop in the peaceful Square, not far from the City Cross, and induce him to don his fishing boots, take his rod, and be my guide during the afternoon. But he decisively warns me to expect no sport, for the Itchen trout have a keen sense of the proprieties, and at this time of the year will not rise after two of the clock. They do not trouble themselves, however, about the icy wind, and are not necessarily disconcerted at the hail; but as to times and seasons they, like wilful women, will have their own way.

By the bridge at the bottom of the town there is a stretch of water

free to the public, and the private soldiers from the garrison sometimes of a summer evening come down and mingle with the civilians in whipping the river. If these free fishers used the fly only, the sport would be much better, for the stream is of such a nature, and in such a position between the upper and lower waters, that the largest fish are to be found there. But all sorts of unfair means are employed to capture the trout ; and perhaps, after all, we must not be too hard upon a poor fellow who knows that a three pound trout is lying under a certain bend in the bank, and that he will be three shillings the richer if he can transfer it to his bag. So he tries worm and minnow, as he has a perfect right to do ; and he attempts a process locally known as "snatching," which is reprehensible and not to be endured. These body-snatchers lash three large hooks together back to back, and weighting them with a bullet or piece of window lead, throw the apparatus over the fish and foul it if they can. It was a long time before the keepers could understand why so many mutilated and murdered fish were found, but at length the ruinous cause was discovered to be "snatching." Happily, a bye-law has been unearthed under which the snatcher can be brought under the hand of the police, and the Itchen anglers will during the present season reap the benefit of a strict enforcement of the penalties in such case made and provided.

The Itchen about Winchester is the only portion which is within the reach of the angler who is able and willing to pay for his sport, and there is no river in England where the terms are fairer and the probabilities of moderate sport better. You may, for half-a-crown per diem, purchase the right of fishing the lower waters, where large fish roam ; or you may secure advantageous terms by taking weekly, monthly, or yearly tickets. The upper water is a ten-rod and ten-guinea subscription fishery, and there the trout are more numerous, though not as a rule so heavy. These particulars I mention to assist any brother angler who, wishing to know how best to spend that holiday which gives him release from care and toil, is hampered and too often disappointed by not knowing where to go. The higher parts of the Itchen are most strictly preserved by the land-owners, and hence I find a common impression that the whole river is beyond the grasp of an ordinary individual. Winchester is but sixty-seven miles from London, and if a London angler takes the earliest and latest trains he may enjoy a long day's hard work with his fly rod by the side of a well-stocked trout stream and amidst lovely pastoral scenery.

Yesterday, as I can vouch from actual observation, one of the

subscribers between ten and three o'clock caught seven brace of fish, weighing twenty pounds; four and five brace are not at all uncommon takes in the upper water, and all fish under three-quarters of a pound have to be returned to the river. The gentleman who yesterday was able to exhibit this superb dish of finely-conditioned trout pleaded guilty to having had fifteen losses; that is to say, the fish were rising short, and escaped with a prick. This the angler must expect on a cold April day, but it is better only to touch a rising fish than whip without a sign from morning to night. Sensitive trout fishermen humiliate themselves sometimes by too much self-condemnation on these tantalising short-rising days, cursing their own stupidity because the pricked fish gets away: the fact being that no mortal man could have done otherwise. The great time on the Itchen is during June, when the May-fly is on. Hammond studied the minds and bodies of the denizens of his stream until he knew their tastes to a nicety; and his floating May fly is quite a *chef d'œuvre* of the fly-dresser's art. Prohibitive tariffs are imposed for casual visitors during the flight of the May-fly, a most righteous protection for both fish and annual subscribers. Sixty-nine brace were taken in one day not many seasons ago with the floating drake.

Last year, during an evening stroll while waiting for a train to town, I watched the anglers with their May flies, and in the course of two miles saw captured five fish each over two, and a couple not many ounces short of three pounds. It is a peculiarity of the lower water that the trout are seldom small. A reverend gentleman, whom it is my pleasure to know as a devoted labourer amongst the poor and an honour to his profession, every year leaves the squalid homes of the London poor and the dingiest alleys of the most wretched parts of the metropolis, and allows himself a fortnight's fresh air and recreation on Itchen-side during this fortunate season. The river is a blessing to him; and his modest expectations of sport are never falsified should the water be at all fishable. There are numbers of other anglers who in the same way never regret their introduction to the stream and the peaceful lowlands through which it winds.

But we are working at a disadvantage to-day; we try a few casts with Hammond's Favourite and Wickham's Nancy, two sweet little flies, upon the why and wherefore of which the author will deliver a two hours' lecture, so theoretically has he studied the shining body, delicate hackle, and slender wing of which they are composed. We see plenty of fish in the smooth reaches, but not the ghost of a rise. A couple of gentlemen whom we pass have met with no success, though they have tried all the favourite flies, and artificial minnows to boot.

The mystic hour of two has passed, and, in the words of the old saying : " As the day lengthens, the cold strengthens." Down once more before the sou'-west blast comes the hail, causing the face to smart as if lashed with whipcord. The narrow stream is roughened into waves. We run before the wind under bare poles to the lee of the willow-bed, disturbing the moorhens, who dive at our approach and appear again shaking their shapely heads fifty yards up stream.

Here, in cool grot, we find a third individual who has been forced into shelter. He is a man learned in trees and plants, and for ten minutes he bewails the backwardness of spring. He has cause, doubtless, for the common spring flowers which usually smile upward at the passer-by keep snug within their buds. The little celandine will scarcely open though the primroses and violets have set it a good example. The trees are sulky as to blossom and bud, the ends of the branches appearing as if hermetically sealed with bits of wax. Still the coppices are almost imperceptibly changing colour, and have now put on that port-wine hue which indicates advance towards leaf-time. What was it William Cobbett, who thoroughly knew this part of the country, so prettily wrote ?—" In spring they change their hue from day to day during two whole months, which is about the time from the first appearance of the delicate leaves of the birch to the full expansion of those of the ash ; and even before the leaves come at all to intercept the view. What in the vegetable creation is so delightful to behold as the bed of a coppice bespangled with primroses and bluebells ? The opening of the birch leaves is the signal for the pheasant to begin to crow, for the blackbird to whistle and the thrush to sing ; and just when the oak-buds begin to look reddish, and not a day before, the whole tribe of finches bursts forth into song from every bough, while the lark, imitating them all, carries the joyous sounds to the sky."

Let us be grateful, for lo ! there comes a burst of sunshine, and we may now continue our wanderings along the Itchen's course. On the other side of the river below the town stands venerable St. Cross, the rooks wheeling and chattering after their kind in the wind-rocked trees. We have no ferry here, so we shall be in no danger to-day of presenting ourselves at the porter's lodge and claiming the bread and beer which according to the charitable bequest of Henry de Blois, bishop of the diocese in 1136, every traveller may obtain for the mere asking even unto this day. The river here is broad, deep, and so clear that you may count the pebbles at the bottom and admire their polished whiteness. Hiding behind the alder, you watch the trout all still and listless save for the movement of the fin

necessary to keep them head to stream. From any point of view along the bank the buildings of the Hospital of St. Cross look picturesque. An angler appears on the other bank persevering in spite of difficulties, and he, without knowing it, throws straight across to the trout which we have been criticising. The fly falls at first too far below him, for it is a long cast. The trout could scarcely have seen the flash of the footline on the water, yet at the instant of its fall he makes an uneasy movement with his tail. A second attempt brings the Hammond's Favourite lightly upon the precise ripple that would float it over the head of the trout, but he has disappeared like a stroke of lightning. In all England you shall not find a river requiring so much delicacy of manipulation as the Itchen. Wherefore let clumsy fly fishers take heed.

In the upper waters grayling have been introduced with great success by Mr. Hammond, and there are brighter prospects of improvement in the breed of this handsome and sport-giving winter fish. There are nothing like the number of grayling there were in the Itchen twenty years ago, when thirty three brace were taken in a day by one rod near Twyford, the village where Pope was partly educated. The grayling, however, lost their character, and were killed in season and out of season. When it was discovered that they far outnumbered the trout and worried their speckled cousins at the spawning beds, when it was darkly hinted that they devoured the ova of the trout, a war of extermination was resolved upon. The trout were rapidly decreasing, and trout could not be permitted to die that the grayling might live.

The march of science, however, interposed to save the grayling from annihilation in the Itchen. Artificial trout-hatching removed temptation out of the grayling's path, and hostilities ceased. It would be a boon to the grayling-fisher to be able to run away from town on a nice snowy or frosty winter-day and be amongst the Hampshire grayling within three hours. In a beautiful branch of his upper water Hammond three years ago placed twelve brace and a half of grayling. The next year—so rapidly do they grow—there were quantities of fish six inches long, and the multiplication has gone on satisfactorily ever since. A grayling of three pounds four ounces has been taken from the Itchen, but of course they do not often attain that development, although two-pounders are not rarities.

At the upper portion of the Winchester waters the rambler, after a couple of miles through grass and fallow, with a charming plain beyond, and the commencement of the Hampshire uplands on his left hand, might profitably spend his time in either sketching or

angling. There are unusual facilities for both. From Winchester to Bishopstoke, as the traveller by the South-Western Railway may see, the river is smooth in its flow, rippling enough for music, but not enough for foam. Though it rises in the down country between Alresford and Alton, and flows through a vale which bears its name, it possesses none of the wild charms of a mountain stream. It runs through about twenty-five miles of delightfully rural scenery, ministering to seventeen villages brought in a very literal sense within the fold of the Church in days when abbots looted and kings thieved; it throws out and receives numerous tiny feeders, and is very often turned aside to wake up the drowsy waterwheel of the sequestered mill. It waters a goodly land; just such land as the shrewd-headed Lot—if he and the sheik Abraham had happened to hold their parting interview on one of these loamy hills instead of the Bethel grazing-grounds—would, on lifting up his eyes, have selected for his flocks and herds.

A river is often compared to a man's life in its inevitable advance from source to ocean. Does not the resemblance admit of many applications? Take the Itchen. From the moment when it rises out of the chalk at Ropley Dean to its reception in Alresford pond it sparkles in a confined sphere, bubbling and joyous in its childhood existence. Pursuing its way through the villages and meads, it widens and deepens, and casts out influences right and left, ornamenting stately manors and aiding the husbandman and miller in the more even tenour of its prime. Lastly, nearing the tidal estuary at South Stoneham, it puts aside its shallows and light-hearted rippings, becomes "still but deep," and mingles with the sea without a murmur. So, the best and the worst of us must feel, should end a well-ordered life.

A rustic bridge near Winnal Church presents a variety of exquisite scenes for the painter; for the surroundings are well wooded, and the habitations of man and the natural charms of country life are most harmoniously mingled. The river here has several branches, some of them the perfection of trout-water, offering steady deeps for the artificial minnow and alternating shallows for the fly. This is the end of our ramble, and if we have before regretted the backwardness of the season and the wintry weather, we may doubly regret it now at a place where the summer verdure alone is wanting to complete the picture. The white willows without their feathery ornaments, the weeping willow without its drooping branches, the white-wooded alder without its distinctive though somewhat sombre leafage, are like ships without their canvas. To-day, instead of

imparting their familiar lights and shades to the stream, they mournfully catch the passing wind and convert it into a song of hope deferred. But there is in a tall tree opposite a bold mussel thrush whom the hail-storms cannot silence; in Hampshire, and probably elsewhere, they call this fellow the storm cock because of his stormy-petrel qualities. We can hear him singing a defiant kind of war song, and probably his mate is near sitting over her four or five eggs, purple-white with pale brown spots. The water wagtail, tamest of our stream-haunting birds, is out and about, and one fearless little busy body, restlessly occupying a spit of gravel in the middle of the brook, seems to have an eye to our rods, which we have long ago abandoned, and which you will pardon me for repeating we brought out more for the sake of airing than using them.

In the foregoing remarks I have spoken of the Itchen and its trout in terms, may be, that will make an angler's mouth water, just as that seven brace taken in this very meadow yesterday morning made mine perform that figurative operation. And the experienced angler does not require reminding that his pursuit is the most uncertain of sports, and that seven brace days are rare in his calendar. But take it all in all, the Itchen is a good trout river. I have known it for some years as a Rambler, though not much as an angler, and have seen the kind of sport it yields under average circumstances and with due exercise of skill. The skill, however, must be high, and to skill must be added knowledge of the water. The large size of the trout has always astonished me. A fish of six pounds weight was taken a few years since with a fly, and that is indeed a noble specimen of the breed; but this, I presume, would be an event in a generation. Some of the regular anglers, Hampshire gentlemen who know their ground, reckon their season's sport by hundreds, and not by dozens. The Itchen fish have a peculiarity which may be noticed occasionally in other streams; of two fish precisely alike in every respect to all appearance, one when served up shall cut pink as a salmon and be delicious eating, while the flesh of the other is white and tasteless.

Here we may put our rods together and stroll in the evening half-lights back to Winton. Ours has been a desultory ramble, as rambles should be. We began with a cathedral, and end with the cooking of trout—very like the daily run of mundane affairs indeed. The stroll along Itchen-side has not damaged our appetites; the hail and wind have imparted to our faces a ruddy glow; and we have picked up some information which, when the proper moment arrives, will be turned to useful account by at least one individual.

THE LATE JOHN MITCHEL AND THE YOUNG IRELAND PARTY.

BY A YOUNG IRELANDER OF '48.

I KNEW them all, and was in the days of the "Young Ireland Party" entirely identified with their policy.

They did not call themselves "Young Irelanders." The title was conferred upon them from outside. Their aims differed widely from those of the Home Rulers of to-day, and I do not think that the character and purposes of the movement of thirty years ago have ever been fairly set before the world.

In putting together my notes and recollections of the movement and the men, I do not intend to express opinions on the politics of the period, but merely to reflect the views and schemes of the party with which I was at that time associated.

The Young Ireland Party originated in the establishment of the *Nation* newspaper, whose professed object was "to create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and make it racy of the soil," words which formed the motto of the journal. Its chief promoters were Thomas Davis and John Dillon, and its management was entrusted to Charles Gavan Duffy.

Mr. Duffy was a Roman Catholic, but though brought up in Ulster, where the social inferiority of the professors of his creed, and the arrogant bearing towards them of the Orange fraternity, were ill calculated to develop liberality towards Protestants, he was entirely free from sectarian animosity. Remembering that the men who had risked and suffered most in previous struggles for Irish nationality were Ulster Protestants, it was hoped that the men of Ulster might be gained over as allies; for in order to render successful any efforts on the part of Ireland to win back her Parliamentary independence, the co-operation of as many sections as possible of our countrymen was essential. The *Nation* sought to bring about this co-operation on the common ground of nationality, and to avoid all questions of sectarian controversy and mere party politics.

Of the promoters of the movement, one was indeed a Protestant, though not an Ulster man, and belonged to a family whose political principles were the least likely to foster such a spirit as the

Nation was intended to arouse. Thomas Davis was a native of Mallow, in the county of Cork, descended from a staunch Cromwellian stock, brought up amid Tory surroundings, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, having, on the completion of his studies there, been called to the bar. At college he showed that he had emancipated himself from the traditional politics of his race. The motto taken by him from Lessing for a youthful pamphlet "Think wrongly if you will, but think for yourselves"—was a key to his character, and subsequently it might have been adopted as that of the party which he mainly formed, and which, while he lived, beyond a doubt regarded him as its head.

Duffy was a strong journalist and able writer. His leaders in the *Nation* showed remarkable force and vigour, and his ballads deserve a place in any collection in the language. "The Muster of the North" is full of energy and power. I heard Richard Lalor Shiel—no mean authority—say that it was equal to any piece of ballad poetry he had ever read. Davis had less nervous vigour, less trenchant directness, in his prose, but his intensely sympathetic nature, his power of imparting to others, by a style of writing emotional in the extreme but always simple the feelings that actuated himself, gave him, especially amongst a people so impressionable as those he addressed, an unrivalled influence. For poetry, to the time when he connected himself with the *Nation*, he had shown no capacity. He attempted versification, without any consciousness that he possessed the gift of song, and solely because he was full of the idea of its importance as a means of awakening popular emotion. But the result was a collection of songs and ballads which number amongst them some of the most stirring vigour, and others of the utmost grace, tenderness, and beauty. "The Sack of Baltimore" has hardly a rival in its charm of description, its dramatic presentment of the most exciting action, and its deep and touching pathos. "The Geraldines," likewise, and some of the verses of "Fontenoy," are very fine.

Davis was the very soul of truth and honour. His intense scorn of everything base or mean, his earnest admiration of all that was elevated, his respect for all honest convictions however widely at variance with his own, his hatred of wrong, his deep sympathy with suffering and misfortune, and his genial cordiality of disposition, rendered him at once respected and beloved, and won for him unbounded esteem and confidence. His aspect and manner inspired trustfulness. I picture him now with his kindly gray eyes, his well-cut smiling mouth, the lips somewhat parted and full of

earnest expression, his cheeks almost always flushed with emotion, his head thrust forward slightly, and his whole figure betokening an ardent, impulsive character. In walking he seemed to me to move to the sound of martial music. Not that he was soldierly in bearing. No one could less suggest the idea of the drill-sergeant's tuition. But his look and gait were those of a man whose whole soul was being stirred by some ringing strain of battle. With this ardour of temperament he combined calmness of judgment. He was ready to listen to and seriously consider all opinions presented to him, an honest desire to get at the truth being his ruling motive always. No man could look more impartially at things from every point of view, or make fuller allowance for the influences which affected the opinions of others.

These details regarding an individual may seem somewhat too minute, but nothing perhaps would make the character of the Young Ireland Party better understood than a thorough knowledge of the man who was their leader and guide in all things while he lived.

John Mitchel, son of a Unitarian minister, was another of the earliest writers for the *Nation*; but, continuing for some years to reside at Banbridge, where he practised as a solicitor, he was only brought into close personal relations with many members of the party at a later date. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a man of considerable culture and refined literary taste. When quite a boy he made a most romantic marriage. He had poetry enough in his nature but he wrote no verses. His forte was prose. His style, always vigorous and remarkable, was not developed to its full extent till his final severance from the *Nation* and the starting by him of the *United Irishman*, in which his defiant bolts could be launched without imperilling his colleagues. Less known than his newspaper articles, but well meriting perusal as a fascinating piece of English composition, is his "Life of Aodh (Hugh) O'Neil," written for "Duffy's Irish Library."

The outer world, who knew John Mitchel only as the daring assailant of authority, the fierce instigator of rebellion, the man who counselled the resort, by an insurgent people, to ferocious modes of warfare—if warfare it could be called—will never, perhaps, be able to realise the true character of the man. That such a seeming monster was in private life the gentlest of the gentle, with more than a woman's softness and sensibility, beloved by his associates and idolised in his home, will be thought impossible. But such John Mitchel was. Those who knew him intimately realised how it might be possible that the portraits left us of some of the

French Revolutionists of '89 were not mere fancies of a disordered imagination. Like them, he seems to have had two distinct natures—a political and a personal—the one fierce, un pitying, remorseless; the other all tenderness and ruth. The one is known to the world by his pen—a diamond stylus dipped in vitriol; the other lives in the sorrowing memory of his friends, who call to mind the happy household which his presence lighted like a sunbeam, and grieve over the desolation that has fallen upon it—thinking of the old times, of the venerable, gray-haired mother, of the affectionate and accomplished sisters, the young and charming wife, and the lovely group of children, of whom two now sleep on the red battle-fields of the great American republic, where they fell in the very dawn of manhood, fighting with a valour worthy of a better cause.

The intensity of Mitchel's hatred of "the Saxon," and the truculent ferocity which he complacently vindicated as justifiable and laudable in a people fighting for national existence, were foreign to his colleagues. The Young Ireland Party attributed to the unscrupulous or ignorant misrule of England, as their primary cause, the political degradation and the social misery—then nearly at its worst—of their country; but they had no fanatical hatred of Englishmen, and most of them earnestly admired English political institutions, and entertained high respect for the great qualities, moral and intellectual, of the English race. Of the want of some of these qualities amongst their own countrymen they were fully, indeed sadly, conscious, and O'Connell's extravagant eulogiums on the Irish people—his vaunts of their superior knowledge and sagacity—they regarded with honest humiliation. They used to wince when he proclaimed the untaught, starving, crouching millions—who cringed to a bailiff and looked up to a rack-renting landlord as a demi god—"the finest peasantry in the world." If it were so, some of them asked themselves, what wrong had been done them by British rule? Was not the stern impeachment of that rule to be most plainly found in the fact that they were exactly the reverse; that they were not merely the "worst clad, worst fed, and worst loused" of any European working population, but, in addition, the most slavish and the most ignorant—serfs who hardly dared to think their souls their own? True, these wretched creatures did perform acts that might almost be called heroic. With arrears of rent that left them helplessly at the landlord's mercy, despite of agents' threats, and often with certain ruin as the result, they marched up to the polling booth to record their votes for the popular candidate at an election contest. But this was done too commonly, with however genuine a wish to do it, under terror of another kind; and Young

Ireland thought human liberty hardly less outraged when the voter did what he believed to be right through the dread of fulminations from the altar, than when he did what he believed to be wrong through menaces from the estate office. The Young Ireland Party would indeed have gladly seen every Irishman disfranchised who did not feel free to vote regardless of priest or landlord.

But Young Ireland believed their countrymen to possess, in rich abundance, the germs of great national qualities. To develop and cultivate these was the ardent wish and hope of those who gathered round the *Nation*: to help to create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and make it racy of the soil. For public opinion had to be "created," in their view of things. That which was called public opinion seemed to them a sorry sham. With the Protestants it meant the tenacious clinging to every shred that yet remained of the old ascendancy; with the Catholics submission to whatever O'Connell might choose to dictate. The "Liberator's" great abilities and noble services Young Ireland fully recognised. But Freedom's temple was not a goal to which men could be marched in shackles. O'Connell had no wish to cultivate independent thought; his policy had ever been to crush it—not from mere despotism of character, but because he believed he knew better than any other Irishman what was the true course for Ireland to pursue; and independent thought only suggested possible impediments. The priests ruled Catholic Ireland; he ruled the priests. What better state of things could be? O'Connell would have crushed the *Nation* had he foreseen what it would become. But it had already grown into a great power in Ireland before even his sagacity saw in it anything but a mere newspaper; and mere newspapers he believed he could do with as he pleased. No Irish journal had, with impunity, attempted to thwart his policy.

Early in 1841 the late Earl Fortescue, then Irish Viceroy, made a public declaration that no one who joined the Repeal Association should, in any circumstances, receive office or employment under Government. This declaration was resented by many who did not concur in the policy of the association. The feeling was strongest amongst the junior members of the bar; and at the next weekly meeting of the association letters were read from a number of them, enclosing their subscriptions and asking to be enrolled in that body. Amongst those so joining were Thomas MacNevin, John Dillon, Michael Joseph Barry, and Denny Lane—all of whom soon formed part of the inner councils of Young Ireland, and helped, with either pen or tongue, to win for it the

celebrity it speedily acquired. MacNevin and Barry were constant speakers in the association, and Dillon spoke also, but less frequently. He and MacNevin were amongst the prose contributors to the *Nation*. Barry wrote many of the songs and lyrics, and a couple of very expressive songs were contributed by Lane. None of the number had made any position at the bar, all having been called within two or three years; but Barry had (in conjunction with the present Judge Keogh) been joint author of a work on the Practice of the Court of Chancery that had proved a decided success.

Other accessions to the Young Ireland ranks were Thomas Darcy McGee, the able administrator who died by the assassin's hand in Canada; Thomas Francis Meagher, Denis Florence McCarthy, well known by his translations of Calderon's dramas, pronounced by Ticknor to possess the very highest merit, and one whose talent, geniality, and wit are equalled by his retiring modesty; John Edward Pigot (eldest son of the late Chief Baron Pigot), a cultivated and pleasing writer, of the most advanced Nationalist opinions; and Doheny, all members of the bar; with John Martin,* Williams, and two or three younger men, of whom the most conspicuous in literary ability was Devin Reilly, one of the prose contributors to the *Nation*.

Dillon, since so favourably known as a member of the House of Commons, was calm and thoughtful, though with a reserve of suppressed enthusiasm ready at any moment to be called into action; fond of the graver class of studies—political economy amongst the rest—and remarkable for integrity, candour, and hatred of deceit and subterfage. O'Gorman possessed a union of strong animal spirits, dash, and resolution, that made him very effective as a speaker and a great favourite in social life. MacNevin, almost a dwarf in stature, was a strange and capricious compound of many qualities; eloquent in his delivery of speeches, which were usually carefully prepared, and peculiarly telling in invective, with a practised pen rarely surpassed for polished sarcasm; of much conversational brilliancy and wit, intense and almost childish love of fun; and with all the evidences of a too sensitively excitable organisation, which, unhappily, at last gave way under the strain it was subjected to. Independent in means, he chafed at the drudgery of a profession at which his connections and abilities must have ensured him considerable success; and with no

* Dead since this was written, and needing no panegyric beyond those bestowed by his adversaries. Would that Ireland and Irishmen often met, from English writers, such generous and manly treatment as they frankly accorded to him!

deep convictions of any kind, he was still a valuable ally to colleagues with whom, perhaps, he only sympathised in tastes and inclinations, while he believed himself to entirely share their opinions.

A man of a widely different stamp was John O'Hagan—not related in any way to his namesake Lord O'Hagan, to whose youngest daughter he is married, though, like him, an Ulster Catholic—of whom it might be desirable to say much, but that the high position which he holds at the bar in Ireland, and the universal recognition of his large and varied attainments and unimpeachable character, render the task unnecessary. His clear, logical intellect and the steadfastness of his opinions were in marked contrast to MacNevin's volatile nature. But his more thoughtful disposition interfered in no way with his social charm; while his rich stores of information, his sportive arguments in support of untenable propositions, and his quaint and quiet humour were delightful contributions to the enjoyment of those Young Ireland evenings of which I shall, further on, have something to say. Under the signature "Slievegullion," he wrote some of the most stirring lyrics in the *Nation*, and one little poem, of a non-political kind, "The Old Story," which is full of beauty. O'Hagan's Catholicism was very strict—his convictions in religion, as in everything else, being decided—but his freedom from bigotry was complete. In truth, this bane of Ireland never was known within the *Nation* circle.

Meagher does not call for much remark. Kindly in disposition and refined in taste, perhaps somewhat Sybaritic, he had no shining social qualities—indeed, was unusually reserved and silent for so young a man. Oratory was his forte, and, though not incapable of what in another would be called good extemporaneous speaking, his great harangues, often really magnificent in their eloquence, were the result of the most elaborate composition, not a word being left unconsidered in preparing them. Yet they were delivered as if spoken in the full fervour of spontaneous declamation. His memory of what he had written was wonderful. Of this, as well as of the accuracy to which reporting can be brought, he used to relate a notable instance. Mr. Hodges, then attending as Government short-hand writer at the political meetings in Ireland, had taken down the speech, of some three-quarters of an hour's duration, for which Meagher was indicted on a charge of sedition, and he got a copy of the notes. It differed in only a single word from his own MS. of the speech before delivery. This word, Meagher said, must have been correctly taken down, being quite unlike in sound to its synonym in the MS.

Doheny harmonised least with his colleagues, some of whom, perhaps, though it would seem most erroneously, viewed him with an approach to distrust—which had its origin in probably nothing more than want of personal sympathy. His social habits differed from theirs. Originally a rural teacher, he had somewhat of the peasant character about him, was careless in dress, and not very polished in manners. He was a man of unquestionable ability; wrote much for the *Nation*, his articles having a more Irish flavour than those of any other contributor; and made speeches full of cleverness, point, and rich dry humour. For addressing a gathering of the lower orders he had no rival amongst the Young Ireland set. The brilliant rhetoric of Meagher would have been entirely *caruare* to them.

The weekly newspaper that could count on such a staff of writers could not fail to become notable. Every variety of literary talent may be found represented there, from that of the gravest political essayist to that of the gayest rhyming trifler. Indeed, in no department was the *Nation* stronger than in the light artillery of wit and banter. Its satirical squibs were a source of constant annoyance to its opponents; yet its shafts were never poisoned with personality of an offensive kind, and all coarseness was abhorrent to it. Its columns were closed to everything that a gentleman might not write or a lady read. It became at once famous, and then, as if it had awakened by a trumpet call all the slumbering genius of the country, there poured into its editorial letter-box, from every part of the island, contributions which, especially the songs and ballads, took its conductors by surprise, displaying as they did such evidences of power, spirit, and cultivation. The new journal produced an electric effect on Irish society. It penetrated even the most exclusive circles of Orangeism. It found everywhere responsive echoes. Nationality became the fashion. On every pianoforte lay the "Irish Melodist" of Moore or the "National Airs" of Bunting. Every harp was tuned to the music of the country. People who a year before had been almost ashamed of their nativity suddenly became enthusiasts about Irish literature, Irish art, Irish archaeology, Irish genius; even when they still hesitated to declare for Irish independence. This was an altogether new achievement. O'Connell had carried with him the priests and the great body of the people. Young Ireland won the admiration, and to a large extent the support, of the educated classes.

Individually the men thus associated had nearly all qualities to win for them personal influence. Young, well educated, socially agreeable, they were as welcome accessions to the drawing-room as

to the literary circle ; and not a few houses in the Irish metropolis which, in accordance with the painful system of isolation, on religious and political grounds, so prevalent yet in Ireland, had never been entered by a Roman Catholic or a Liberal, had their doors freely opened to members of the Young Ireland party who professed either or both opinions. Their names were placed, unsought, on the committees of associations for scientific, literary, or artistic purposes. Ladies of the highest Tory families sought seats in Conciliation Hall to hear their speeches. Distinguished strangers were taken there to see and listen to them. They were "lionised" to a degree which might well turn the heads of young men of whom few had passed five-and-twenty, a time of life when the incense of flattery very readily affects the brain.

Their policy, broadly stated, was Irish legislative independence. Their object was to repeal the Union, not with a view to restore the state of things begun in '82, but to create one which should leave Ireland altogether politically apart from Great Britain, with an Irish Ministry distinct from the British, and responsible only to an Irish Parliament. The only link between the two islands was to be the "golden link of the Crown." The essay by Barry, which in 1846 won the first prize of one hundred guineas offered by the association for the best essay in favour of repeal, while, of course, it pledged no one but its author, shows that these, in the main, were the aims and ideas of the writer's Young Ireland colleagues.

The Young Ireland Party felt sure that an ignorant distracted people, torn by factions and arrayed in two hostile camps, embittered against each other by both political and sectarian hate, could neither win nor retain an independent existence. The two primary duties, then, of an Irishman who loved his country were to educate and to conciliate. Ireland was steeped in ignorance, the fertilising agent by which every evil growth was sure to be nursed into rank luxuriance of vegetation. While bigots quarrelled as to where and how people were to be taught, there was no teaching that deserved the name. With the very rudiments of such teaching as there was, was imbibed the poison of sectarian animosity. Protestant and Catholic never met as companions or as playmates in their youth. They first encountered each other as men, strangers to all kindly intercourse, and armed to the teeth with the worst weapons of conflict : inveterate and envenomed prejudices against each other. Young Ireland believed the remedy for this to be united non-sectarian education. Of this its members, to a man, were advocates.

The party began with no idea of any insurrectionary attempt to

carry out their objects, though they believed the way in which the Union had been effected, and the evils to which they considered it to have led, justified, in the last resort, such an attempt, if it could prove successful. But their countrymen were unarmed and ignorant of the use of arms, therefore wholly incapable of contending with a great military Power. Nor did they contemplate foreign aid. They believed that a people who would be free must achieve their freedom for themselves, though not bound to reject all assistance. But to a nation not strong enough to hold its own such assistance was, on the whole, a dangerous boon, and Ireland's want was not a change of masters. England may have sinned grievously, but she had noble institutions for the maintenance and development of human freedom. France, unstable and politically demoralised, was surely, under Louis Philippe, not a country whose help could be availed of without suspicion. The United States were given to "annexation," and had adventurous citizens fond of helping themselves at the expense of other people, who might prove very far from profitable allies. Nor, perhaps, was there over much admiration for either country amongst the majority of the Young Ireland Party, which consisted in the main of men who loved ordered liberty, and had no great fancy for Republicanism.

The party, however, did consider it absolutely necessary to encourage the use of arms by Irishmen, and to enforce the duty of resort to them in extreme cases. The former they regarded as the privilege of a free people, and they felt insistence on the latter to be necessary, as a protest against the servile doctrine, the text of all O'Connell's exhortations, that "no amount of human liberty was worth one drop of human blood." Such a maxim they regarded as calculated to destroy the manhood of any people. Several of them, indeed, made a study of the military art; were familiar with Gilbert, Lloyd, Jomini, and Dufour; were acquainted with the Queen's Regulations and the Artillerists' Manual; and knew possibly as much of the theory of war as some who had "set a squadron in the field."

Towards England their feelings were mixed, and differed much amongst different individuals. They all believed that her past misrule was mainly the cause of Ireland's miserable situation. They all, while recognising how much of late years had been done to rectify past crimes or blunders, resented the arrogance of tone adopted by English politicians and the English press towards Irishmen. This, the inherent and abiding defect of all strong conquering races, jarred against their self respect, although not a

few of them recognised in it an ineradicable national characteristic. But what, perhaps, they blamed England for most was the want of justice, and disregard of public right, which they saw in her dealings with races on which she imposed her rule, by no other law than that of—to quote for it an Irish motto—“The strong hand uppermost.” They revolted at her policy in India especially. Probably few Englishmen would now defend the Indian policy of that time.

On the other hand, the daring, the energy, the dauntless “pluck” and noble perseverance of the British race had their thorough admiration. They felt that England had done great services in literature; that in practical science she stood at the head of the modern world; that, as has been already said, her political institutions were great bulwarks of human freedom. Were some defects of rapacity and unscrupulousness towards weaker races corrected they would have willingly seen old wrongs to Ireland buried in oblivion, and been proud of alliance between the two islands on equal terms. But they did not believe that under any system of Imperial Parliamentary representation equal terms for Ireland could be secured.

Young Ireland respected O’Connell as a man who had performed great public services for Ireland, but they felt no assurance that he was likely to render much more. Nor did they believe that the good he had done was without its mischievous alloy. The vices of the Irish character were the vices of a people who had been long enslaved: indirectness, cunning, disregard of truth. All these defects he had, no doubt unconsciously, fostered; had, by his great ability and marvellous success, beyond any question confirmed; nay, he had actually brought them to be regarded as the very highest agencies in political strategy. To win at thimble-rig seemed the first of exploits. To put on a lion’s hide, and frighten an adversary by empty roaring, with the full consciousness that one could only roar whatever came of it, appeared a better thing than to spring, with true mastiff courage, at his throat, and master him. No practical advantages, political or social, seemed to these young men to compensate for such national degradation as this ignoble preference for trickery to honest daring involved. Again, normal “agitation” was hateful to Young Ireland. The low fever of constant and prolonged political excitement, they felt, must waste the energies and wear out the vigour of any people. Far better the “short, sharp, and decisive” remedy of the most sanguinary conflict than this. But, almost without fault of his own, “agitation” had become a necessity for O’Connell. He had

perfected it into a system, and seemed preparing to leave it as an inheritance in his family. Rightly or wrongly, Young Ireland believed that he meant his tribunitial power to descend to a son of his race, personally inoffensive and amiable, but of moderate capacity, and with opinions, as regards religious policy, calculated as they thought, to thwart effectually the union of Catholic and Protestant. But, had the youth been gifted with the highest genius and the most conciliatory character they would equally have resented his installation in the "Liberator's" place. Their countrymen must learn to think for themselves, and to know that the greatest of all agencies for ensuring liberty and happiness was something else than the contribution to any association of "a farthing a week, a penny a month, shilling a year, with four weeks for nothing."

But if O'Connellism was repugnant to these young men, it was made tenfold more so by the low and sordid creature which it had engendered. Never, perhaps, had any man gathered round him such a set of fawning, servile sycophants as were to be found amongst the retainers of O'Connell in his later days. He had tolerated no one whom, with one pat of his lion's paw, he could not crush, and the result was that (with the exception of a few who had been his colleagues and friends in an earlier and better time, and from whose souls it saddened one to think all independence had gradually died out under the spell of his strong, overmastering will) those who surrounded him in his declining years were as thorough slaves as ever trembled before an Eastern despot.

Some even of these men were not mere mercenaries: but many were. The Repeal treasury was not an empty one, and the "agitation" needed officers of various kinds, to propagate its objects, to organise its adherents, and to report progress to headquarters. Young Ireland never accused or suspected O'Connell of touching the funds of the association for his own purposes, or for those of his immediate family. But they knew that men were employed at high rates of remuneration, on "missions" of various kinds in connection with Repeal, whose conduct and character would disgrace any cause, and to check this they persistently demanded the audit of the accounts. They did not distrust O'Connell's integrity in the application of the money: but they wished to put an end to a system which brought such discredit on the national organisation.

The accession to the Repeal Association of William Smith O'Brien was a decided gain to the party of Young Ireland, with whose leading members he was soon brought into close personal

relations, the tone of their writings and speeches having chiefly decided him on joining the ranks of Repeal. His social position and his high personal character were great advantages; and his maturer age lent a weight, in general estimation, to the proceedings of men whose youth took somewhat from their importance. Of him, personally, I need not say much. His public career is well known. Over the conduct of the Young Ireland Party he exercised little, if any, influence. They highly respected his honour, courage, integrity, and straightforwardness. Their intercourse with him was as cordial as was possible with a man of an unusually formal, ungenial, and rigid temperament. Between them there was strong mutual confidence and regard; but warm personal sympathy there could not be. He was in no sense the leader of the party. As one of them said, using Carlyle's phrase, he was an excellent "general's cloak," no more. One great service he did the party, in having the Parliamentary Committee of the association formed, which was composed principally of its members, who were thus trained to practical work, and who prepared a series of reports, full of valuable information, and showing no little thought and labour.

To give a higher social character to the Repeal movement, and to win over to it young men of the upper ranks, the Young Ireland Party got up the "Eighty-two Club," in commemoration of the older struggle for Irish nationality. With a handsome, somewhat costly, semi-military uniform—green, embroidered with gold—and a stringent ballot, it did prove an attraction, becoming a favourite organisation with the fair sex, for whose presence it made very gallant arrangements at its banquets. O'Connell was, of course, offered the presidency, which he accepted readily, and indeed seemed somewhat vain of his uniform and its distinguishing decorations. But some of his retainers—proposed by himself—were mercilessly blackballed in the club, which on one occasion led to a curious episode in its history.

At one of the ballots five persons proposed by him or his son, John O'Connell, were blackballed far beyond the number that would exclude them. He showed much annoyance, and at once convened a special meeting of the club, at which, after some deprecatory comments on what had occurred, he proposed, as a graceful way of setting things right, to admit by acclamation the rejected individuals. When he sat down, B——, one of the Young Ireland Party, rose and said there was no rule of the club to warrant such a step. O'Connell started to his feet with the look of an enraged lion, and said:—"I see now what is meant, and who are the authors of this

work. Mr. B — and his friends, it is plain enough, are at the bottom of it, forming themselves into a secret 'caucus' to insult men who count more years of public services to Ireland than they count years of life. No doubt they would be glad to act in the same manner towards myself." B — thereupon said, very quietly:—"I am quite ready, sir, to avow that I blackballed all the five candidates, and would feel it my duty again to do so, were they again ballotted for." "I have no doubt of it," cried O'Connell. "I am glad the young gentleman so courageously avows his act. He might have remembered, though, that he and his friends found their way into this club without any ballot, when he made the declaration he has done." "I have no fear, sir," replied B —, "of submitting to a ballot. I am quite willing to forego my privilege as an original member, to resign my position, and to be put up like any other candidate." "Then," said O'Connell, still more angrily, "I am not. I have no such confidence that this 'caucus' would not blackball me; and I suppose I have done more service to Ireland than Mr. B — and his allies. But I can find an easy remedy, by withdrawing from this club and founding one into which those very self-sufficient young gentlemen will have small chance of admission. It is high time to put a stop to conduct that must alienate from the Repeal movement the best and most honest men in the country." After some further indignant and fiercely spoken words the old tribune sat down; there was dead silence for a time; no question was regularly before the meeting. Smith O'Brien, I think, then referred to some formal matter; when O'Connell, within two of whom B — sat, at a table in the centre of the room, put out his hand to the latter, and said in the kindest voice:—"Forgive me, B —, for my violence of language. I have an infirmity of temper that I cannot always control; but, believe me, no man respects your sincerity and patriotism more than I do." There was, of course, a cordial response, with the assurance that what had been done, rightly or wrongly, was done from a strict sense of duty. The scene strongly impressed all present, deeply affecting some; and the subject was never again resumed. It was thought right not to divulge what took place. But there seems no reason now, at the end of thirty years, to keep further silent regarding it.

The first decided indications of rupture between Young Ireland and O'Connell were on the education question, and in reference to the Queen's College scheme, which the former, as advocates of united secular instruction, warmly espoused. They, however, sought no more than to prevent any pledge of support to the separate system being imposed on Repealers, by calling for it in Conciliation Hall. Several

influential members of the association, unconnected with the *Nation*, sustained them in this ; and at last a deputation waited on O'Connell in Merrion Square to induce him not to take the course objected to. B——, O'G——, a member of the association now a baronet and Privy Councillor, and, I think, another, a Western landowner, since dead, formed the deputation. One of the Young Ireland members was chief spokesman and strongly urged their view, saying in the course of his observations that "on principle" he and those he represented objected to the denominational system. On this O'Connell said :— "My young friend, that word 'principle' has a fine sound ; but when you are as old as I am you will find that in politics the only principle is expediency." The position, however, was not yielded ; and O'Connell at last said, somewhat impatiently but not unkindly :— "Well, really, it comes to whether I am to lose the support of a dozen or two of very clever and patriotic young gentlemen, who insist on a crotchet, or that of the bishops and clergy of three provinces. I suppose you cannot doubt the choice I must, in such circumstances, make." The interview closed, however, with no definite result ; but with the understanding that the proposition of the deputation was to be regarded as not made, and consequently as requiring no formal answer.

One other remark made by O'Connell, during the agitation of this question, may be here mentioned. On the day when the Irish bishops in synod in Dublin were finally to make known their decision as to Sir Robert Peel's scheme, a false report was circulated that they had by a small majority agreed to accept it. The general committee of the association was sitting, and Davis, having heard the report, entered the committee room with a beaming countenance, and, hurrying up to O'Connell, said :— "Well, sir, I am delighted to think all our differences are happily settled. The bishops have just resolved to adopt the Queen's Colleges !" "I am very sorry to hear it, Davis," was the reply ; "but bishops can be influenced by nepotism as well as other people."

From an early date the Young Ireland set supped weekly, in rotation, at each other's residences, the usual attendants being Duffy, Davis, MacNevin, Dillon, Pigot, Barry, O'Hagan, O'Gorman, Lane, D. F. McCarthy, Williams, Meagher, Mitchel, McGee, Doheny ; generally a dozen being mustered. The charm of those evenings will ever linger in my recollection. The high intellectual converse, not without its graver moments, but far more often gay ; the flashing wit that always dazzled but never hurt ; the rich humour that 'set the table in a roar' ; the wild paradoxes of mock argument

and, generally, the stirring strains of Irish national song : all combined to constitute a "feast of reason and flow of soul" rarely equalled, never perhaps surpassed. One night the supper was at Duffy's, at Rathmines, and three or four of the party walked out together. B—— was somewhat in advance with O'H——, and in crossing the Grand Canal at a lock gate, on an unprotected plank, it being just on the eve of Christmas and the night pitch-dark, fell in. He could not swim, and had a narrow escape of drowning, but contrived to rise and caught D—— by the leg, as he was just about letting himself down with the hope of rescuing him. Fortified by a good draught of the "native," he had to drive home nearly two miles to change his garments, having done which he rejoined his friends, and his adventure was the subject of uproarious merriment, while the more serious possibilities of the event never for a moment crossed anybody's mind.

The imprisonment of O'Connell left the Repeal Association almost entirely in the hands of Young Ireland. I need not dwell upon the subsequent history of the party, for it was played out before the eyes of the world. The early death of Davis, deeply lamented by those who differed from him most, was an irreparable loss to them. The differences with O'Connell increased, and led to the secession of the party, and the formation by them of the rival "Confederation." Then followed the potato failures of 1845-6; the fearful famine of 1847; the death of the great Irish tribune; the leadership of the association by his son John; the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; the unplanned, wild, and hopeless insurrectionary attempt at Ballingarry, prompted by horror and indignation at the sight of nearly a whole people in the throes of starvation, and stimulated by the scarcely less wild examples of continental revolt; the arrest, trial, and banishment of those involved who did not evade the law by flight. All this, as I have said, is history, and yet I might be tempted to dwell still further upon my recollections of those days were this paper not already nearly too long.

MR. IRVING AND SIGNOR SALVINI.

BY A PARISIAN CRITIC.

THIS is not a criticism of a Shakespearian performance indited according to the rules and precedents usually held in regard in such pieces of writing. The present writer's *raison d'être* as a critic is wholly different from that of his English colleagues ; perhaps it may be considered unwarrantable by those who think that an English author or artist can only be justly criticised by his countrymen. Howbeit, aware as he is of the reserve with which the judgment of Frenchmen is received when it happens to dwell on whatever relates to Shakespeare, he ventures to hope that his foreign remarks on an English actor may not be altogether without interest ; and his hope rests on the fact itself that his remarks, being of foreign conception, cannot fail to be at some little variance with those expressed up to this day on the same subject by insular critics. To deny that the pack and parcel of the French are curiously amiss in most of the concerns and customs of Great Britain would be shaming the truth. Their ignorance, however, does not extend to literature ; all that is beautiful and great in English writers they have eagerly seized upon and unconditionally admired ; and my only excuse for prefacing what I have to say of Mr. Irving's performance with a few observations on the treatment of Shakespearian France is my apprehension—be it right or wrong—that it might be thought that Shakespeare is overlooked by the French and neglected by French actors.

Indeed it has always seemed to me erroneous to attach any importance to the nationality of an actor in connection with his power to grasp a character of foreign conception. Great types are of no country if they are ideal, and genius—even histrionic genius—is of no country either. No doubt the nationality, the peculiar temperament, of an accomplished exponent may enable him to realise with greater truth certain of the master's conceptions—a southerner doubtless would give a more vivid and truthful colouring to Othello ; and Hamlet is rather within the compass of a man of the north—but this local colour, this last completing touch, is after all but of secondary consideration ; the jealousy of Othello, the doubt and rage of Hamlet, are feelings that any man may experience with more or less intensity

they are not the characteristics of one set of men ; they are common to all men. So thought those who approached the Shakespearian creations on the French stage. Surprising indeed would it have been if such an artist as Frederick Lemaître had not sought food for his genius in so rich a mine. But his wish to interpret Shakespeare was frustrated by an impediment which, although absurd, was none the less insuperable—there were no good translations of Shakespeare's plays. It was only when he was past his prime that the obstacle was removed. However, as well as I can remember Frederick Lemaître enacted Othello from the verse-rendering by Alfred de Vigny, and those who witnessed his performance say that it was fully worthy of him. The real French exponent of Shakespeare, however, was Rouvière, a thin, spare, ugly man whose genius eclipsed his physical defects. His great parts were Othello and Hamlet ; he also enacted Macbeth, King Lear, Richard III., and the leading parts in all the tragedies of Shakespeare that were translated in his time. None who saw him can easily forget his magnificent acting, which was perhaps more conspicuous in Othello, where his ill looks and diminutive stature were seen at paramount disadvantage, than in any other Shakespearian impersonation. In proof of this great artist's thorough comprehension of the magnitude of Shakespeare's creations, it is sufficient to say that he almost exclusively devoted his career to a tireless and persistent study of them, a study so earnest and disinterested that he gave up brilliant engagements in Paris merely for the sake of introducing the provincial public to dramatic beauties they knew only by reading or hearsay.

Many other eminent players followed Rouvière's example with more or less success, but there is no need of further quotation to show that the French as well as the Germans are capable of rendering Shakespeare more than satisfactorily ; and by-and-by Signor Salvini shall furnish us with another striking proof that the great Englishman is not beyond the powers of a foreigner. Meanwhile let us pass to Mr Irving, whose performances are still drawing full houses at the Lyceum. The popular actor has now had plenty of time to give the full measure of his powers, to amend, correct, reform whatever shortcomings may have been pointed out to him during his first performances of Hamlet. At present, no doubt, he feels the wear and tear of more than a hundred performances ; and it would be just as unfair to him to take his last nights as the criterion of his efforts as to pass definite judgment when his impersonation was hardly elaborated. It is likely, therefore, that Mr. Irving was seen at his best at about his fiftieth appearance in the present run of "Hamlet" ; and

this period of his success, when he attained the zenith of perfection and before he felt the burthen of fatigue and the tediousness of constant repetition, is that selected for the present criticism.

Mr. Irving has of late been made a great deal of ; there is such a complete dearth of tragedians worth speaking of at the present day that his achievements as Richelieu and Charles the First were hailed with something like transport. Instead of stopping on the way he made a praiseworthy effort to renew the great traditions of the English stage ; and although those who expected great things of his ambitious undertaking were obviously blinded by his superiority over those who occasionally make feeble attempts to play Shakespeare for the benefit of the gallery, their speculations were not altogether groundless. Mr. Irving is not *le premier venu* ; bereft of anything approaching to a majestic presence, he nevertheless has a weird and expressive physiognomy which may be readily taken to betoken genius ; he has given, also, evidence of considerable power in that inferior branch of dramatic art which is nearest to the hearts of the unexacting masses : the melodrama. He appealed strongly to fancy in "The Bells" and "Eugene Aram," and as he is comparatively young, painstaking, and ambitious, there was some reason to think that he might succeed in appealing to the higher feelings of his audiences in "Hamlet," and that the revival of the great drama of dramas might conduce to two felicitous results—to the development of an artist of genius : to a return of public taste to the noblest conceptions of dramatic art. As for me, humble and weightless as my opinion is when pitted against that of a vast majority of amateurs and competent critics, I must frankly admit that my inferences were somewhat different. From what I had seen of Mr. Irving I was led to believe that he would be notably deficient in the requisite qualities for a strong, deep, and lasting impersonation of Hamlet. Let me, however, make a necessary distinction. Far from me is the intention to deprecate Mr. Irving's undertaking. He had a perfect right to try, and it is always commendable in an artist to aim at a high mark. The distinction I wish to draw is between two kinds of performance that are altogether independent of each other. There are two categories of actors, and no more : those who have genius—that is, those within whose scope almost every dramatic expression finds place beside the thorough mastery of the principles of their art ; and those who are only blessed with talent combined with one or two of the precious qualities that hold their proper and harmonious position in an artist of genius, as a note forms part of the keyboard of a piano. If an actor belonging to the latter category undertakes a part like Hamlet, it

may be commendable in regard to his faculties, however far from the ideal; but if his friends and admirers are so unwise as to prop him up on stilts and try and class him in the first category, not only will he be crushed by the comparison but his real and undoubted merit is seriously impaired. Now the impression I derived from Mr Irving acting in the adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrian's ghastly melodrama, in Mr. Wills's play, and in his other appearances, was that he distinctly belonged to the class of artists of talent. He struck me as an actor who would produce much effect at the Porte Saint-Martin or at the Ambigu Comique: who possessed plenty of power of action, a good knowledge of telling attitudes, and a really artistic anxiety never to flag in the character he might be sustaining, but to "look" the part from one end to the other. By the side of these qualities, he seemed to me to exhibit some serious defects: he lacked culture and refinement; his style of elocution was trivial, and he was addicted to that soaring and unreasonable dropping of the voice from a higher octave to a lower one which is common to untutored players. Some may think that all this was no reason why Mr. Irving should not succeed as Hamlet. I thought otherwise, and I sincerely believe that all reasonable critics who had attentively observed Mr. Irving thought so too, though they may have hesitated, out of commendable reluctance to discourage an honest and praiseworthy effort, to say so too openly. We all know what a tremendous strain of power the part of Hamlet involves. We all know that if the artist who undertakes it has not the rapid and facile power of elocution used in comedy, blended with a deep power of bitter humour, he fails to render the most conspicuous feature of Hamlet's mind; and no one will venture to say that Mr. Irving possesses this.

And now that the test has taken place, it may still be asked, although a long run of performances seems to render the question idle, Has the popular actor succeeded? It demands some stoutness to say "No" to the "Yes" of so many; but I cannot refrain from saying most emphatically "No." All in all, he has failed to grapple with the difficulties of the part. He has done his best no doubt, but his best is not a masterpiece. He is certainly to be thanked for attempting to conduce to a revival of public taste for Shakespeare; but, let us be frank, Mr. Irving is a melodramatist: for this, and almost exclusively for this, he is a favourite with the *mobile vulgus*, who prefer shrieking to temperate acting, and exaggerated action to reasonable gesture. The success of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum is less a triumph for Shakespeare than for Mr. Irving. People do not fill the house to see "Hamlet," but to admire and applaud Mr. Irving, and the fact

is sufficiently evidenced by the insufficiency (excepting Mr. Chippendale) of the cast provided for the occasion. Amidst the wreck Mr. Irving does certainly look a Triton among the minnows. The austere simplicity of his suit of sable shows well amidst the ludicrous brocades and harlequin costumes of the Court of Denmark such as it is presented at the Lyceum. I wish his acting were as good as his gear, and that his personal bearing were in unison with it, for it is in vain that one looks for the innate majesty of Hamlet—a majesty which, having imbibed it from his youth, should be so familiar to his demeanour as never to be absent—as Mr. Irving advances on the stage. His Hamlet, in outward appearance, looks too much like what he describes his uncle, a prince of shreds and patches. Where is the graceful, though sad and dejected, bearing of the prince so long as he mourns his father's death and his mother's frailty? Where are his doubt, frenzy, and conflicting passions when he discovers that he has a father to avenge, his heart-rending scepticism when he casts off Ophelia and sneers at his mother, his fierce humour, the alternate fits in which he broods his revenge, ponders over human weaknesses, gropes in a strange dazed way through his uncertainties, until the murderer betrays himself? All these consummate qualities which, if they were ever called upon to appear, should show themselves in the rendering of this marvellous formula of human expression, are unknown to our actor. He has not even the voice which is indispensable to render these different shades of his part. We must, of course, keep in sight that Hamlet is the most arduous part that an exponent had ever to sustain, on account of its overwhelming and constant calls on his finest faculties; but we should also bear in mind that it offers so many opportunities for the display of one or another faculty that we all feel—actors though we be not—that we could do justice to this or that passage. To be sure one is throughout aware that Mr. Irving has conscientiously studied his effects, and does the best justice he can to them; but to my mind his zeal only serves to show off his powerlessness to grapple with a task which is reserved for a stronger frame than his.

In support of what will probably seem an over-harsh appreciation, I cannot do better than make a cursory review of the performance in its more minute details.

There is no occasion to notice any feature of Mr. Irving's *entrée*. His attitudes are evidently studied, and as such they are commendable. Nor is there anything to say in particular of the apparition of the ghost, and the scene that follows on the platform, when something more than ordinary might be expected of an artist who, like

Mr. Irving, has some excellent ideas of stage effect. Although Hamlet has but little to say while his father's ghost unfolds to him the dark tale of murder the actor can produce profound effect in his breathless exclamations; but the slightest exaggeration is apt to land him into vulgarity. That small step Mr. Irving very nearly takes. There is a grand impression to produce on the word

Murder!

uttered in bated breath; and again in the tragic exclamation—

O my prophetic soul!

In such situations do really great artists reveal themselves. Unfortunately Mr. Irving misses the chance. He yells the word "murder," and utters the other cry in a tone of vulgar declamation which produces no impression whatever.

And then when the ghost has vanished, in the magnificent lines in which Hamlet questions his senses—

———Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixed with baser matter———

Mr. Irving fails to realise the state of mind of Hamlet! we do not see him shaking and overwhelmed, slowly emerging from the state of bewilderment into which the ghost's revelation has plunged him; nor does he define the progression of the spirit of revenge as it steadily takes root in his soul.

The more the play advances, the more perceptible do Mr. Irving's imperfections appear. Thus, when he has to pour his sarcasms on Polonius, it becomes obvious that it is not within his power to express with even ordinary pungency the subdued irony, the sudden outbursts of fierceness, the cutting sarcasm which Hamlet constantly manifests to the last of the play. Those who heard Rouvière cannot fail to be reminded of his perfection in the parts Mr. Irving fails to understand and to render. When we reach the third act, and when Mr. Irving advances, wrapt in reverie and doubt, to declaim the famous monologue, one is painfully conscious, before

he has uttered the first words of the immortal lines, that he is altogether crushed by the weight of his part. Melodramatic *procédés* are of no avail here, nothing answers but genius; and the obvious consequence is that Mr. Irving is nowhere, that he leaves his audience quite unimpressed. Indeed it is difficult to imagine a weaker piece of declamation, even if we take the monologue only in the sense of suitable delivery. To almost every word our actor gives a wrong intonation, and in his endeavours to be effective he borders on the grotesque; when he comes to the words—

————— To die, to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;

he lays a stress on "perchance to dream" and sings "ay, there's the rub" in a way suggestive of downright parody. In many respects he is ignorant of the grammar of his art. Again we look vainly for the bitterness and irony and underlying anguish of his last counsels to Ophelia; but by this time we are pretty nearly certain as to what we have to expect of the sequel of the performance. When Hamlet gives advice to the players one is led to regret that he should not apply them to himself, for the exaggerated "sawing of the air" and the recommendations concerning the utterance would not be amiss with him. However, Mr. Irving improves and is at his best in the scene of the murder of Gonzago; his attitudes are especially good, but even this, the most commendable feature of his performance, is disfigured. Why does he exaggerate, yell, and shriek, especially when he comes to the words "The story is extant and written in very choice Italian"? He tires himself and his hearers very uselessly. Is it necessary to be loud in order to be effective, and hysterical to be impressive? One is forcibly reminded of the admirable acting of M. Faure, in the same scene, by Mr. Irving's very exaggerations. He continues good in the sequel of the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; but there his improvement comes to a stop. We are near the capital scene, in a dramatic sense of the play; there indeed Hamlet's fierce spirit can leap out of bounds—

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on * * *

and he is himself so conscious of the ungovernable state of his passions that he tries to moderate their violence—

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural ;
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

* * * * *

And soon after Hamlet faces his mother like a judge ; but his feelings get the better of his purpose, and he would play the part of executioner if his father's ghost did not bid him spare her. It is obvious that in this tremendous scene there is no fear of exaggeration on the part of the actor, since the essence of the scene itself is exaggeration ; and just as Mr. Irving might be expected to flame and explode in his wonted manner, strangely enough he is subdued and comparatively calm. He says—

Leave wringing your hands ; peace ; sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart * * *

in the same cool and well-bred manner as if he were saying “ This is a fine morning ” to a lady in sitting down to breakfast. The Queen has no reason to exclaim—

What wilt thou do ? Thou wilt not murder me ?

for nothing in Mr. Irving's manner betokens such a dark intent ; so that it is almost impossible to reconcile his comparative placidity with the fury of the words he addresses to his mother. This interpretation is obviously due to Mr. Irving's peculiar way of reading the scene. Thereby he fails to render the true spirit of Shakespeare, and misses an occasion to appear at advantage.

This, practically, is the last we see of Mr. Irving as a tragedian, for in the fencing scene he has little more to do than to display his excellence in movement, and, to do him justice, he acquits himself to perfection in his final display, though the feat is an easy one for a conscientious artist.

I have now done with Mr. Irving. I have no wish to deny him the qualities he has at command, nor do I intend to overlook the difficulty and praiseworthiness of his effort ; but those higher attainments that distinguish the artist of original genius—attainments that cannot be dispensed with in such arduous undertakings as the impersonation of Hamlet—Mr. Irving has not. He lacks knowledge of his art, and discretion to use the knowledge. This does not prevent him from excelling in melodrama, and in that inferior branch of dramatic art it is most worthy to note that he knows how not to be vulgar in vulgar effects ; that is perhaps the best reason I can adduce for his vulgarity in the part of Hamlet. He may become an actor of no ordinary talent, for he has yet time to attain maturity, but he will never be an actor of genius.

I fear I shall be charged with overdoing the duty of the critic ; I

nevertheless feel confident that my criticism, foreign as it is, is none but what any intelligent and cultivated man will endorse if he will consider "Hamlet" with regard to stage effects, and then compare his sentiments on the subject with Mr. Irving's rendering of the play. If he wishes to measure the distance that separates mere cleverness from high histrionic art, let him see Signor Salvini as Othello. I will not make idle comparisons between the English actor and his Italian colleague; comparison in this case is quite out of the question. Moreover, Othello, for difficulty of presentation, is far less arduous than Hamlet, and Signor Salvini's southern blood serves him particularly well in the impersonation of the Moor. But it is not enough to be a southerner to get at the ideal of Shakespeare; and Signor Salvini is not content with giving to the part the very perfection of local colour. The candour, the childlike simplicity of Othello, his boundless affection and confidence in his lady-love, the beautiful purity of his nature which throws him into the very extremes of violence when suspicion and jealousy have withered the chastity of his sentiments—all this Salvini renders in a truly noble way. In the manner in which he, so to speak, devours Desdemona with his looks, Salvini introduces strong touches of realism that may have taken his English hearers by surprise, unaccustomed as they must have been to see such manifestations on the English stage. The question is whether it is consonant with the Moor's temperament that he should thus commingle ideal and crude reality, and there is no doubt that it is; and therefore—in my sense at least—Signor Salvini is justified in introducing these realistic features.

Signor Salvini has the fine frame, the powerful physique, and imposing appearance of a born tragedian, and he possesses that most priceless of physical gifts in an actor, a rich, flexible voice, capable of the softest modulations and the most thundering effects. It is sufficient to see the manner in which he bears himself, to follow his graceful and dignified gesture, to know that you have before you an artist you have less the right to criticise than to observe. We are far from the trivialities of melodrama; we behold an actor who is worthy of the noble text he expounds. He is calm as his conscience during the first part of the drama; he tells the simple story of his love to the senators with impressive dignity, and his love passes with Desdemona are unexceptionally what they ought to be. What is equally fine is the manner in which he betrays the progress of suspicion as Iago slowly pours it into his soul, the deep emotion and pathos with which he exclaims—

I was happy yesterday! Oh! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!

the paroxysm of rage
the repose of his life,
in fact, is beyond pr
performance. Howeve
praise. Signor Salvini
artist; but he is in
which he has first app
other Shakespearian
doubt; but he has yet
It shall then be seen
of genius, just as it st
shall eventually occupy

AL LYN SAHIB.

BY FRANK PERCIVAL.

BOOK III.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.

CHAPTER I.

Wherefore the gods
Have given them forgetfulness of death,
Longings and hopes, and joy in drawing breath,
And they live happy, knowing nought at all,
Nor what death is, where that shall chance to fall.
For while he lives few minutes certainly
Does any man believe that he shall die.

W. MORRIS.



ANCHORING off Deal, after some difficulty from adverse winds in rounding the North Foreland, the *Adonais* waited a couple of hours for passengers—including Captain Bagot—and to take in water, and then set off in good earnest.

To Alyn it had all been like a dream, a glorious dream, from which sooner or later he was destined to awake to the realities of Granny, Owen, and Yr Ogo.

Before starting from Wales, this fear had haunted him continually: the Captain might fall ill or change his mind!

And now that they were to touch English shores no more, he for the first time felt secure. The object he had so ardently, but, as he thought, hopelessly longed for, had indeed come to pass. He was actually going abroad. Keen but undemonstrative was the interest that he took in everything, from the speck of sail in the far distance to the porpoises gambolling right athwart the bows as if for the express amusement of the passengers and to obtain "coppers," like *gamins* before a London omnibus.

Albatrosses, gannets, sea-parrots, cape-pigeons, snow-petrels, and a host of other sea-birds vied with each other in their endeavour to divert the bonny youngster who declined to scorn them as the common-place adjuncts of a sea-voyage.

By-and-by the fragrance of the land was perceived by initiated organs, and a few days after, at seven in the evening, the *Adonais* was safely anchored in Saugor roads.

Leaving the following day, with a pilot on board, the swampy, tiger-infested shores of Saugor; after marketing for shaddocks, plantains, and cocoa-nuts, with some poor Hindoos, who brought their fruit-laden boats alongside, the *Adonais* rapidly neared the Sunderbunds, whose destiny it was greatly to disappoint Alyn in the matter of cocoa-palms—their black, funereal verdure making them look more like plumes carried before a hearse than the graceful trees his imagination had depicted.

Their presence, however, announced a more open and habitable country. The jungle now receding from the shore, its place was supplied by verdant fields of rice, interspersed with small woods of round-headed trees, and villages of thatched huts, resembling English haystacks rather than habitable abodes.

After passing Diamond harbour and Kedgerree, however, it became manifest, from the signs of increased civilisation, that they were fast approaching the viceregal capital, and about eleven o'clock on Saturday morning the chain cable ran out and the *Adonais* swung round off Chandpaul Ghât.

During the week that followed Alyn's introduction into the establishment of Commissioner Thelluson he made discovery, to his great surprise, that he was actually a hero: that the manner in which he had signalled himself by burning all the clothes his poor old Granny, at so much cost and labour, had provided him with, that night, on board the ill-omened *Sally Hughes*, had fully entitled him to the gratitude of the British nation and all its dependencies, and that his bravery upon that occasion had been second only to the Captain's, who had nearly lost his own life in his exertions to rescue the boys from a watery grave.

And now, like a new-born bee, which, as soon as it is able to use its wings, seems perfectly aware, without any previous instruction, what are to be its duties and employments through life, so Alyn came to feel that his Indian existence was destined to be devoted to the interests of the Thelluson family, and he began by hoping that his allegiance might in course of time be rightfully transferred from Captain Bagot to the gay and bewitching Caroline Thelluson.

For a fortnight he had been sipping this honeyed cup of hope, when one day at tiffin it was ruthlessly hurled from his lips by the Captain telling him to set about packing his traps, as he should start next day for Berhampore to rejoin his regiment.

Alyn's "Yes, sir," was prompt enough. But he fell nevertheless to toying with his plate of cabobs in so absent a manner that it set every one laughing at his expense.

"Why, Alyn," exclaimed the Captain, "you look as if you thought the niggers were going to eat you. You don't mean to say that you are tired already, and want ingloriously to stay here at Calcutta ! Think of the wonders of the Ganges : elephants bathing twenty or more at a time, and bellowing like bulls, whales, and a roaring buoy or two all combined. Besides I can promise you lots of eagles and crocodiles. Otters, too, with collars round their necks like lap-dogs, and a view of your favourite Conway Castle." Adding in an undertone to Miss Thelluson : "I verily believe, Carry, you have bewitched the lad."

Laughing, and giving him an arch glance sufficient to bewitch, as she thought, four-fifths of the officers of Her Majesty's Indian Army, she asked—

"Is that so, Alyn ? I mean, would you rather stay and take care of me and papa than go up country with Archibald ? He will be gone six months, you know, and months are longer at Calcutta than anywhere else, so people say."

Alyn replied in a new language he had acquired upon his travels, that of disinterested amiability ; being well aware that the Captain's plans, whatever they might be, would be carried out regardless of the wants and wishes of his *protégé*.

Having before his eyes Dame Jessica Glenelg and Miss Sarah Hughes as the respective types of female excellence and beauty, it was no great wonder that in the fertile regions of his imagination Alyn at first sight endowed the elegant Caroline with every virtue, grace, and seraphic excellence of an earthly Peri.

And when, after returning from the usual evening drive on the course (during which time Alyn had remained dolefully seated on his small hair-trunk, under the strongest impression that that constituted packing), the fiat was issued that he should remain at Calcutta, at all events for the present, it seemed to him that the heavens had suddenly opened and showered upon him their most precious gifts.

It may at first sight appear anomalous to Europeans that the Welsh sailor boy should be received on terms of familiar intercourse by a wealthy Anglo-Indian family ; but it must be borne in mind that hospitality with them possesses a far wider signification than with us. Whether it be an old friend suddenly arriving from an out station, or a new friend, or a friend's friend, or no friend at all but a friendless stranger to whom it will be a kindness, a seat at the

hospitable board is cordially offered, and by the traveller as freely accepted.

Entailing as it does no trouble to the host, no fees to the servants, and above all no overpowering sense of obligation, it becomes a pleasant rather than a burthensome means of intercourse.

And let him have got it whence he may, Dame Jessy's grandson had about him a well-bred air that fully corroborated the pleasing impression at first produced on the Thellusons by the fine Attic cast of his features.

The next day saw the departure of the renowned Captain for the scene of more brilliant exploits, the splendid cantonments of Berhampore.

Notwithstanding the small army of servants attached to everybody who is anybody in the East, such as mehters, matranees, dirjees, dhobees, bheesties, sirdars, kitmudgars, chuprassies, punkah wahlers, dagger-bearing jamadar, and chobdars with their silver-sticks, ayahs, syces, coachmen, grass-cutters, and the invaluable head over all, the splendidly-attired khansomaun, Alyn found no lack of opportunity for signalling himself in the useful line.

Whether aid were required by Miss Thelluson to check the bazaar accounts or those of her khansomaun in the morning, or the *Times* and *Calcutta Review* mutely implored extraneous aid to transfuse the sense of their weighty burthens into the mind of the ex-Commissioner, Alyn was sure to be forthcoming precisely at the right moment.

And as it would be a manifest injustice to occupy him solely at these in-door avocations, it eventually transpired, Miss Catoline Thelluson having been long enough motherless to have acquired a more than average girl's independent spirit, that if at gut-tire, before the sun rose high, she chose to walk, ride, or drive, Alyn was equally certain to be found waiting ready at her elbow.

Now, though it seemed to Alyn a life-time since the days when he took a vital interest in such trifles as *Prydwen* or *Yr Ogo*, yet the covenanted six months had whisked themselves away like winged-seeds to their wintry bed, when one morning the astounding announcement fell on his ears that Captain Bagot purposed arriving that day week.

With a wilful blindness the infatuated youth had persisted in closing his eyes to the frequent gathering together of bridesmaids, and to their ponderous and solemn consultations, which usually ended in an excited fluttering descent upon the *mediste en chef*, the suave and effable Madame de Ligne.

Perhaps he imagined that these grand preparations were for the ball next week to be given by a native Baboo, Dwarkanauth Tagore, and to which he, as a friend of the family, had received an invitation.

The ball was to take place at the Baboo's garden-house, which stood about three miles from Calcutta, on the road to Dum-Dum; and as the carriage containing the Commissioner, his daughter, Mrs. Bonham, a widowed relative of his, and Alyn, drove up the long sweep from the entrance-gate of the garden, one at least of their number was quite taken by surprise, every tree being illuminated and the gate itself a blaze of light.

Driving up amidst all this brilliant radiance, and alighting at the foot of a handsome flight of steps, where a brother of Dwarkanauth, in a flowing native garb, was waiting to receive them, they were ushered into a magnificent suite of rooms dazzlingly lighted, and decorated with flowers and wreaths of foil of delicate native workmanship, on whose gem-like blossoms rested with wings extended the most gorgeous birds and butterflies, varied by less pleasing but equally life-like specimens of the order reptilia. And as the two ends of the room were entirely composed of a huge sheet of plate-glass the glittering vistas seemed interminable.

Their host, who received his company with as much ease and dignity as the most accomplished European, was not dressed in the stereotype white, but wore a dress of kincob—a rich silk ground with gold flowers—made to leave the throat bare, and with open hanging sleeves. On his head he had a green velvet cap with gold band and tassels.

Fireworks began soon after their arrival, and when towards the conclusion a play of fountains appeared in a semicircle, pouring down showers of sparks one against the other, it was no wonder that the unsophisticated Welsh boy believed in it implicitly as the realisation of the golden fountain of the Arabian tale. And when, as the guests watched from the verandahs this beautiful display of the pyrotechnic art in India, and a crowd of natives surrounded the spacious tank, which was the safe theatre of these experiments, their dusky forms flitting about in the fiery region which for the moment they seemed to inhabit, the scene fitted itself in Alyn's mind to a portion of Dante's "Inferno" which had once been given him to learn at school for punishment.

The ball followed, and a costly supper, served in European style, concluded the entertainment.

As they drove home even the sprightly Caroline failed to steer

by Caroline, and to know that
be the last, to which he, in
her. At length the carriage
like bell sounded, the gates
cigar among the shrubs of
greeted them in the dulcet
bridegroomism.

Hastily paying his respects
little room, next the obdar's,
"till latest morn."

As well might he have stru
conservatory aquaria as hope
flame of love, fuelled as it wa
combustible coals of jealousy.

CHA

Brother ' know tl
Trust on Him wh
Fix not on the we
She feeds us—but
And the bare earl
Alike may serve to

THE wedding morning arose c
violent thunderstorm had raged c
been delaye

entire sum had found its way into the pockets of Snip Bunkum, Esq., during the first week that followed upon the Captain's departure to Berhampore.

In spite of this, or perhaps as a consequence of it, Alyn, the morning after the wedding, informed the Commissioner that he wished to leave India and return to Wales.

Few things could have surprised the scared old gentleman more than this announcement. For six-and-forty years *he* had lived and laboured in India, and never once wished to return to his English home amid the Lincolnshire Fens.

And now Alyn, who in the intervals of the fair Caroline's exigent demands upon him had actually anticipated all his little occasional fancies—who had no stifling court to attend—and whose heaviest cares were disposed of when the *Hindoo Intelligencer* had been gleaned for its views on John Company's annexation predilections, and Mrs. Bonham had been assisted to form an opinion on the subject of which wine she will ultimately elect to take at tiffin or at dinner—this same accommodating Alyn, having no regard to a princely dwelling, lofty rooms, venetian doors, plate, porcelain, bronze, alabaster, lamps, lustres, or chandeliers—to any of the things which surrounded him in fact—wanted to leave him and go back to his beggarly Wales! Yet perhaps after all he did him wrong. Youth cared little for these things, although, as far as he knew, Alyn may have left a home quite as luxurious—it was more than probable that he had, now he came to think of it, his worthy son-in-law not being endowed with the Samaritan faculty of picking up people out of a ditch.

Not in this prolix style perhaps, but to similar effect, did the ex-Commissioner reflect on the unwelcome announcement.

And having thus reflected, he came to the conclusion that Alyn should have plenty of time to change his mind any way, and thereupon proceeded to request as a favour that at any rate he would delay his return for at least a couple of months, assigning an amount of casuistical reasoning for the urgency of the delay that would have done justice to the legal acumen of his best days.

And Alyn, who had no brighter prospects of returning home than that of working his passage—for he had learned the value of a gentlemanly appearance, and fully meant to stick by his clothes—believed him too implicitly to perceive that he was committing an act of weakness by remaining. And as time wore on he fell back into the old ways beyond hope of extrication, only with a dull, listless apathy hitherto foreign to his nature. Returning to England came to be

no more thought of ; and thus another rung of the ladder was ascended which brought him face to face with a most untoward fate.

From Tittyghur the Captain and his bride had been obliged, with only the visit of a day or two to Calcutta, to proceed to Cawnpore, Captain Bagot's Company, the 16th Lancers, being required there to replace the troops ordered on active service in Affghanistan.

But in that one day a great event had transpired : the Commissioner had been prevailed on by his affectionate son-in-law (who happened, quite accidentally, to know the amount of his pension and savings, compound interest included, to a pice) to give up his establishment at Calcutta and to reside henceforth with his dear daughter, "who had really been quite unhappy about leaving him," at Cawnpore.

No time was to be lost. And four months had not elapsed when, after a voyage tamely pleasant to Alyn, wearisome to the last degree to the Commissioner, through the varied scenery of the Ganges, they anchored one night a little above the Ghât of Jajemow, and proceeded in a palkie gharrie across the dustiest of all dusty plains to Cawnpore.

CHAPTER III.

Let me kneel and let me view her,
 Let me live, or let me die,
 Slave to this high woman, truer
 Than a bondsman born am I.

Draws my look towards those places,
 Not the valley, not the height ;
 Not the earth's or heaven's spaces ;
 She alone the queen of light.

GOETHE.

CAPTAIN BAGOT'S bungalow was one of the most elegant in Cawnpore ; Captain Bagot's compound by far the most distinguished there for taste and order. And it would not have been in accordance with Captain Bagot's well-known character had not his wife been by far the handsomest and most stylish lady in the cantonment.

And when, in process of time, a little white-robed angelic being, with a gleam of heaven still lingering upon it, came to gaze softly, but with infinite wonder, into those bright beady eyes of his, Captain Bagot fully believed that no baby born since Abel half equalled his in beauty or intelligence ; although at the same time he made the discovery that it was a commodity which afforded him less scope for dogmatism than either his services to the Government, his cellar, or the complete subordination of his "niggers."

And by the time the lovely little CEnone had reached her sixth year, and her mamma had given a reluctant consent to her being carried off to England, a portion of Captain Bagot's conceit had been knocked out of him by the hard active service he had gone through in Scinde. So that when the surgeon whom he consulted, over a couple of bottles of hock, recommended strongly, as a necessity of his health, a visit to Europe, he started off with his wonder-eyed little girl to cross the ocean in the self-same ship which brought over Hardinge and Lawrence on that short furlough whence they had so soon to return to aid in quenching the blaze that had again broken out in the Punjaub.

Placing her, as is related in the opening chapters of this discursive narrative, in the care of his brother Henry and his wife, whose family consisted only of Eustace, now fourteen, and a little Emily, a year younger than CEnone, with stringent orders to spare no expense in the matter of education, he got as much enjoyment out of his furlough as it was in his nature to imbibe from extraneous sources, and set foot in his Indian home some four-and-twenty hours after the remains of the kind-hearted old ex-Commissioner had been committed to the dust.

How Mrs. Bagot would have borne up against the pressure of adverse circumstances in the loss of her little girl, the absence of her husband, and now the death of her father, had she been left to sustain the weight of these events alone, we have no means of judging, except that, her disposition being essentially Oriental—that is to say constitutionally indolent, which usually means having a very decided and unmistakable leaning towards a philosophical acceptation of the inevitable—she would not perhaps have sunk altogether under it.

But having so devoted a friend of the family as “Al Lyn Sahib” on whom to rely in every emergency, she had been able to mourn her loss with no unbecoming amount of prostration.

It had in former years been a source of much trouble to the Commissioner that no son was born to him; and from the first day he saw Alyn until the last sad dimming of the eyes he had never ceased to lavish upon him the same fond affection he would have bestowed on a son. But not until after his burial did Alyn know, or for a single instant imagine, that a considerable pecuniary benefit would accrue to him in consequence.

While, as for Alyn, his life, hitherto so full, had all of a sudden become a blank. Scarcely did he know which he missed the most, the dear old “Sahib's” often querulous tones, or the musical voice.

of the lovely little Enone, as showing her a small mountain of tal-wah or other equally esteemed delicacy, he would hide behind the flowering shrubs of the compound and defy her to find him, until with pathetic remonstrance she eventually coaxed him forth.

Although the Captain thus inherited by right of his wife sundry rupees less than he had set his mind on investing in India Five per Cent. Stock, he had the grace not to growl too audibly, and he and Alyn having come to the conclusion that it might now be advisable to look out for an opening in one or other of the civil posts, inquiry was quietly set on foot, and before the end of the year "Mr. Glencg" to his own no small astonishment found himself master of the English school at Goruckpoor. The employment was not ill suited either to his taste or capacity, but some misunderstanding having arisen between the Resident and himself, he threw up the post at the expiration of the fifth year, and at the Captain's invitation returned to Cawnpore.

It was early in the following year, and while the Captain was absent on a shooting expedition in Cashmere, that Mrs. Bagot fell ill. For a long time her recovery was doubtful, and no sooner was she in a position to undertake the journey than she was ordered at once to the hills.

The Captain being prevented by his recent prolonged absence from accompanying her, it was arranged that she should go with the Goldsworthys. But almost on the eve of starting, the Captain, finding that Mr. Goldworthy rather needed an escort himself than the trouble and responsibility of an extra lady, proposed to Alyn to be captain of the retreating column.

Nothing loth, Alyn assented; and any one the least conversant with Indian locomotion—that is to say, beyond the limited sphere at that time traversed by railways—must sympathise with him in the onerous duties he had undertaken to perform.

And much as he appreciated the extraordinary picturesqueness of the scenes through which they had to pass, it was with a feeling of devout thankfulness that he beheld, in the cool of the early morning, the forest clad hills of the Himalayas.

After breakfast, without loss of time they again set off in the various jampans, the bearers of which moved along to the measure of a low monotonous cry, as they threaded narrow paths which lay so close to the edge of fearful precipices that it seemed that a healthy puff of gleeful wind must inevitably succumb to the temptation, and in the very wantonness of power blow them all down, Sahibs, mem Sahibs, jampances, and all. Upward ever, with a slow, even swing, the

procession climbs the sides of giant cliffs which overshoot mighty torrents. Over ridge after ridge *ad infinitum* the poor jampaneers toil, while their burthens scorch, blister, and pant beneath a mid-day sun, till at length their gladdened eyes perceive, perched far above, on a steep overhead, a white bungalow gleaming amidst a forest of pine trees.

But this is only Kussowlee ; whence, having halted for an hour, they again push on—down between the bold cliff-like shoulders of the mountains into deep valleys, where chatter among the luxuriant vegetation herds of apes, and the little brown squirrel peers out, amazed but not disconcerted, from his leafy bower ; over streams, and up again the inevitable steep beyond, ridge after ridge recurring with the regularity of Atlantic waves.

Through the entire day they thus mount and dip ; too much fatigued when twilight comes to regard the scent and glow of night-blowing flowers.

Next morning up and away, with the sun just flushing the hill-tops with a rosy red ; down a steep hillside, on which, noisily making its way through many a rocky ravine, rushes a bright, sparkling waterfall, tumbling and leaping in frothy beauty as it is checked in its course to the channels below.

Across the light iron suspension bridge which spans the stream, and upward over the hillsides of naked clay and slate, torn by landslips, across bare burned slopes and treeless ridges, once again plunging into a profound and rocky ravine, crossing an unbridged torrent amid giant boulders, and ascending the steepest of all the steep ascents hitherto encountered, they emerge upon a fine hard new road, leading through pleasant forests of pine, and broad belts of giant rhododendrons in full blossom—one of the most magnificent sights in nature, every branchlet terminating with a bunch of large crimson flowers, some two or three of which mysteriously found their way on to the English-looking tea-table that gladdened the sight of the weary party ere many hours were over.

On all sides waving forests, where the huge trunks are clothed by the bine, convolvulus, and begonia, which also festoon the branches with their graceful cables ; bungalows gleam white in the distance ; the heat sensibly decreases, a smooth sweet breeze audibly welcomes them. And at a turn in the road they catch a glimpse of a conical hill, covered with an eruption of white bungalows, dominated by a church, above which again rises a steep sugar-loaf of fir-trees ; and Mrs. Bagot says, plaintively—

“Simla, at last, Alyn. I could not have held up much longer.”

CHAPTER IV.

A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
 'Mid the crowded paths of the world to roam,
 And the green leaves whispered as he passed
 "Wherefore, oh dreamer, away so fast?"

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
 With the breath of the world on thy spirit free.
 Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirred,
 And the singing of waters be vainly heard."

And a something of gloom on his spirit weighed,
 As he caught the last sounds of his native shade,
 But he knew not till many a bright spell broke
 How true were the oracles nature spoke.

MRS. HERMANS.

AMPLE accommodation greeted their arrival at the Simla Club, and comparatively few Europeans being at this season in residence, Alyn had no difficulty, next day, in finding a house to suit them.

This of course consisted of the usual one story. The verandah, which stretched across the entire front of the house, was of terrace-like proportions, and from this spot the small party—the less actively inclined more particularly—found ample interest in gazing at the wonderful play of colours on the snowy flanks of the Himalayas: from the glowing hues, reflected in orange, gold, and ruby from the clouds, illumined by the sinking or rising sun, to the glassy pallor that succeeded with twilight when the red seemed to give way to its complementary colour green.

Mr. Goldsworthy rarely left the ladies, and consequently short expeditions to some point of interest were more frequently organised than might otherwise have been the case. The top of Mount Jacko exacts one of these, and its height, being 400 feet above the level of the church, commands a view almost unparalleled for the scenery it embraces. The road also round Jacko affords a charming ride, overshadowed as it is by the ilex, rhododendron, and keloo pine—the hillsides during and immediately after the rains being perfectly enamelled with wild geraniums, wood anemones, columbines, pheasants' eyes, and occasionally a modest violet that peeps out from among ferns and feathery mosses.

Alyn, one fine morning, resolutely turning his back on the fascinations daily offered by racket-court and billiard-room, set off alone with Kunhaya, who could, it was thought, be spared for a few days from among the fourteen domestics employed, and whose knowledge

of the short cuts made by the natives up the mountains would be of incalculable service to Alyn in the bold project he contemplated, which was none other than seeking out the rapids of the mighty Ganges.

Bent on obtaining the utmost possible enjoyment from the glorious scenery that surrounded him, he proceeded with no great haste, passing through thickets the very air of which breathed Aber, Bettwys-y-Coed, Llanberis; by streams and little mountain lakes as cold, ebon-hued, clear, and noisy as if they had issued from Snowdon, though the spell was soon broken by opening vistas of still deeper valleys, dark with the exuberant foliage of Indian woods, and abounding in their usual accompaniments, lean-looking monkeys, corpulent snakes, and vapours peculiarly noxious.

Ever since he had landed at Calcutta, where not an elevation exists higher than the mount in Kensington Gardens, Alyn had been sensible of a hiatus in creation caused by the absence of his favourite mountains. And none the less that he was consumed by a fever of another kind, had he gasped, then and often since, for a breath of pure mountain air.

And now he literally revelled in its freshness, basked in its health-giving breezes, glowed with high and noble thoughts, and felt as though he must run, bound, shout, do something wild to give outlet to the superabundant joyousness with which it inspired him.

Of course he did nothing of the kind, but walked along as soberly as a man on the road to get married, by no means desirous of being deserted in these mountain fastnesses by Kunhaya, as a maniac whom it was unsafe to approach.

Hardly had his cherished object been attained, and his back turned on the famous temple of Gangoutrie, when the weather, hitherto so cloudless, altogether changed, became quite gloomy, and so continued during most of the days occupied by his long homeward journey.

The mountains, and he with them, were enveloped in clouds and mist; and it was only from time to time that towards the west, under what looked like a rugged bank, there gleamed forth the smooth blue sky like a peaceful lake, dotted here and there with heathery looking islets of soft purple cloud, and coasted beyond by a narrow belt of delicate sea-green striped with yellow, which again merged just above the horizon into a gorgeous sea of golden ether.

As he re-entered Simla the rain poured heavily on the trees and wooden pent-roofs, and scarcely had he turned into the *Mah*

when he ran against Mr. Goldsworthy, pale as a ghost, and absolutely trembling.

Drawing his arm within his own, and hastening towards home, Alyn said—

“This is the way you take care of yourself without me, out in such weather as this !”

But halting with a sudden vehemence, Mr. Goldsworthy replied, “It won't do, Alyn. I have bad news to tell you. And we must keep it from the women till we get them home. Here is the ‘Royal’; let us go in there.”

And then he told Alyn the dread story of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny.

CHAPTER V.

Oh, glory of the morning !
Oh, ye gifted, young, and brave !
What end have ye, but midnight—
What find ye, but the grave ?

MISS LONDON

It was never for a moment doubted that the best thing they could do was to hasten home, avoiding as much as possible the disturbed quarter, and place themselves effectually under the protection of the staunch Sepoy regiments stationed at Cawnpore.

This was done, and only when the ladies had settled safely down amidst their families at home did they become aware of the actual cause of the sudden exodus from their cool, peaceful retreat in the hill ranges of the Himalayas.

Short was the space allowed for congratulations upon their safe arrival, for although no suspicion seemed to exist of treachery on the part of the native troops in the station, great apprehensions were entertained of an attack from without.

In less than a week from the time they returned to the cantonment, Sir Hugh Wheeler, having thrown up a mud wall four feet high at least round the old dragoon hospital, ordered the women and children into it; the officers still sleeping at the quarter guards in the lines with their respective corps.

This measure of boldly facing the danger by going out to sleep among the men appeared for a time to have a wonderful effect in restraining them. But the dreaded explosion was not destined to be long delayed.

Hardly had the sun risen on the morning of the 6th of June when, in consequence of Nana Sahib having at earliest dawn indicated to Sir Hugh Wheeler his intention of at once commencing the attack,

our officers were summoned without an instant's delay into the fatal precincts of the intrenchment.

And when, half-clad, confused, and breathless, they had, with soldier-like promptitude, intensified by the consciousness of imminent peril, obeyed the order, it was found that Captain Bagot was not of the number.

Subsequently it transpired that a party of officers, ignorant of the near approach of the storm, having lingered over their breakfast in the pleasant villa of Sir George Parker, had had barely time to fly for their lives, and as the troopers of the 2nd Cavalry were galloping about in every direction, tracking down and unearthing Englishmen, it was by no means out of the category of possibilities that an untoward fate had befallen the gallant Captain.

Not the faintest echo of this apprehension was, however, allowed to reach Mrs. Bagot, although, of course, no such reticence was observed with regard to Alyn, who, immediately and throughout the siege, was indefatigable in devoting himself to alleviate especially the wretched condition of the women and children. Nor will it be thought that this was cowardly indoor work when it is remembered that in a temperature varying from 120 to 138 degrees in the shade every drop of water panted for by the wounded and the dying had at all times to be purchased with blood, and again and again with life itself.

Those who were conscious how dear a price was paid for every draught thirsted in silence, but the infants and those the balance of whose highly-wrought organisations had been from accumulated horrors overset kept up a perpetual moan, more terrible to some stout hearts than a ten minutes' hobble across the open, a heavy skinful of water round the loins, and an ounce of lead in the ankle.

For a while Alyn escaped the deadly missiles: the round shot that, crashing and spinning through the windows, raked the earthwork and skipped about in every corner of the open ground, the bullets that cut the air and pattered on the wall like hail, the great shells that rolled hissing along the ground and down the trenches, and which, bursting, spread around them a circle of wreck and mutilation and promiscuous destruction.

But one day, descrying on the roof of the barracks a fire-ball, which he mistook for a live shell, he clambered up and secured it, receiving for exchange, at the moment of heaving it over the breast-work, a ball under the right shoulder-blade which caused him to fall heavily to the ground; and it was with difficulty that, faint

beneath the fierce heat of the mid-day sun, and weak from insufficient food, he succeeded in hobbling beneath such feeble shelter as the improvised defences now afforded.

Things had got to a terrible pass. Long since had vanished all the sweet consciousness of existence, and the last flickers of hope were fast dying away when on the centenary of the date which had placed Bengal beneath the sway of the foreigner the Nana and his crew determined on effecting something worthy the occasion. But with such determined ferocity were they met, by mere gaunt and feeble likenesses of men, that there remained more dead Hindoos outside the doorway than there were living Europeans within. Short and sharp was the contest, and the 2nd Cavalry must have been taught that neither broken vows, nor angered gods, nor the waters of the sacred Ganges poured fruitlessly on the perjured head, were half as terrible as British valour in its last extremity.

It was after this conflict apparently that, despairing of carrying the fortress, insecure as it was, by fair means, the Nana projected that foulest of all treacheries at which history in the remotest future will never cease to shudder.

A long and earnest debate followed the reception of the Nana's unique protocol. It seemed but a poor conclusion to their spirited defence to have to stipulate with their own Sepoys for the liberty of slinking away without further molestation.

Had the garrison consisted exclusively of fighting men, they would never have dreamed of surrender while a sword remained wherewith to fight their way out.

But with a starving multitude, in which were a woman and child to each man, in which every other man was incapacitated by wounds and disease, and when the holes in which they sought refuge from the glare and the shot would, ere many inches of the coming rains had fallen, be entirely filled; when the walls of the barracks, shaken and riddled by the cannonade, must inevitably sink and crumble beneath the fury of the tropical tempest: What was left them but to capitulate according to the not unreasonable terms offered?

Preparations were therefore set on foot for a departure. And the emaciated, ghostly company, having eaten without stint of such food as they could get; drank, no longer by tumblerfuls, of the delicious nectar, cloudy as it was from the *debris* of bricks and mortar, and rested as only people can rest who have not slept for a long while, and know not when they may sleep again, awoke at daybreak to the sterile activities of their inauspicious exodus.

Starting before the advancing day had dispelled the freshness of

dawn, the mournful cavalcade proceeded on its way to the place of embarkation.

About forty boats were moored, and ready apparently for departure. But no temporary pier being provided, not even a single plank to serve as a gangway, men and women, as well as the bearers of wounded and children, had to wade knee-deep in the water before they could reach them.

Having remained to the last, hoisting in the women and all who were enfeebled, the officers were themselves preparing to scramble on board, when, amidst the sinister silence that prevailed, the blast of a bugle pealed down the defile. Scarcely had the native rowers time to save themselves by leaping into the water and splashing towards dry ground, when from either shore broke forth a storm of grape and musketry.

The Englishmen, whose rifles were handy, at once opened fire, while others, setting their shoulders against the planking, endeavoured to push off into mid-stream.

But the boats, as it had been intended they should, stuck fast on the sand banks, and the straw roofs becoming ignited, the wounded perished in the flames, while all who could sufficiently help themselves dropped into the river.

One boat, of lighter draught than the rest, in which was Mrs. Bagot, succeeded in getting off, and drifted away down the stream.

And eventually about a dozen men, finding that all was lost, and that it was totally impossible to mitigate in any way the terrible atrocities that were being enacted at the Ghât, struck out and made for the retreating boat. Grape and round shot flew about them from either bank, not always without deadly effect, some sank exhausted, and only four out of the number lived to reach the boat.

More dead than alive, these were pulled in by Captain Whiting. A sorry refuge Alyn found it after all. So crowded was the state of the boat, that little or no room was left for working her. Her rudder had been shot away, and the oars, having been thrown overboard by the traitorous boatmen, were replaced only by a spar or two and such pieces of wood as could with safety be torn from the sides.

No food was in the boat; although there had been a pretence of lading the boats with flour, in the presence of the English officers, the previous day. None had been taken at starting, and excepting the water of the Ganges, naught passed the lips of that ill-plighted crew, in all the live-long hours, save shrieks and groans and prayers.

A burning boat, sent down the stream in the hope that she would

fall foul of them, fortunately glided past, though within less than a couple of yards.

Arrows with lighted charcoal fastened to them were, when night came, let fly, to ignite if possible the thatched roof, so that this small protection had to be dislodged and thrown overboard.

The enemy's fire, kept up on either shore, had considerably diminished their number. Death stared the remainder in the face from starvation, when they again stranded on a sand bank, this time off Nuzzuffhur.

While they were vainly endeavouring to push off, a boat was observed containing fifty or sixty natives coming down stream from Cawnpore to attack them, an attack which could not have failed to result in their entire destruction, but the natives also grounded on a sand bank, and being at once charged by the fugitives, but few of them escaped to tell their master that after all they had gone through, those Sahibs were the same as ever.

Still there were not many who, faint and weary, fell asleep that night expecting to see the morrow; but a hurricane coming on, they were set free—only to drift, however, before many hours were over, into a siding of the river opposite Soorajpore.

Not long were their relentless pursuers in discovering them and opening on them with musketry; whereupon a forlorn enterprise was hazarded, which consisted in sending fourteen of their number, including Lieut. Delafosse, Sergeant Grady, and Alyn, to wade from the sand bank on which they were again hopelessly stranded to the shore and seek to drive off the Sepoys, while the others used every exertion to free the boat.

Maddened by desperation, these fourteen brave fellows, most of them wounded in one way or another, charged the crowd of Sepoys and drove them back some distance. Then, cutting their way through a mingled party of natives armed and unarmed, and with more wounds, but without the loss of a single man, they reached the spot where they had landed and found the boat was gone.

Thinking it had got loose and was farther down stream, they followed in that direction, loading and firing as best they might upon the horde of pursuers, and lessening by an interval of twenty paces between man and man the hazard of the hostile musketry; but they were eventually compelled to abandon in despair the pursuit of the boat and seek safety for themselves in flight.

With a burning sun overhead, a rugged raviny ground, and no covering for the feet, it had been no easy task for this more than half-famished and bleeding band to make head for over the space of

three miles against a rabble of ryots and Sepoys; when seeing a temple in the distance they agreed to make for it.

This sanctuary soon failed them. Their opponents immediately set about constructing before it a large pile of faggots, which they lighted. But it was not till the enemy showed signs of an intention to mend the fire with some bags of gunpowder that the persecuted garrison began to be seriously alarmed.

Then rushing out, one less than had entered, they scattered the burning embers with their bare feet and leaped the parapet which enclosed the plot of dedicated ground. Running full into the middle of the crowd, they carried their lives for sale to the best market, and seven only succeeded in reaching the bank. First flinging their firelocks into the stream and then themselves, the weight of ammunition in their pouches carried them under water, and thus saved them from the first volley. Then slipping off their belts, they rose and swam a score or so of rapid strokes, leaving their heads by no means easy targets for excited Hindoo marksmen.

Still, two were shot through the head. Another, overcome with exhaustion, turned over on his back and yielded to the stream. And it was not until they had swum two good leagues below the point where they first plunged in that any probability seemed to exist of their pursuers having desisted from the chase.

Sitting to rest by the shore with the water up to their necks, still doubtful of their safety, they again heard voices and approaching footsteps, and once more had to plunge into the stream.

“Sahib! Sahib! why swim away? we are friends,” was shouted from the shore.

“We have been deceived so often,” replied Captain Thomson, “that we are not inclined to trust anybody.”

But, as it turned out, the fugitives had reached the territory of Dirigbijah Sing, a chieftain still loyal to the British Government; and these were his retainers.

Scarcely conscious whether they believed them friends or not, but with a vague feeling that in death alone could they obtain any repose, they turned and swam in; but such was their extreme prostration that on reaching shallow water they had literally to be dragged out. After lying for a few minutes on the bank to rest, covered over with a couple of blankets, their friends, or captors—they were too far gone to speculate or care which—proposed that they should emigrate to the adjacent village.

And supported on both sides by a native, armed with sword, shield, and matchlock, whose hands held them well up under the arm-pits.

they partly walked and were partly carried a distance that must have seemed to them many miles, though it was not really more than three or four furlongs.

Arrived at length at the village, they were taken to the hut of the Zemindar, who received them most kindly, setting before them an ample supply of lentil porridge, wheat cakes, and preserves—a repast to be largely luxuriated in by the four poor famished fellows who for the space of a month had fared both scantily and badly, and who for seventy hours past had touched no food at all.

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis gone—the storm has passed ;
'Twas but a bitter hail-shower, and the sun
Laughs out again within the tranquil blue.

W. E. AYTOUS.

AFTER a rest of only a few hours, in consequence of a retainer of the Rajah having been sent to conduct them to the fort of Moorar Mhow, the fugitives had again to set forth ; their Court costume consisting of one shirt and a borrowed rug between the four.

Being minutely questioned as to the story of the siege, their replies elicited approbation of their courage and wonder at their escape, after which an abundant repast was set before them, supplemented this time by a quantity of native wine. But beds, the great desiderata of their present condition, alas, were not forthcoming, as the touch of them by the Feringhees would have been defilement.

Straw, however, and a suringee each to cover them were provided. And devoutly thankful were they for these, and for the blessing at last of a night's rest. A native doctor next morning having dressed their wounds, and a native tailor furnished them with a coat and trousers of original, not Bond Street, cut, they, with the addition of Hindoostani shoes, again entered the ranks of respectability.

But better far than even the excellent though Brahminical fare supplied them thrice a day by the kind old Rajah, was the sleep, the glorious refreshing sleep, in which, day after day, and week after week, they indulged, as if fed upon opiates.

Petted and protected, they had for the space of three weeks enjoyed unlimited repose, notwithstanding that the Nana had three times ordered the immediate surrender of their persons, when tidings came that a steamer had gone up the Ganges ; and representations having from some quarter found their way to the Rajah that the stay of the Feringhees might be construed into a forcible detention,

the grand old fellow, who had been imperturbably deaf to the Nana's threats and persuasions, placed them on elephants, surrounded them by an armed escort, and had them conveyed in the silence of night to a small hamlet within his own territory on the banks of the river.

But no steamer appearing for a week, the Rajah, who had all the time kept armed sentries posted at their door, came down to them to say that he had made arrangements to have them conveyed to a friendly Zemindar, who had entered into the most sacred engagements to conduct them in safety to the nearest British encampment. Taking leave of their chivalrous preserver, with many expressions of unaffected regret, and a tacit resolution to do their best to obtain for him some tangible mark of their gratitude and regard, they crossed the Ganges, and, under the auspices of their new patron, started for Allahabad.

But not many miles had been traversed when the driver of the bullock-cart in which they were stowed away stopped abruptly, and in low, agitated tones informed them that there were guns ahead planted right athwart the road.

With heavy hearts they dismounted, and, solicitous to know whether they should again have to run and swim and lurk and starve, they crept stealthily along the edge of the road, and turning the corner found themselves within a few yards of the white and freckled face of an English sentry.

But the recognition was by no means mutual, their bronzed countenances, grim beards, and huge turbans deluding the sentry into the belief that they were an infatuated party of Affghans.

And warm as would have been their reception, that of the quartet of Englishmen was not less so in another way when, a recognition of comrades having ensued, they were greeted by a prolonged and hearty British cheer.

During the march that followed, it being a detachment in the rear of Havelock which they had joined, it happened not unfrequently that Alyn's attention was drawn towards one among the heterogeneous mass seeking the protection of the British flag who rarely failed, when opportunity offered, to inflict upon him a long and steady gaze.

And, accustomed as Alyn had become, before twenty-four hours were over, to glances of compassionate curiosity, this man's manner differed so essentially from that of others that it went nigh to render him irritable, until one day, when, in consequence of his wounds showing refractory symptoms, Alyn had been allowed a dhooly, the

man brought up himself, his condolences, and a skinful of water, inquiring if he could be of service.

Grateful at all times for the smallest attention, and especially now for copious draughts of water, Alyn at this man's solicitation indulged him with some of his adventures. But the more Alyn told him the more insatiable became his interest; and at length, as if compelled to account for it, he said—

“Perdone, signor, but you remind me so of a dear hapless lady I once loved and served, that I could go on listening to your voice for ever.”

Not finding this incentive all-powerful, Alyn fell into a doze, an operation which he was now addicted to performing on the smallest provocation and at the shortest notice.

But when an hour or two later the stranger came looming through the twilight to direct the dhooly bearers to halt and repair with their freight to the mess-tent, where unusual luxuries were being dispensed to the invalids, the inner man asserted its appreciation of the attention, and Alyn condescended to inquire if he possessed a name.

“My name, signor, is Felice Pagliardini, al vostro servizio. And if you would let me indeed serve you, you would make an old man very happy in his last days.”

“Serve *me*, my friend! What, for the sake of my voice bringing back old memories? That would be indeed poor wages, for I could give you no other.”

“Grazie a Dio, signor, I don't need for wages; I have as much money lodged in the bank of Derby as an old scaramuccio like me will ever want. And since my good, kind young master was gashed to death before my eyes with maledetti Sepoy swords, I am quite lost with having nobody I love to care for and look to. And just when I want it most, il buon Pia sends me—ah, signor! è vero, the more I look at you the more I am certain that you are the son of my unhappy mistress.”

“Not a bit of it, my friend; you could not have hit upon anything more unlikely.”

“Say why then, signor?”

“Well, although it's true I might know a little more about my mother, I know this much, that her position was not one to have grand foreign gentlemen, like yourself, in her service.”

“Ecco, you think so because—ditemi, signor.”

“Because, man, it is an absolute impossibility. When my old Granny puts her bonnet on she covers the whole of her household,

and most of her property. And how should her daughter, or daughter-in-law, have lived as you would suggest?"

And as he uttered the words a hideous elucidation of the mystery took up a lodgment in his brain.

"Granny!—ah, Granny!—*Si appello*. Ebbene, signor, you will accept my poor servizio if I tell you her name?"

"*You* tell me her name! You deceive yourself, and are on a wrong track altogether, I assure you, my fine fellow."

"*E vero*, it is not certain; but you let me be your servitore if I have right? The Granny's name, is it not, is Madame Jessy Glenelg?"

Surprised and pained, Alyn limped, without his aid, into the tent. And after supper, to say nothing of the beer, which for eight summer weeks he had never tasted, the world contained one only need for Alyn, and that was comprehended in the one word—sleep.

Perhaps in his dreams Madame Jessy Glenelg may have figured, her fatally handsome daughter clinging to her skirts to save her from being butchered by his Sepoy-complexioned friend. But in no other way did she disturb his repose.

When he awoke next morning an unusual stir agitated the camp. Some men of the 28th having been engaged on an expedition concerning their own personal advantage in one of the adjacent villages, returned shouting "The cavalry are coming!" Meaning the enemy, information of whose near neighbourhood had been conveyed to the captain in command.

On inquiries being made, however, the formidable foe proved to be some syces on the Government post-horses, who, fearing that the foragers would reclaim their cattle, had decamped.

But no sooner was the march resumed than the assiduous Signor Pagliardini took up his station by the side of Alyn's dhooly. Fate, and Alyn combined, however, bowled out his intention of resuming the conversation of the previous night until after many weary leagues had been trudged. Patiently he waited his opportunity, and at length—

"Then it is so, signor. I did read by your eyes I had right. And now I leave you not as long as I live."

But this arrangement was by no means to Alyn's mind, as the man's presence brought only the hateful remembrance of last night. And though it was one he determined on not entertaining, he found it no easy matter to reject it altogether; still he would do his best by removing the proximate cause, trusting that the usual effect might follow. Thus—

"My friend Pagliardini, or whatever else your name may be, I am deeply obliged to you for the many kindnesses you have shown me, and shall not soon forget them; but as to engaging your services, I am in no position to do so, and never shall be. Therefore I hope to hear no more of the subject."

Crestfallen, and deeply grieved, the Italian turned away; but not before an envenomed dart had found entrance into Alyn's breast as he murmured

"Addio, signor! I will cherish her memory all the more that her own son cares not even to know her name."

CHAPTER VII.

There is a voice I shall hear no more;
 There are tones whose music for me is o'er;
 Sweet as the odours of spring were they,
 Precious and rich—but they died away.
 They came like peace to my heart and ear,
 Never again will they murmur here;
 They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,
 Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

WILLIS CHASE

RETURNING to Cawnpore, the scene of their earliest calamities, Alyn and his intrepid companions found that where they had left parched and sunburnt ground, covered with round shot and fragments of shell and grape, the grass was now luxuriantly thick, as though nature had been anxious to conceal the earth's face and shut out as far as possible all traces of her unhappy children's suffering.

And now for the first time did Alyn learn that the missing boat, which he had fondly hoped had drifted into safe anchorage on some friendly shore, had been seized by a party of the Nana's men and carried back to Cawnpore.

Of the tragical end of its doomed freight he was unhappily not suffered to remain ignorant. Nor was it permitted him to hope that by some miracle Mrs. Bagot had escaped.

Of the Captain he failed in obtaining a vestige of tidings. And weary with the load of life—that load he had been so strenuous in preserving in the hope of again seeing "her"—he neglected his already shattered health, paid his daily pilgrimage to the Well, often beneath a mid-day sun, left his mess allowance untouched, and forgot that sleep was needful.

At length there came a talk that those who wished it would be enabled in the course of the following week to return to Calcutta.

With a languid indifference Alyn embraced the offer, and in the train of his vague speculations about his passage and his old Granny (from whom he had heard by the very last dâk that ever reached Cawnpore), about Owen and his new boat, and all the old, old memories, came the recollection of the dark-visaged Italian, whose kindness had been of unutterable value, and whom he had requited by thwarting his wishes and declining to listen to him, and wandering one day through the cantonments occupied by the British army, he thought he would look him up. But having forgotten his name, it was not much wonder that he failed to find him, especially as it was but a weak kind of interest he felt in the man.

As he was returning from bidding a tacit adieu to the spot where lay the shattered remnants of the object of his life's devotion, he suddenly remembered that it was the anniversary of his landing at Calcutta eighteen years ago, and the recollection contrasted so painfully with the present time, that overcoming him he turned ill and faint, and a crowd gathered round him—a motley throng of British soldiers, apathetic Mohammedans, and loquacious Hindoos. And when Alyn's poor wan-looking, lack-lustre eyes were turned upon the crowd they met the black, glittering orbs of the Italian whose name he had forgotten—Felice Pagliardini. With short words and few, Felice tucked him under his arm, carried him off to the door of his hut, and there left him, telling him to mind and take better care of himself.

But this summary proceeding did not now accord with Alyn's ideas, and he called to him to come back. For some few minutes Felice stood erect on his mole-hill of a pedestal, but when Alyn came to tell him of his troubles, of the disappointments that had met him at every turn, and lastly of "that" which lay in the depths of yonder well, the kind fellow bowed his head to hide a tear, and again became the sympathising friend of a few weeks back.

The practical result of which was that before he left the hut he had undertaken to make all needful preparations for the journey to Calcutta ; which it was settled they were to make together.

And sorely put out was Alyn when he found it had to be made by boat. But no encouragement being given him to wait for an opportunity of going by road, the strangely assorted pair set their faces towards the City of Palaces *en route* for England.

(To be continued.)

"The Three Musketeers" and
unfair to suggest that in this
farther even than professed writers
said that every event that has
quite as much a fact as it ought
office of novelists and historians
hitherto been considered to be
has happened, and not—*intended*
happened. But, even as there
there is to be a journalism
theories which are highly com-
time ago a New York paper
exceedingly exciting and pict-
menagerie of wild beasts into
combats that ensued. This
appointment of its readers—tur-
pure and simple, but it was
a description of what might be
capable of writing a good ser-
world ought not to lose the be-
reason that a lot of lions and
were required. Another jour-
philosophical theory. Very rec-
elaborate account of the burnin-
readers—

horrible railway accident or collision at sea will terrify the friends and relations of possible sufferers for a day or two before the moral is pointed of the tale that has been already adorned. That future historians will find some little difficulty in sifting what has been written for art's sake from what has been merely written for the sake of news is, perhaps, of little consequence, seeing that their narratives will gain as much in romantic interest as they will lose in accuracy. But, meanwhile, the less this brand-new theory of journalism as one of "the fine or practical arts" gains ground, the better it will be for the comfort of plain people, who read novels for fiction and newspapers for news.

A CORRESPONDENT raises yet another question with regard to Cleopatra in "The Dream of Fair Women." "Why," he asks, "should Cleopatra be described as Egyptian? Was she not of the purest Greek blood? The founder of the line of the Ptolemies was a Greek: all his successors were Greeks, and the peculiarity of the family was that they only intermarried among themselves, marrying within degrees of consanguinity which would appear to us shocking, in order to keep up the pure succession of Greek blood. If I remember rightly, Plutarch tells us of the influence Cleopatra obtained by her knowledge of languages, which enabled her to talk to all races of her subjects in their own tongues, whereas most of her predecessors did not even take the trouble to learn the dialect of the Egyptians. Mr. Galton, I think, in his work on 'Hereditary Genius,' founds an argument on this constant intermarrying of the Ptolemies. The late Mr. Thomas Love Peacock found fault with Tennyson long ago for treating the Queen of Egypt as an Egyptian; but Tennyson has supporters among men who do not simply assume that an Egyptian queen must needs be an Egyptian woman. Mr. Hawthorne has somewhere tried to make out that she was Egyptian, that she became transformed into an Egyptian in some mysterious way by the influence of climate. But I cannot see how the influence of climate for a few generations, even though it might darken a woman's cheek, could convert the daughter of pure Greeks into an African. Suppose the daughter of the English Consul at Canton marries a young Englishman, and their daughter marries another Englishman, would their daughter again (or carry it on for a few generations, if you like) be a Chinese woman? Yet this sort of succession would not represent anything like the care taken to keep the Ptolemies Greek; for of the English husbands I have suggested some might have had foreign—and perhaps even *Chinese—mothers*. How then can Cleopatra have been anything

that Bailey's career did not sink into oblivion in which it appeared to have been buried. His interest and its political character were at Trinity College, Cambridge, about the same time with those of his contemporaries, and in their undergraduate days, being Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Ellison, and Mr. J. Mr. Crawford, of the House of Commons for the Ayr Burghs, physician of Middlesex Hospital, and City merchant, were largely engaged upon Bailey's high politics was the obstacle to his reach, and so threw him to divide his attention between law at the outset of his career—a trial effort—was written on the subject suggested to Lord Huntingtower's leader of his in that paper on the Corn-law Repeal proclaimed the downfall

that journal, when Mr. Walter dissolved the connection without the ceremony of a period of notice, and sought an interview with Lord Grey, then at the Colonial Office, to whom he expressed his hope that Mr. Bailey had not made his position on the *Times* the means of his official advancement, to which Lord Grey replied—it is said with some hauteur—to the effect that Mr. Bailey's connection with the *Times* would not have recommended him to Her Majesty's Government. Bailey retired from his secretaryship only a couple of years before the time when he would have been entitled to a pension, in order to take the Governorship of the Bahamas, a step which he had bitter reason to repent in after years. Whether or not he overtly sympathised with the Southern cause in the American War of Secession has never been clearly proved, but he was accused of doing so in the columns of United States newspapers, as well as in communications from the Washington Government to our Foreign Office. At the Geneva Arbitration it was stated that he had shown open partiality to the cause of the South, and an able vindication was made on his behalf by the Lord Chief Justice of England. The Bahamas, Bermuda, and other islands were no doubt made use of by blockade runners, but the Lord Chief Justice was of opinion that this was not a legitimate ground of grievance. I cannot afford space for the details of the allegations made against Bailey in this difficult business; it is enough to say that he felt himself placed in an unpleasant position in relation to the Foreign Office at home, and when he tendered his resignation it was accepted, and his occupation was gone. Not many months ago, at Greenwich, after a dinner at the "Trafalgar," given by the editor of the *Saturday Review* to his contributors, among whom Bailey had been conspicuous since his return from the Bahamas, when the company were about breaking up Bailey fell with his head upon the table and died. His funeral at Kensal Green was attended by his friends of the bar, of journalism, and of the diplomatic service.

SOME years ago, when Dickens and Thackeray were almost dividing the empire of literary popularity between them, a favourite topic of table talk was the relative prospect of immortality of the two great novelists. It was not so much a question of greatness, as of characteristics in the one and the other which might or might not bear the test of time; and I think the preponderating belief was that Thackeray would probably continue to be enjoyed by the great mass of readers when Dickens would be to some extent out of date. I confess that I have never been able to imagine the coming of a time when these two great men would not be recognised as literary giants

mountain table-top and a great
canoe," and the "pale-faced
wreck in another canoe." Not
this case, and we appreciate the
of the term "shipwreck," be-
collection of a particular form
in which the loaf of bread or
country inns. But this "cand
by, and it may be that nobody
one in a museum of antiquities
of the generation who know no
fancy will die out of that which
an exquisite bit of description.

But here a suggestion occurs
holy reflection. We often do
forms of monuments to great
the best possible memorial of S
speare library, embracing as t
works as can be collected, and
on this supreme author or his
day relating to a gentleman
almost incredible number of e
many languages. Why not a l
down to posterity illustrations
having helped to make print

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1875.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AUTHOR OF "LINLEY ROCHFORD,"
"A FAIR SAXON," "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

"DEMETRIUS LOVES YOUR FAIR—OH HAPPY FAIR!"

IT was perhaps an unfortunate thing for Christmas Pembroke that he should have passed all the earlier part of his youth in such isolation from the influences which surround a young man's growing years in ordinary life. An Englishman of his age might indeed have had no grand passion before, but he would almost certainly have had some little anticipatory passion, some affair of pickets and outposts suggesting an idea of the greater ordeal to come. At twenty-two or twenty-three years of age most men have glided through many emotions which at first seemed to be genuine love, but were not. They have looked into the eyes of girls and fancied for the hour they saw all heaven there; they have touched tremulous hands, and whispered meaningless words, intended to express ineffable meaning; they have thought themselves happy, they have thought themselves wretched—they have awaked to find themselves neither wretched nor happy; they have come to look back on these past emotions and their passing heroines with as mild and mellowed a regret as François Villon bestows on Bertha with the large foot, and the good Jehanne whom the English burned, and Heloise, and the snows of other winters. They have thus become acclimatised to emotion, and when the grand passion comes (we are now thinking only of young men pure and strong enough to have a grand passion) they can rough through it with less of a strain upon their heart and nature. But to Christmas Pembroke it was all new,

and it tried him terribly. It was as if he had never seen a woman, or known of woman's existence, until he came under the influence of Marie Challoner. So the passion which he felt for her seemed as if it must tear his unprepared heart asunder.

A discontented person has left it on record as his complaint against the ways of Providence that he could always get on very well until he allowed himself to be persuaded that he ought to do something for the benefit of his health, and then all went wrong. Does it not sometimes seem as if things were going very well with us until we took it into our heads that a sublime moral duty bade us to follow some unwelcome course, and then forthwith we disturbed and distracted everybody? Marie Challoner had been urged by natural kindness, by sense of right, and by an unexpressed idea that there was something in her own heart requiring to be kept down and disciplined and punished—she had been urged by all these impulses to show herself especially friendly to Christmas since she had heard her father's account of him. When they met after that day in the library she always smiled on him so sweetly, and gave him her hand so kindly, and put herself in his way to talk with him so winningly, that the poor lad's head and heart were all aflame. There were times when he felt as if he must take her in his arms and kiss her. There were moments, ecstatic and agonising, when he thought that if he had done so she would not have been very much displeased. He used to lie awake of nights and think over her words, her looks, at this moment or that, and ask himself was it not possible that he had long mistaken her, and that she was inclined to love him? If Marie Challoner had been the most heartless coquette she could not have perplexed and tormented our hero more thoroughly than she did with her generous resolve to be his friend and to do him kindness. For in her heart, all the while, Dear Lady Disdain envied this pair of young lovers, as she believed them to be, their romantic and unselfish love; and looked forward each day more and more with vague and grey presentiment to a brilliant marriage in which she would have to persuade herself, as well as she could, that she was gratifying her own ambition along with that of other people.

One thing Marie had made up her mind to—that she would see, speak to, and be very friendly with Miss Sybil Jansen. She told her resolve to her father, and he agreed, not over-delighted at the prospect, to take her to one of Mrs. Seagraves' Sunday afternoon receptions in the hope that she might there meet Miss Jansen. The day came and Sir John had to go.

“I’ll leave a message for Vidal, Marie,” he said, “to follow us to Mrs. Seagraves’, if he should call while we are out—he sometimes goes there, I believe. He is amused by that sort of thing.” The affinity between Sir John and Vidal was only on their business sides. To Sir John all amusement was weary work, and he could not understand why anybody should impose more of it on himself than was made compulsory by the laws of society.

“Now this *is* kind of you, you dear darlings, both!” Mrs. Seagraves exclaimed with fervour, as they entered her drawing-room, and she swirled towards them in her trailing tawny-green silk with pale yellow flowers worked into it. “Yes, I call you dear darlings both of you, Sir John as well, for coming to see me. And Sir John so busy too—with finance and companies! I do so wish I understood finance. It must be so nice. But exacting, isn’t it?—oh yes, very, very exacting. That makes it so kind of Sir John, Marie dear, to break away from all his occupations and come here with you.”

“But we don’t look after our finance and our companies on the Sunday, Mrs. Seagraves,” Sir John gently interposed.

“No? Is that so? How very good of you! I never thought you cared for any of those things in the City and business and all that. Only women I thought kept up those usages. But I am so glad to know: one ought to know these things. And so you are all such Sabbatarians in the City, and so pious? How very strange and touching, I think! There is something in that quite Druidical—or perhaps Puritanical rather? Yes, I mean Puritanical, of course. I used to love the Puritans once; and now I am sure I shall love them again.”

Marie left to her father the business of conversation, and was searching with her eyes through the rooms, as yet without recognising anybody. As far as she could judge by one or two hasty glances, most of the company seemed to be studying blue and white plates.

“Now, is there any one here you would like to know?” Mrs. Seagraves asked, observing that Marie had been looking round the room. “There are some very charming people here. There is a delightful young man, a Communist; I believe it was he who wanted to blow up Paris. Should you like to know him? There is a pre-Raphaelite poet; I do so love the pre-Raphaelite poets—at least I used to like them. I don’t think I do now. Where is Sir John?”

Sir John had escaped, and was conversing with somebody he faintly remembered having seen somewhere once, and whose acquaintance he was under present circumstances glad to claim.

watched Miss Jansen with
Marie thought, "and she
tional—I shall like her."
sparkling, restless eyes were
towards the door.

"Looking afar," Lady D
Byron, and persuading her
she was only amused at such
lover's steed kept pace with

"Do poets call horses
young poet with whom she was

Naturally he did not understand
he thought the young lady was
implying a special contempt
was the daughter of a rich man
purse-proud arrogance of pan
enemy.

As Mrs. Seagraves was passing
arm.

"Is not the lady you have
Jansen?" she asked in a low

"Oh yes—such a dear friend
her, I am sure, dear Marie. I

"I should like to know

Challoner. I always call her Marie. She wishes to know you; and I am sure you will like each other—oh, love each other! Two such noble minds—such souls!” and Mrs. Seagraves thereupon left them and floated away in ecstasy.

Marie held out her hand which was small and plump, and Sybil gave hers which was small and very thin, and which trembled at the kindly touch of Lady Disdain. It must be owned that the little priestess of the Church of the Future hated her new acquaintance at that moment. Priestess and prophetess as she was, her eyes first of all took in every detail of Miss Challoner’s dress, and she found that Marie’s dress was very costly, while she knew that her own was very cheap. In Miss Challoner’s frank manner she read insolent patronage.

“I have been wishing for a long time to know you, Miss Jansen,” said Marie, “and I came here to-day in the hope that I should see you.”

Miss Jansen threw a look of defiance into her manner as she replied coldly—

“You do me a great honour, and I ought to feel much flattered. May I ask whether we agree in our general opinions?”

“I hardly know,” Marie answered with a smile; “I have not formed any very serious opinions. I was anxious to know you for yourself, I think, rather than for your opinions.”

“Friendship, I believe, is best founded on agreement of opinion as to the purposes of life,” Sybil observed; and Marie could not help wondering that so pretty and bright-looking a girl should care to speak exactly as if she were making a little speech out of a book.

“What are the purposes of life?” Marie asked undismayed, and indeed rather amused.

“Have you never considered them?”

“Not very deeply, I am afraid.”

“Then you have no purpose in life?”

“I should like to make people happy, if I could. Is that any purpose?”

“In itself,” said Sybil, “it has little meaning.”

“Then you shall teach me all about it,” Marie said, determined to be pleased, if she could, with this odd little book in petticoats. “I’ll learn of you, Miss Jansen, to have a purpose.”

Sybil contracted her little eyebrows.

“You have no need and no impulse that way. You would not learn. You are among the fortunate; you know nothing of life’s trials and struggles. Leave the purposes of life to those who have to bear its strain.”

will go away," MARIE SAID, WITH
"and I shall not be offended even
my friendship. But I shall be s

"You are very kind," said the
and go with the quick emotions
hardly resist the genial way of th
meant to be so kind—and yet w
ness but pity? At that moment
by side, became aware of Chri
room. Each, too, was aware—co
saw them a light and then a shad
he blushed like a boy.

"He sees *her*," Marie said to h
a strange sympathy, compassion, a

"He sees *her*," Sybil thought,
jealousy and with anger.

Christmas's glance had indeed
moment he assumed that Miss Ch
of pure kindness, and probably b
was poor, and that some people
looked, he thought, that superb a
and her features made a splendid
nervous girl who sat beside her!
the poor little priestess of the futu
in all his pride in the beauty of

eccentric, *du parti pris*. Somebody began to sing just as Christmas came in, some "dear divine creature," Mrs. Seagraves said, "whom you *must* listen to," and whom she adored, "not really adored you know"; and therefore Christmas had to remain where he was, and seem to listen. He was almost glad of this, for he could look across the room at Marie, and had not yet to break the spell of the strange hope and pride with which he regarded her. Never before had he felt like this. There was something in it like the pride of ownership—like the pride of the accepted lover who knows that she is his own whom all the world admires. Is it an omen—a presentiment? How, his heart said, if this very day, here in this room, some word or look or touch of her hand should tell me ——? He bugged himself in his dream, and dreaded even the close of the song lest something should happen to awaken him.

Before yet the song was ended Christmas saw Mrs. Seagraves glide from her place near the piano to welcome with special eagerness some new comer. Strange with what a chill Christmas awakened—he could not tell why—from his dream. It was Ronald Vidal. For some little time past Christmas had not seen much of Vidal, and had begun to think that perhaps he had mistaken Vidal's position with regard to Marie; or that perhaps Vidal's recent and sudden plunge into political life had been the result of disappointed hopes as a lover. Mr. Vidal's appearance now was the most ill-omened sight our poor young hero could have seen.

"So very, very kind of *you* to come," Mrs. Seagraves said, having detained Ronald's hand in hers until the song was over; "in the full flush of your success too; and all the world talking of you! I am proud of this. Everybody wants to know you—but everybody does know you as a public man now."

"We have a saying in our county, Mrs. Seagraves," said the good-humoured Vidal, "that more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows."

"How very delightful!" Mrs. Seagraves said, not quite understanding. "And so you are going to be a great public man, and you are an orator. I so love orators! I should like of all things to be an orator. I wish I could be an orator! We are all so proud of your success—and I know one who is proud of it! Oh, I know why you come here to-day; but I am obliged to you for coming, all the same."

Vidal murmured a word or two of thanks for her compliments and escaped, and Mrs. Seagraves, turning round, found herself near Christmas.

"You know Mr. Vidal? Is he not a very charming young man?"
 "Oh, yes, of course you know him; you see the Challoners so often and don't you think his speech was very clever?"

"Very clever," Christmas answered, who had never read the speech, and did not know now what he was saying.

"And is this true they tell me? You ought to know—you are so much with the Challoners. But perhaps you don't wish to tell anything about it? You are so very discreet—and I like discretion above all things myself—especially in young men—oh, yes—especially in young men."

"It is not discretion in this case, Mrs. Seagraves," Christmas said bluntly; "only that I don't know what you mean."

"This about Miss Challoner and young Vidal—you know. They are engaged, people tell me. Quite a delightful and romantic story—they say." She leaned towards Pembroke and whispered with great appearance of mystery, "They say that she promised to consent only on condition of his giving up all his frivolities and things—you know—what young men waste their time in—and going into Parliament and making a success there. And now he is in Parliament, and has made the success there. Isn't it delightful?"

"Very delightful!"

"Like something in a romance! I do so hope it's true! It's like a knight going to the tournament and conquering everybody to please his ladye-love. I do so love romantic things like that. At least I used to love them once when I was young, but now, of course, I don't love them any more. I have grown practical and sensible. Yes, I only care to be practical now; but not all practical, of course. One must have some feeling of the romantic left, Mr. Pembroke?"

"Must one?"

"Oh, yes. *You* are all romantic, of course—all young people are. And some day you will be making some great success too, to please some fair ladye. That will be so charming. Then I shall wish you joy. Have you spoken to Miss Jansen yet?"

Ronald Vidal meanwhile had established himself at Marie's side; and after saying a few words to Miss Jansen, had managed to allow somebody else to engross that young lady for the moment, and thus had Miss Challoner all to himself.

Christmas watched them for a moment or two. There was a look of proud humility on Mr. Vidal's handsome face as he talked to Marie in a low tone; and our hero owned to himself that he did

look confoundedly handsome and like a troubadour, and just the sort of man whom many women would be fond of. Still he had thought somehow that Vidal was too much a combination of business and pleasure—the City and the green-room—for the higher nature of Lady Disdain. But he was mistaken—that was only too plain. Besides Vidal had made a political success, he had everything on his side—family, good looks, and now even political distinction. No wonder Miss Challoner listened to him with downcast eyes, and cheeks that coloured as he spoke!

Ronald Vidal had accomplished one of the few great successes which remain still to mark with a note of admiration some passage in the life of an ordinary Englishman. He had made a decided hit, an unquestionable success, in the House of Commons. He had seized a happy opportunity during some debate on a question of foreign policy, and had displayed great fluency, great knowledge of the subject, the places, the people whom it concerned; he formed his sentences clearly and well, he said some sharp, bold things; and when he had occasion to introduce two or three Latin words, he pronounced them with that curious inaccuracy and astounding disregard for all the possibilities of a Latin tongue which is deemed to be the essential condition of good form in the English universities and the House of Commons. He had the peculiar good fortune of all fluent and ready speakers, and because he had done well without elaborate preparation he was set down as capable of doing really great things with preparation. In a word, he was a great success, and the House saw in him a predestined Under-Secretary to begin with.

It would not be reasonable to suppose that Marie Challoner could hear people talk of this swift success without feeling some pride in it. Mr. Vidal really had gone in to do this for her gratification, and to win her approval, as avowedly as any knight ever went into the lists of the tournament to win the smile of his lady. She had not seen him since the success, which was won in the debate of a Friday afternoon, and of which all the daily papers of the Saturday were talking. She had not heard the speech, and had not expected that he would speak that evening; and now he was telling her that even if it had been a premeditated attempt, which it was not, he would not have forewarned her, for he declared that he never should have had the courage to make a successful first speech if he had known that she was in the Ladies' Gallery listening.

“You see if I had failed the first time,” he said modestly, “I could have retrieved myself perhaps the next attempt, or the next.

been tremulous if she had
Marie coloured a little and I

Christmas Pembroke still
conversation, kept his eyes n
tively started, for he saw a
Marie's face, and he saw I
gether, and then she said a
sently rose and left her, and e
the light of pride and triumph

What had passed was only
he had an engagement; that
graves' drawing-room to see
low tone—

“May I call and see you to

What was there in these w
pale, and feel chill and strange
as he looked at her. She w
seconds. Then she said, “C
looking up, and Vidal went aw

“To-morrow—at five,” Vidal
shook hands in passing. Sir J.

Christmas felt like one who
heavy weight seemed to rest u
the next few minutes passed
He knew that he talked to see

man, and her eyes had a bewildering softness and sweetness in them.

“You did not come and speak to me,” she said; “and now we are going away.”

“You are going soon?” Christmas asked, uttering any inanity that his lips could form. “I hope you are not tired?”

“I think I am tired—a little perhaps.”

“The room is warm,” said Christmas, with a bursting heart.

“It is. I have spoken to Miss Jansen, and I like her very much. Will you tell her so—from me?”

“I will.” He had not sense enough left in him even to wonder why he was selected to convey the message to Miss Jansen.

“Good-bye!” and Marie held out her hand. “Good-bye!” and it rested for a moment in his. It then did not strike him as strange that they should have said a sort of farewell.

“Glad to see you, Pembroke—good evening; we are going,” Sir John said, looking round. “Can we take you anywhere?”

“No; thanks, Sir John.”

“No; you are not going yet, of course. Good evening.” Sir John nodded, smiled, and made his way with his daughter through the crowd, the curiosities, and the crockery.

“Is she not charming? Oh, *so* charming! Don’t you think so?” Mrs. Seagraves asked of Miss Jansen.

“Who?” Miss Jansen coldly asked.

“Marie Challoner. She is the sweetest of girls—so fresh and unconstrained.”

“She is the sort of woman,” Sybil said, emphatically, “who keeps us as we are.”

“Is she really? Does she really? Keep us as we are?”

When Mrs. Seagraves did not quite understand what somebody meant she repeated the words generally, turned them over in a kind of puzzled delight as if she meant to say that she liked the idea very much in advance, and was sure she would like it still better when it was more fully explained.

“Yes. She is one of the women who, having all they want themselves, declare that women have no wrongs to complain of, and get praised by men for saying so. Men may admire that sort of woman—I don’t.”

“Oh, but you are too severe, my dear Sybil—far too severe—and on my sweet favourite, my model girl! No—I don’t mean that, you know, not a model girl by any means. I should hate a model girl: pattern of propriety and all that. Oh, no, Marie isn’t a model—

quite the reverse in fact. Of course I don't mean quite the reverse, you know; but you understand—and she really is such a sweet girl. Mr. Pembroke—Mr. Pembroke—do come here and defend my favourite."

Christmas was coming to speak to Miss Jansen, conscious that he ought to have done so long ago. She received him very coldly, and he assumed that she thought him guilty of rudeness. He was sorry if he appeared so, for he felt himself so shut out of life and lonely that he could ill afford to lose one friendly look.

"Mr. Pembroke of course admires her," Miss Jansen said. "All men do, I suppose."

Christmas felt as if he were being put to the torture. He knew that the blood was rushing to his face.

"You mean Miss Challoner?" he said, with desperate effort. "She is very handsome, and she is very kind—I have always found her"—and he could not get any further.

"Is she to be married to that young man who has just been here—son of some lord, people tell me?" Miss Jansen asked. Mrs. Seagraves had disappeared.

"I don't know; I suppose so."

Sybil took a cruel pleasure in tormenting him and watching his wincing, while she tormented herself as well.

"Is she in love with him do you think?"

"How should I know?" Christmas said, with a gallant resolve to seem easy and indifferent. "Do women fall in love now, Miss Jansen?"

"Not women of that sort I should think—unless loving a title and rank be falling in love. Don't you wish you were the son of a lord, Mr. Pembroke?"

"Not particularly. Why should I?"

"Then you might have a chance, you know, of competing for Miss Challoner. Now you look angry—I like to make men angry—it is a sort of triumph."

"Miss Challoner sent you a very friendly message," Christmas said, determined that the spiteful little priestess should have no such triumph over him.

"Indeed! Through you?"

"Through me."

"Truly! What was it?"

"She asked me to tell you that she liked you very much."

"How kind of her—so patronising."

"No, no, she didn't mean it in that way; you don't understand her."

“No? Perhaps not. Will you take a message from me to her in return?”

“I may not see her again—soon,” said poor Christmas.

“That would be a pity. But if you should see her, will you tell her that she is very kind, but that I prefer not to be patronised, and that she and I holding such very different opinions, could have nothing in common?”

“I shan’t tell her that,” said Christmas. “I shan’t tell her anything. And I know you don’t mean what you say.”

“Well, I am going,” Miss Jansen said; “I am tired of this place.” She looked very pale and weary.

Christmas made no offer to be her escort. He was sorry for her, disappointed with her. “Is this the way, then, of all women?” he asked himself. “Are they like this, bitter, fanatical, so wedded to their own little theories and crotchets that they must hate and detest all who differ from them? Or is it simply a miserable jealousy because she is rich and fortunate? Are women all so mean and miserable?”

Perhaps it would have gratified his mood at present if he could have thought so. But he could not. He had heard from Marie Challoner sometimes satirical and scornful words, but never the expression of one small, ignoble thought. But then she is so happy! She has everything. And poor Sybil has so little. “Why should I blame her?” he thought. “Envy comes into our hearts in spite of us; only women, I suppose, cannot shut it in there and hide it.”

Still, as he walked away from Portland Place, he felt really sorry that Sybil should have shown herself so malign—merely because Marie Challoner did not share her opinions on woman’s rights, or was richer and happier than she. The contrast set off Marie with a lustre which was positively oppressive to him now. How handsome she looked! How sweet she was! He had never loved her more passionately. How often now he thought of Dione Lyle’s warnings against allowing himself to be fascinated by Marie Challoner! What is the use of such warnings? He could not even flatter himself that he had been deceived or trifled with. Marie was his friend from the first, and she was his friend now—just the same. No coquette that ever falsely smiled men’s hearts and senses away could have been so fatal in her companionship to Christmas as that sweet, serene friend. It was all his own fault.

That miserable Sunday Christmas walked miles and miles until he had walked himself clean out of London. But he could find no solitude. Even when one is fairly clear of street and suburb there is no solitude

round London on the Sunday evening. He went doggedly along and around, having a vague idea that if he made himself dead-tired the mere physical exhaustion would distract him from too much thinking. Men weary in the snow keep repeating the multiplication table, because they know that if for one instant they relax the exercise of the mind they must fall into the sleep of death. Christmas kept his limbs in unceasing motion, fearing that one instant's rest would allow him to fall into the terrors of thought and memory.

The poor young Hypatia, too, had a weary time of it. She was miserable and bitter, and her mother wondered what mournful change was coming over her girl. Sybil went to a Sunday evening meeting somewhere and delivered an impassioned address all about the sensibilities and the sufferings of woman; about the bird beating itself to death against the bars of its cage; about the heedless strength and thoughtless cruelty of man; about the tyranny of rank and class, and a great deal more to the same effect. More than one earnest young mechanic or clerk fell profoundly in love with her, and thought her an angel of eloquence, and spent half the night thinking of her, and found their lives and their surroundings mean and narrow and odious, because of her. She went home and tried her very best to be cheerful and pleasant to her mother, and not to make short or pettish answers; and when she was in bed and everybody else in the house was asleep, then she almost drowned herself in tears.

Christmas came late to his chambers, to the painted goddess on whose ceiling he now hardly ever turned a glance. He sat for a while and made up his mind to something. Then he went to his desk and took therefrom, preserved with tender and loving care, the little fragment of sweet-briar which had clung to Marie's dress on the day when last they walked among the trees at Durewoods, and which he had treasured ever since. There was no fire in the grate, but he lighted up some paper there and made a great blaze and laid his bonny briar on it, and watched and watched it until it became only ashes.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

SIR JOHN CHALLONER leaned against the chimney-piece of his library next day in a happy and hopeful mood. Things had gone well with him hitherto, and they were now promising to go still better. Ronald Vidal's Parliamentary success was an unmistakable fact, and a thing to be proud of, and it would settle the young man

down for life. Marie's friendly ways towards Vidal left Sir John in no doubt about her answer to the question which was to be put to her that day. She would before long be the wife of the son of a peer, who bore an ancient and famous title. Sir John for a moment almost wished that his wife was living to share in the pride that was coming to them, until he remembered that after all she was not a woman to shine in society, and that she was probably much better off in heaven. He was thus reconciling his mind to her unavoidable absence when a servant brought him the announcement that Mr. Pembroke particularly wished to see him.

"Show him in—of course." He wondered why Pembroke chose to be so formal when he might have come into the library unquestioned. But he hoped Pembroke had some favour to ask. At present it would have relieved his mind to do a favour for somebody.

"Come in, Pembroke," he called cheerily, and Pembroke came in, looking pale and thin and troubled. This, however, was not evident to his patron, for, as we have said, Sir John was in a happy mood, because all things seemed to go well with him. There was something almost caressing in his manner as he welcomed Christmas. Indeed, he had begun to feel very parental to the young man of late, and to think as Christmas came and went that it must be very pleasant for a man to have a son who could be his confidant in business.

"Sit down, my boy," he said smilingly, and pushing a chair towards Christmas.

"I wanted to speak to you this some time back," said Christmas, "very particularly."

"Yes?" Sir John said encouragingly and still smiling.

"It's not about business, Sir John."

"No?" Sir John said, with equal encouragement in his tone, and now beginning to think that he saw his way to what was coming.

"I have been thinking over it this long time; and I was not certain whether I ought to say anything about it to anybody—even to *you*. But I can't help it—I can't help telling it to you—you have been so kind to me that I don't think I ought to have any secret from you—even this."

"The young fool is privately married!" Sir John said to himself. "Well, Pembroke," he said aloud, "go on, my boy. We don't need so much preface, do we—you and I?"

"I'd give half my life, I think," said Christmas with energy, "to any one who could tell me whether I ought to speak of this to you,

different—you will soon see.

“Well, let me see as soon as I can solve your riddles, Pembroke—or shall I?”

“I want to leave England, Sir John.”

“You want to leave England?—What on earth do you want to do?”

“I think of going back to France.”

“But why, Pembroke? I thought you were anchoring here for good?”

“Oh no, Sir John; I want to go because I am unhappy here, and I can't endure it any longer. I'll tell you all the reasons, but you don't know it already.”

“Indeed, Pembroke, I do not know of this—I thought you were here to make me happy—why should I be so?—Marie will be.”——

A sudden ejaculation, a sort of gasp, and his lips grew crimson as he looked at the chimney-piece as Sir John who had just spoken.

“Pembroke,” said Sir John, “point and tell me in plain words what you mean—that I was out in my guess is no more.”

“Well, Sir John, I want to go because I am unhappy here, and I can't endure it any longer. I'll tell you all the reasons, but you don't know it already.”

you may not think so. I tried as hard as any human being could do not to give in. I have been trying for months. I never would have told a word to mortal if I could have got over it. But I couldn't, and now my mind is made up. I will go away, and not trouble any one. You may blame me, if you like. Why should you blame me? I can't help having feelings."

"My good boy," Sir John said, soothingly, "who talked of blaming you? But of course I am taken by surprise; and I am sorry. You know how useless this is?"

"If I didn't know that how should I ever be able to make up my mind to go away? I always knew it was useless—from the very first."

"And when," Sir John asked, with a faint flicker of a smile coming over his lips, "when, Pembroke, was the very first?"

"The first day I saw her," answered Christmas, promptly. "No—not the first—I mean the second. The first time I hardly saw her, she had her veil down, and we only spoke a few words. It was the next day."

"You knew it then?"

"Yes. I knew it then; at least I felt very strangely. I must have known it then. But I didn't know then how strong it was and how it would last. I thought I could conquer it and crush it down; and I fought hard—you would not blame me if you knew how hard I fought—and it was all no use!"

"One word, Pembroke, before we go any farther, although I hardly think I need say it. My daughter, I presume, knows nothing of this?"

"Oh no, Sir John. How could she know?"

"Well, of course, I know you would have said nothing without having told me first. I didn't mean *that*. But might anything in your manner have led her to suspect?"

"No," Christmas said, shaking his head, and speaking in a tone of the profoundest conviction, "she has not the least suspicion. She never had."

"Well, I think so too. But how do you know so certainly?"

"Because she has been always so friendly to me. Even yesterday," the young man added, with burning cheeks.

"I am sure you are right, and that at least is something."

"It is something," Christmas said, sadly. "If she ever suspected it she would be sorry for me; and she would not be so friendly, and I should always feel as if I had been the means of giving her pain somehow. Now I shall not have that to think of. Well, Sir

John, I feel more like a man, and less like a child or a coward, now that I have told you this, and that you know all."

"Sit down," said Challoner, "and let us talk this over a little."

They both sat down. Christmas buried his hands in his pockets and gazed downwards, his head bent on his breast.

"Of course this is bad enough," Sir John began, "but it might be worse. Pembroke, you are a very young man, and you'll get over it. I know such consolation is not quite in keeping with your feelings just now, but you'll live this down, my dear boy. You'll get over it."

Christmas shook his head.

"I'll never get over it, Sir John—never. You think people always say that? Perhaps they do, but some of them mean it and know it. We are a terribly unchanging lot," he said, with a melancholy smile that flickered on his pale face like a weak sunbeam on snow; "my father's last words were of the woman he—he cared about, and I hope mine will be the same."

"Well," Sir John went on, not caring to press that point, "at all events we may look at whatever good side there is to the thing. Suppose, let us say, that Marie had known of this, and were romantic and susceptible—and all that—and that she felt as you do"—

"Oh!" Another ejaculation broke from Christmas, and again the blood rushed into the face that a moment before had been white. The bare thought, the mere suggestion of such a possibility sent a wave of passion through him which seemed to surge directly up from his heart to his head.

"I say suppose that had been so. I talk to you plainly, Pembroke, as to a man of sense and of the world" (Sir John knew that even a young lover is flattered by being regarded as a man of sense and a man of the world). "Suppose that had been so? What would have come of that? I presume that you have been studying my daughter's character. But you hardly know her as well as I do. Have you seen that she is ambitious? Most women are, but she is especially so. I have not seen in her much of what you young people call the capacity for love. She will go into society and shine there and be happy. I tell you, Pembroke, I love my daughter far more even than fathers generally love their daughters, and yet I say, with all my heart, that a young man like you would not do well in marrying her. Does this sound harshly? It is the truth, my boy. There are women whom mere love will not suffice; and Marie is one of them."

"I suppose so," Christmas said, blankly; "I don't know much about women—I should not have thought it."

"Of course you would not have thought it. My dear boy, to you a woman is an angel still."

Christmas shook his head.

"Not every woman," Sir John corrected himself; "but perhaps some one particular woman."

"I don't know about angels," Christmas said. "I never thought whether your daughter was an angel or not."

"They do in romances—the young men I mean—don't they?"

Christmas winced under this dry, chill analysis, as he might under the touch of a cautery.

"I only know what I feel," he said, "and I could not put it into words, Sir John. I'll put it into acts! I know what your daughter seems to me to be."

"My dear Pembroke, you may be sure that you could not have a higher opinion of Marie than I have; but it is perhaps a different sort of opinion—taken from a different point of view. A father does not need to think his daughter is perfection in order to love her; but a young man looks at things differently."

Christmas made a somewhat impatient gesture, as if in protest.

"It's not that," he said. "I love Miss Challoner because I can't help it, and it's my misfortune—that's all. I have to bear the consequences, and I mean to bear them. But don't let us try any mental analysis, Sir John—I confess I am not equal to that." With all his grateful feeling to Sir John, a strange sort of hostile sensation was beginning to grow up in his heart.

"Well," said Challoner, "I only meant to show you for your own good, Pembroke, how utterly hopeless all this would be."

"I know all that. You couldn't teach me anything about that, Sir John—I always knew it."

"No, no," Sir John said, gently. "You really do not quite understand me, Pembroke. I am assuming for the moment that things were exactly as you would have them; that my daughter felt as you do, and that I saw my way to give my consent; I tell you frankly, Pembroke, that you would be doing a mad thing, that you would be marrying a woman of ambition and spirit too great for such conditions—you won't mind my speaking plainly?—and that before long she would regret it; and you. Do you think it strange that I should speak in this way of my daughter?"

"No," said Christmas, bluntly, "for I suppose it is like this you would wish her to be."

He could not have looked in a

"Well," said Christmas, after a moment—now—you don't blame me?"

"I have so often wished that I had a son, and I have done so so fervently. "If I had a son, I should have acted on such conditions—to have acted

He held out his hand, and the other man, a financier could have wished at a good deal less strong—for Sir John was adorned with rings, and Christmas was in the grasp of Goetz's iron hand.

"We'll talk of this again," said Christmas, without showing sign of pain, soon as possible, "and I don't want you to think about leaving England for some months to come at all. You may look at things in a calmer light in two. You see we must do something to attract the people's attention."

"One word," said Christmas, "and I don't know." *she* is not to know."

Sir John laid his hand gently on Christmas's shoulder.

"Trust all that to me. If you could not be more sacred. To-day we will talk of this again. Now—"

be imprudent to have any manner of scenes or explanations. For all his praise of his daughter's ambition and his professed faith in it, he dreaded the possible consequences of her regarding this handsome, chivalrous young man as in any sense a sufferer or martyr. "One never can tell," he said to himself, "which will have the stronger fascination for women—success or failure—the man who is up or the man who is down." Also, according to his familiar fashion, he asked himself whether it was not possible that Christmas, single-minded as he was, might have some lurking motive of his own in making the confession he did. Suppose the poor lad had still a faint hope of touching Marie's feelings? Suppose the proposal to banish himself back to Japan were made with a vague idea of that kind? "No, he mustn't go," Sir John decided. "That would never do—we can think of something better than that."

He looked at his watch. It was half-past four o'clock. Ronald Vidal was to call at five. He left the library and went to his daughter's room.

It was a corner room like that which she had at Durewoods, and was chosen by her because of the likeness, and it had been fitted up at her wish in just the same way. Marie was seated at her writing desk when her father came in, and was looking over old letters, unfinished sketches, scraps of versemaking begun and put aside, and such other litter as people usually look at only in their rather melancholy moods. Sir John thought she was looking pale. She smiled very warmly for him, however, and put her papers down.

"I was looking over scraps of old verses, dear," she said. "In Durewoods, long ago—when I was young, you know—I used to fancy myself destined to be a poet. I have been reading some of the verses now; they are such dreadful rubbish!"

"I suppose all young people write verses—it's the right sort of thing to do when one is young. Are you disappointed at not turning out a poetess, Marie?"

"Could a poetess get into good society, papa?—a real poetess, I mean; not a lady of fashion who writes verses?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Mr. Vidal thinks professional poets are only tolerated in society—like a sort of Christy's Minstrels, perhaps. Is that so? I don't know. I saw a poet the other night, and people all seemed very attentive to him, and women were fluttering about him. But Mr. Vidal says he doesn't call that sort of thing being actually in society."

"Well, Marie?"

"Well, dear—that's all. I only wanted to know. For I should not like to have sacrificed my career for the sake of writing poems. I shan't have to earn my bread, you know, papa, and I suppose my first duty is to be respectable."

Lady Disdain was in one of her cynical moods which were becoming somewhat frequent of late. He did not like her present way of putting things. It seemed like a reproach to him, or at least a reminder that he was still under some conditions with regard to his place in society.

"I suppose people like us can afford to do as they please, Marie. I am rather too busy myself with the realities of life to have time to think much about poetry or poets. But I always thought that some of our poets were in very good society. By the way, poetry makes me think of music, and music of Ronald Vidal. He is coming here at five to-day?"

Marie coloured a little, but only said listlessly, "I suppose so."

"I have had a visit already from another young lover—I mean from a young lover," her father said, with an appearance of easy sprightliness. "Christmas Pembroke, Marie."

"Indeed?"

"He came to make me his confidant. Do you remember I told you some time ago that I was sure he would keep no secret from me?"

"You did, dear."

"Well, I was right. He came to-day and told me all."

"It was—as you expected?"

This easy question, put in a tone of the quietest interest, apparently, was to Sir John like the sight of the instrument of torture to some prisoner of weak fibre, who knows that if pressed he will swallow shame and save himself. He was not a man of scruples in the beaten ways of the world, but to deceive his daughter by something even broader than an equivocation seemed an odious act. He did not expect so direct a question; he had taken it for granted that his daughter would assume the purport of Christmas's confession and deceive herself. In the one flash of hesitation it came on him oddly and with a painful sense that if he had been bred a gentleman like Ronald Vidal he never could have hesitated. But this did not now give him pause, and he answered—

"Yes, Marie; it was as I expected, of course."

"Then it is so?" said Lady Disdain. "I should not have thought it—but how could any one judge? She seems to me so sharp and

vehement—and—I don't know. I am glad if he is going to be happy—I am very, very glad."

"There are some difficulties in the way just yet," Sir John said carelessly. "He does not think of marrying at once,—it would be out of the question at present. And Marie, my dear—this was only told to me—perhaps I ought not to have whispered it even to you—and by the way," he added, with a sickly effort at saving his conscience, "you will please to remember, dear, that I have not, in fact, told you anything of what he said to me, and of course you won't breathe a word of this to any one."

"You need hardly caution me, dear," said Lady Disdain, rising grandly; "I am not likely to speak of Mr. Pembroke's love-secrets."

"You know," Sir John said confidentially, "one must not mind too much what boys of that age may say on such subjects. They hardly know their own minds. Our young friend may have changed his mind long before anything comes of this."

Sir John spoke with two purposes vaguely present to his mind. The one was to prepare his daughter for the probability that Christmas never would marry Miss Jansen; and the other, to satisfy his own conscience that he was not doing wrong in treating with indifference an emotion which was possibly only the passing dream of a boy.

"I should think Mr. Pembroke knows his own mind," Marie said carelessly. "She is a very pretty girl, and very clever. I don't think we ought to blame her if she chafes a little against the ordinary lot of women. We do play a very poor part in the world, I think."

"I hope you will play a brilliant part, my dear."

"I hope so. One ought to do something." There was some bitterness in her tone.

"It rests with yourself, Marie, I fancy," Sir John said quietly.

"I suppose she will give up declaiming against the world's laws," Marie said meditatively, and without replying to his words, "when she is happy. I suppose she is very fond of him."

"Oh, yes—I suppose so."

"And he is in love with her! So soon! It seems strange—I don't know why."

A servant entered with a card.

"Vidal is below," Sir John said. "You will see him, Marie? I have to write a letter."

There was half a moment of silence—he looked at his daughter.

"Oh, yes," Marie said at last, "I will see him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"O VATER, LASS UNS ZIEHN."

MARIE CHALLONER knew perfectly well what Mr. Vidal had come for that day, and her father knew that she knew it. Mr. Vidal had been thrown so much with her of late, and evidently by her father's desire, that she had gradually grown to accept his attentions as a matter of course. When on a visit lately with two of Mr. Vidal's aunts, she had heard hints plain enough on the subject of his admiration for her. Still, she seemed always to shrink from contemplating the possible result of all this, and drew back even from asking herself what answer she ought to make in the probable, or indeed almost certain, event of his asking her to marry him. She had put the thought away as a nervous man, unused to speech-making, still puts off collecting his thoughts, and persuades himself that the chairman of the public dinner will not, after all, call upon him to respond to any toast. Now the moment had come, and it was too late to think of collecting thoughts or making up mind. The response had to be given at once.

Sir John Challoner looked after her as she entered the drawing-room, and then he went to his library. He found himself unusually nervous, and he felt a little irritated for the moment with the providential arrangement which had made lads and lasses, and imposed upon fathers in his position the responsibility of seeing that their daughters married the right man. In financial affairs he was strong, cool, and fearless—his enemies sometimes said unscrupulous; but he was flurried now in his own house, and a little abashed in the presence of his own daughter. He seemed to have lost his courage. He could not understand why he felt so humbled and hurt because he had had to deceive his daughter a little, and in a matter which probably would have been to her almost unimportant. Nobody could say in any case that he had not acted properly and for her good. What would be the use of wounding her sensibility by allowing her to know that this poor boy was in love with her? Besides, he, Sir John, was solemnly bound not to reveal Pembroke's secret. To be sure, he had implied that Pembroke had a secret of a very different kind, and that certainly was going rather far. Still, it was only a precaution of reasonable prudence under the circumstances, and women have always to be managed more or less by stratagem. "Good heavens!" Sir John peremptorily asked of his unsatisfied conscience, "who ever dreams of telling all the truth to

women?" But, again, not telling all the truth is one thing; telling something which is not the truth is another. And deceiving one's daughter, who looks up to him as a guide and a light, and Marie, who was so transparently truthful herself, and who seemed to be instinct from her very birth with that principle of honour which is so rare among women! In short, Sir John felt that the subject had better not be thought over too much. He put it away from him with a resolute effort to lay the whole blame of the transaction on Providence, which had not created him with a clear, uncompromising soul and conscience like that of Pembroke's father, or at least set him from his birth with men of the class of Ronald Vidal, who must always speak the truth as a necessary condition of their education.

He was waiting in momentary expectation of Vidal's coming to him. He knew that Vidal would come to him the moment his interview with Marie was over, and he knew that whatever were the result Marie would be sure to disappear to her room and not be seen for some time. Sir John, usually so composed in all his ways, was almost palpitating with uneasy eagerness while that interview was going on. The evening was grey and unusually dark, and lights had not yet been brought. Sir John paced up and down the room, and lost himself in vague excitement and expectation. His thoughts wandered back and back. Suddenly he started—it seemed to him as if he heard the wail of an infant. In a moment he returned to himself, and knew that it was but some sound on the road outside, but he knew too why his imagination had deceived him. He had never walked up and down in a library alone and in such anxiety of expectation since the evening when Marie was born. That was the infant's cry which now rose up out of the past and reached his ears.

He rang for lights, and almost at the same moment with the servant Ronald Vidal entered. He was coming hastily towards Sir John when he saw the servant at the lamps, and he stopped short, took a book from a shelf, and appeared to be engaged in looking for some passage in it. Challoner noticed that Vidal's hands were trembling, and this alarmed him. Could Marie have refused him?

The servant left the room.

"Well?" Challoner asked eagerly.

"Well!" replied Vidal, coming over to the hearth and standing just where Pembroke had stood, with one foot on the fender, while he pulled at the ends of his moustache and made them join on his chin—"I believe it is well, Challoner—but I hardly know."

"You hardly know? Did you ask her?"

"Oh, yes, I asked her."

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and thinking within himself
the world were where wome

"I suppose so," Vidal
awfully collected, Challoner
tell you. She said she ha
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think it over. I suppose i
know—I never did that sort

"Of course it's all right,"
I don't understand, Vidal, is
should think it is not all righ

"I don't know exactly, but
one expected, don't you kn
emotional; wasn't it natural
emotional enough."

"Can you remember anyth
amused.

"Not a word. I tried to
broke down. Miss Challoner
wouldn't help me out one bit
like that."

"My daughter hasn't been
Vidal."

Challoner. 'There wasn't a gleam of emotion about her. She is not in love with me, Challoner.'

"All that will come in time—at all events she's not in love with anybody else."

"No; there's something in that. Then you think it's all right?"

"Certainly. If Marie meant to refuse you she would have done so at once."

"I hope, you know, that she isn't merely taking me to please her father? We mustn't allow her to do that, Challoner."

"You are a more sentimental lover than I ever thought you were likely to be," Sir John said, smiling.

"Am not I?" Vidal asked simply. "Yes; you have no idea how queerly I feel about the whole affair. I never felt like this before—and I didn't think it was in me; I have done a great deal to try and please her, Challoner—you know. I haven't a share of any kind in any theatre; and I've given up—everything in fact. I do hope she will come to like me a little, Challoner."

"I think I can answer for her; but if you like I'll ask her myself."

"I wish you would—I really wish you would, Challoner. I can't bear the idea of our forcing her into anything. I sometimes think we seem like a pair of conspirators."

"We are only conspiring to make her happy if we are conspirators."

"I would rather make myself unhappy than her—I would a thousand times," the perplexed Vidal exclaimed with energy.

Sir John got rid of the young lover as quickly as he could, thinking that he had had rather more of love's raptures than he was quite able to relish for one day. Ronald Vidal's account of his daughter's composure and self-command pleased him greatly. He was very glad to find that she was not one of your emotional people, and he felt satisfied that she would make all the better wife for not being sentimental on such an occasion. When Vidal had fairly gone, Sir John sent for his daughter. He had now nearly shaken off the uncomfortable impression produced upon him by the pious fraud in which he had thought it prudent to indulge. The first novelty was over.

"Vidal has gone, Marie," he said, as his daughter entered the library.

"Yes; I supposed that he had gone, dear, when you sent for me."

Sir John took his daughter's hand and drew her towards him—

"Am I to congratulate Ronald Vidal?" he asked in a low tone. "Your answer, as he described it to me, did not leave him quite certain—and of course he is very anxious, poor fellow."

"Is he very anxious? I am sorry."

"But I may congratulate him, Marie, surely?"

"Oh yes, dear—if that is the right sort of thing to do. But don't you think I ought to be congratulated rather than he?"

"Why so, Marie?"

"I am attaining the height of my ambition, papa—I am going to be a great lady in society. I am going to be wedded to an Earlie's son, like the girl in the ballad. What could be a greater occasion for congratulation? But I don't see why he should be congratulated."

"Not for getting such a wife, Marie?" And Sir John gently put his arm round his daughter, and turned her towards the mirror. She looked at herself very composedly.

"Yes," she said, "I forgot all about that. He is really very kind and complimentary—in the most practical sort of way too. I suppose he does see something attractive in me. If I were a man I am sure that is not the sort of woman I should admire."

"What sort of woman, then, might you admire, dear?"

"Something *petite* and sweet and gracious; full of affection and tenderness—all that sort of thing. There are so many charming girls I have seen who would just suit Mr. Vidal."

"He doesn't think so. His ideal wife is one of whom he can be proud, and whom every one will admire, and who will make a brilliant figure in society."

"Having been specially trained for that purpose, regardless of expense, in the fashionable circles of Durewoods," Marie said gravely.

"Well, the greater my deficiencies the greater his generosity, papa."

"He is really very ardent and sincere in his love for you, Marie."

"Is he? I am very sorry."

"Sorry, my dear?"

"Yes. I am not worth all that warm and strong feeling. It is thrown away on me."

"But you do feel some attachment—some liking for him, Marie?"

"Oh yes, dear—I think so."

"Remember, Marie, there is not the slightest constraint or pressure upon you. I have not even used a word of persuasion; and your promise is not yet given. You must not marry Ronald Vidal if you don't like it."

“I will marry him, papa, if he wishes it. There isn't any reason why I should not. It will please him and I know it will please you—and why should I not do what you both would wish?”

“I wish you would tell me exactly, Marie, how you feel about this proposal.”

“Dear, I don't feel anything. That is what surprises me. I have no emotion at all. I don't care to be married particularly—I would rather remain as I am a great deal; but I suppose I should have to marry somebody at some time, and I like Mr. Vidal very well, and no one could possibly be more kind and considerate.”

“You have no stronger feeling of any kind—either way?”

“None, dear: my mind is a blank—except for what I have told you.”

“I am sure you will be very happy, Marie, and that you will have a good and a clever husband.”

“Oh, yes, I am sure.”

She seemed almost absolutely indifferent to the whole subject. Sir John was much puzzled.

“You seem unhappy, Marie.”

“I am not so, dear, indeed. I am quite happy—I think.”

“Not disappointed?”

“With what, papa?”

“Well, with your prospects, so far.”

“No, I think not. Things are always different in reality, I suppose, from what people expect. Life looks a little more prosaic as we get to know it. I used to think of something more romantic and full of colour, and really I don't know what. I think I am a little disappointed in myself, perhaps. I used to think I had an emotional sort of nature, and I find that I have not—that is all.”

“The better for you, dear child, in actual life. One cannot be too strong.”

“I suppose so. It all seems so strange; I seem so unconcerned. This won't be very soon, papa?”

“This what, dear?”

“This marriage.”

“Not if you don't wish it. Ronald, of course, will have arrangements to make. I have a great idea, Marie, for the meantime. How should you like to see America?”

“America? The United States?”

“Yes. I have a good deal to do with several projects in different parts of the States; and people on both sides have been urging me to go over and see things for myself. I have all but made up my

mind to go, and if you would like to come with me, I will make up my mind at once."

Mariè's eyes flashed, and her whole face brightened with delight at the prospect.

"I should love to go! I should love to go! There is nothing in the world I should like so well—to travel in America! Should we go far?"

"All the way across, dear—to San Francisco and the Pacific."

"And see the Golden Gate!" The words sprang from her lips involuntarily. With them too came an unbidden memory—a picture in the mind. In one moment she was standing on the height at Durewoods and looking over the bay, with its islands, and listening to Christmas Pembroke as he told of San Francisco and the Golden Gate. The time seemed so far off, and so childlike somehow in its poetic happiness, that its memory filled her with sweet pathetic feeling, and tears started, she did not know why, into her eyes. She turned her head away.

"Ronald can't very well come," Sir John said meditatively; "but we cannot help that."

"We shall be all the happier to ourselves," Marie said eagerly, and without stopping to think; "it will be delightful, papa—you and I alone—like the old times!"

And now, as she looked up, her father could not but see that there were tears in her eyes. He was touched by her affection for him—surprised, perhaps, that there should be such emotion in one who seemed lately so cold; and he felt proud of it. He kissed her tenderly.

"Well, my love" (even to her, Sir John hardly ever used the word "love"), "you and I are very old friends and fellow-ramblers, and Ronald and you will have plenty of time to travel together. He won't grudge me this last holiday with you. Then that is settled, dear; and we will go as soon as ever you are ready."

"I am overjoyed at the idea. How long shall we be away?"

"Let me see—it is a large place, and we shall have much to look at. Four or five months, perhaps."

"That will be delightful." And she went into all the details of the proposed trip with an eagerness which amazed and perplexed her father. She was all aglow with delighted expectation at the prospect of a trip to America, and she had hardly exhibited even a languid interest in her engagement to be married.

"Then you won't keep this poor fellow long in suspense, Marie?" Sir John said, as he was leaving her.

“What poor fellow, dear?”

“Ronald Vidal. You will give him his answer soon?”

“Oh yes, dear; whenever you like. You may give it for me—that will be best, perhaps—to-day if you wish.”

“I don’t suppose he would like that quite so well, Marie,” her father said with a smile. “I should think he would prefer to have his answer from your own lips.”

“Very well, dear. To-morrow, or whenever you and he wish.”

“You have always been the best and dearest of daughters,” Sir John said, drawing her towards him and kissing her with an affectionate enthusiasm such as he did not often show even to her. “You cannot but make a good wife, my love, who have been such a daughter.”

But she did not show any emotion in return, and her father found that her lips were cold.

He was a little sorry for that, but he had never supposed that she greatly loved Ronald Vidal, and therefore he did not expect from her any positive delight in the prospect of marriage. But he was as profoundly convinced as the most conscientious and disinterested father could be that he was securing his daughter’s happiness while advancing his own ambition and hers. “The Honourable Mrs. Ronald Vidal,” he said to himself over and over again after he had left her. Then at last he should see himself actually connected with the British aristocracy. Ronald Vidal had told him again and again, with the odd frankness which was part of his nature, that his people wanted him to marry a girl with money, and thought he ought to do so, but were terribly afraid of his either taking up with some unpresentable woman from Manchester or getting mixed up with actresses; and that they welcomed with delight the prospect of his getting such a wife as Miss Challoner. All his people, he said, thought her “perfectly splendid,” and the moment the thing was settled there was no limit to be put to the cordiality with which they would take her up.

The American journey had been a flash of inspiration to Sir John just now. For some time it had seemed clear that he must go out and have a look at things in the States. At first, his idea was that Ronald and he would go together. Then Ronald took up with a Parliamentary career to please Marie and make her proud of her future husband, and of course he must stick to his work. Sir John himself had never gone in for politics, and was therefore by no means tied to the House. Then Sir John thought that he would go alone after the marriage of his daughter. But now this unlucky affair of young Pembroke’s made it absolutely necessary that Marie

should be taken out of the way for the present, or else Christmas would suddenly go, and there would be a parting and questions, and all that kind of thing; and Sir John held that women like Kings according to the Scottish saying were "Kittle cattle to shoe behind" there was no telling how they might bear with the operation which one considered the most needful for them. So while he was actually talking with his daughter the idea of going to America at once, and taking her with him, flashed into his mind and proved itself a success.

"Then, Marie," he said, as she was leaving him, "you get yourself ready as quickly as you can and we'll have such an exploring of the New World as Christopher Columbus never had."

"*O Vater, lass uns ziehn!*" Marie answered in the words of Mignon, and she went to her room murmuring to herself the sweet melancholy phrases of that ineffable outburst of vague longing. "Let us go; oh, father, let us go. There, far away—lies our path!"

Marie seemed to have hardly any feeling left within her but a longing for the American journey. She burned with anxiety to be going away, away, far away out of London and her present surroundings. She would not have cared so much for travel, no matter how far, on the European Continent. That would be too much like the usual kind of thing; and people they knew in London might meet them there. But when once the Atlantic interposed to divide them from all old associations, then she thought she could begin to enjoy travelling, and the free air would bring healing on its wings. Healing from what? She did not ask herself the question.

She only knew that she would enjoy the change and the travel and the freedom, and that four or five months of respite seemed now like a happy eternity—at least like a time into which every possible hope and joy ought to be crammed, and to the end of which one must not think of looking. Perhaps the end would never come! Anyhow, it seemed to her now that without that free holiday on the other side of the Atlantic she must stifle, as if for want of air.

She did not dislike Ronald Vidal. On the contrary, she liked him much better than she did most other people. She had no particular dislike to the prospect of being married. That was a thing which must come some time, and it might as well be soon as later. She was absolutely unconscious as yet that there was any feeling in her heart which ought to prevent her from accepting Vidal's proposal. For a long time, indeed, she had looked forward to that proposal as certain to come. Her father had in a quiet,

vague way taught her, almost by imperceptible degrees, to look to Mr. Vidal as the husband she ought to have. A kind of net had gradually seemed to close around her, and she had imperceptibly seemed to part with even the power to wish to be free. There was no one else she would have cared to marry or thought of marrying. Yet with all this kind of negative content her heart seemed stifling as she thought of her coming life. The very absence of emotion was terrible. The future looked so blank—it showed in anticipation like a life without air. All the romantic dreams of her girlhood had come to this reality! “I have no love in me,” Lady Disdain said sorrowfully to her own heart, “I cannot feel as other women seem to feel. I suppose I was born without any nature like that. I may as well marry *him*—he is very good and clever; and I suppose he likes me better than any other woman.”

Thus she reasoned with herself as she sat in her own room alone. She thought of Christmas Pembroke and Sybil Jansen; and she envied those who could love and who were loved, and thought of her own loneliness, and at last, in the grey of the twilight, she burst into tears.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH CONQUESTS IN INDIA," "THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO," &c.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to India will be the most significant event in Eastern history since the final deposition of the Mogul. That gave Queen Victoria an imperial diadem; this gives her heir a view of the vast dominion which, under totally new aspects, he is to rule.

It is scarcely possible to imagine the sensations with which a young man, full of intelligence, largely cultured, and born to govern, will see, for the first time, the panorama, or diorama, of the British-Indian Empire—for a diorama it is—of barbaric palaces seen through vistas of modern architecture; imperial tombs through enormous railway stations; a new substituted for an old splendour, both still in existence, but the one fading far away behind the other, in a realm, at once, of obsoletisms and novelties. He has himself described this as "the dream of his life."

The India he will survey, though crowded with monuments almost as a churchyard with tombs, is, upon the whole, a region of fresh growth, a transformation of the past. It is unique among all the territories of Asia. Ours is the only branch of any Western race that has established itself upon an Eastern continent. The Dutch have their Javan, and the Spaniards their Philippine settlements, but they are encamped, and not naturalised communities. The Prince will enter a country where English men and women are at home; whence the former traditions of plunder and patronage under a monopolising Company have disappeared; where the Pagoda Tree, which gave so many yellow-skinned and choleric uncles to romance and drama, no longer stands to be stripped by insatiable adventurers.

It is true that many bitter reminiscences still cling to the chronicles of our conquest and administration, but these—even those of the Mutiny—have been softened, if not obliterated; the warriors of Rohildund, whose spears once defied us from their hills, now ride in

our ranks; the Mahratta, whose camp-fires once flamed in the gardens round Madras, is our ally; the Rajpoot is our friend, and the Sikh our subject. The son of Victoria, indeed, may expect tumultuous acclamations in every city; gorgeous gifts and kingly receptions at every Court; durbars, at which princes may be counted by the hundred; martial displays on plains pavilioned with gold and crimson; hospitalities worthy of the monarchs whom the earlier travellers beheld with fear and wonder.

Yet, across this picture of Orientalism, rich as the sun in the heavens and all the opulence of the earth can make it, extend broad and distinct lines of something wholly different, and it would be a pity were the Prince of Wales, surrounded by an official retinue, and allowed only a glimpse of India as it is, to be hurried through a mere pageant of Asiatic state or a crush of official festivities. A marvellous change is working itself out—all prejudices and customs notwithstanding—in the India of to-day, and science, for once, is taking precedence of religion. The East is beginning to estimate its material acquisitions from the West. The West acknowledged, if it did not pay, a similar debt long centuries ago. The dusky millions gathered beneath our sway have lost all admiration for Ellora and Elephanta, the mosques and minars of Agra, the giant tombs of Delhi, built by men who “designed like Titans and wrought like jewellers”; and stand by, almost humbly, while the ocean steamers of Europe come and go, steam-trains wind along their shallow rivers, railroads leave the ancient highways deserted, and a thousand innovations, spreading unwonted forms and colours over the land, complete the triumphs which were commenced by arms. The superior classes, indeed, go beyond an appreciation in this progress: they claim a partnership in it; they even assert a common origin with its authors. A Bombay gentleman of profound scholarship, Djanjibha Framji, has published a treatise upholding this idea, and the ingenuities of his argument are surprising. Thus, the Heir-Apparent will be among the descendants of an antique and illustrious race, many of whom, at all events, pretend to a kind of kinsmanship with the ancestors of his family.

But a link between the East and West, stronger by far, and infinitely more tangible, is that created by the iron line, which, meeting the flow of the Ganges and intersecting the Seven Rivers, is sought at once by the trader and the pilgrim, the white man and the brown.

Here is the India of the Victorian epoch. He who would see any other must still consult the records of a passed-away time, when Allahabad and Benares were the centres of manners savage, though

splendid, and capitals of two hostile superstitions. Conceive a luggage-train bringing down to the ports of John Company, as cargoes for the broad-hulled Indiamen of a hundred and fifty years ago, the products of Thibet and Kabul!

The historic ideal is reversed. To the native mind this must appear as more of a dream than, to the European, was the relation of Marco Polo. The "Indians of India" know perfectly well that the Golden Throne of Delhi and the Koh-i-nor rank among the spoils of the East at Windsor Castle; but they think of this as did the contemporaries of Warren Hastings of his confiscatory ambition, as did the subjects of the later Moguls of their spoliatory exactions. All that was superb in their history appears to be vanishing, to make room for the inventions of their nineteenth-century masters. Of the mighty Mahmud, of Akbar, of the Persian, only relics remain, the terrors of the yellow-spotted Brahminical brow in one province, and the sabre of the transplanted Arab in another, have paled out of sight; the Mohammedan no longer converts at the point of the sword, and the horrible Hindu mythology offers no more a choice between perdition and the funeral pyre. In a word, all things have assumed curious shapes. The royal descendant of a cowherd commits his throne to the championship of I speak with the utmost respect for the learned and laurelled serjeant—an Old Bailey lawyer: pic-nics are enjoyed in the marble courts of that Indian Alhambra, the China Tomb at Agra, the Mohammedans, once the imperial lords of the land, have dwindled down to a minority of sixteen millions; the Chinese, to whom the region was, for ages, one of mystery and awe, are settling by thousands along its coasts the proscribed Parsees are returning, and are the gentlemen of India, and a Eurasian population has sprung up, wrongly described in our popular books as half-caste. The Eurasian has no tinge of Asiatic blood. Moreover, there is no such being as a half-caste. A man or woman losing one particle of caste loses it utterly and for ever. No human power can restore—no human purification redeem it. The view so picturesquely suggested by Mr. Wilkie Collins in his "Moonstone" is a perfect interpretation of the Brahminical doctrine in this matter. A man of caste cannot so much as cross the sea without sacrificing his sacred rank beyond all hope of recovering it. But that phantasm will not present itself to the Prince of Wales as it did to the stranger a century since. Even the immutability of the East, paradox though it may seem, is to be outgrown by time, conquered by influence.

And all this has been going on while crudite Englishmen,

fancying that the West has, in the East, nothing to do but learn, have studied Sanscrit, instead of undertaking to teach, as though India had no horizon, only a background. The antiquarian, in fact, has little to do there, unless among the tombs of Bhilsa and the nebulous mass of Himalayan literature that reveals no more than a dreary record of myths; at any rate far less than such reformers as those who abolished the cremation of living women, infanticide as a popular custom, and the strangling of travellers on the high road as a profession. The historic idolatry, indeed, lives nominally in congregations of priests, sham pilgrimages, and unreverenced processions; although it might be dangerous to infer, from all this, that Christianity has struck root very deeply. It is more difficult to convert a nation of atheists than one of bigots; and the Indian race, from the half-alien Sikh to the equally alien Guebre, is essentially irreligious. As for the Hindoos, they have, beyond their dark and sullen temples, shrines with few worshippers, and, except at festival seasons, only a pallid blazon left to dazzle the traveller's eyes. The Car of Juggernaut, the Gates of Somnath, the Fair of Hurdwar, are no more than traditions now. European ideas are flowing so rapidly among the people that the time-honoured foundations are swiftly giving way. There are not merely English papers at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Agra, and Lahore, but native journals also from Cape Comorin to Kashmir. In the native colleges, moreover, native professors hold forth on astronomy, algebra, anatomy, grammar, metaphysics, and psychology, in a way that would make a lecturer at Leyden gasp.

Thus while they emulate the English standard intellectually, the English standard socially is among them admired by being imitated. It may be an amusing, yet it is a significant circumstance, to observe that Sorabdj, "Esq.," gives £6,000 for the erection of an Academy; that Prema Chandra, "Esq.," volunteers £20,000 to establish a Free Library; and that Mohammed Habib, "Esq.," subscribes £25,000 towards an educational foundation. It is not long since these affixes were held in total contempt. Exhibitions, too, have found encouragement among the devotees of Ram and Khrisna: one of steam-engines at Alipur, and one of apparatus for girls' schools among the northern hills.

Nevertheless, none can look upon this vast dominion, with its many altered aspects, without perceiving still, mingling with all, an infinitude of the past. All modern signs and wonders notwithstanding, no rejuvenescence can ever make it new. Less Oriental it will become as Western manners take possession of one city after another;

but no number of boar and tiger hunts, carried on by European sportsmen, can convert a jungle into anything else; no frivolous "tiffin" can vulgarise the ethereal beauty of Akbar's Tomb, the Taj Mahul, or the Khootub Minar. These are its monuments, and these, when everything else has been seen, the visitor must see. They are as the Pyramids to Egypt, as is the Louvre to Paris, or Westminster Abbey to London. Elsewhere the picture imagined by Macaulay as among the visions of Burke may glow before the eye, but no traveller can come and go without dreaming awhile amongst those paradises of marble and mosaic, whiteness and colour, which adorn the north-west, and which must for ever act like spells upon the mind, even though a quadrille party be trampling the snowy floors of the Mausoleum of Noor Mahul.

The Prince has seen much, but nothing like this; it has no parallel, and is not less impossible to equal than to transcend. Yet how, with two months only to bestow, shall one in his position be enabled to comprehend even the surface of a world so varied and wide, made up of such innumerable elements, enriched by uncounted ages of history and revolutions from unrecorded dates? There must be ceremonies, banquets, balls, pompous receptions, exchanges of compliments and presents, with a paraphernalia of state whereof the movement is necessarily slow; there must be hours for resting and breathing: since the Heir-Apparent cannot be whirled about like a Cook's excursionist, who would not care about knowing the difference between a Jemahdar and a Zemindar, provided that he could cut off, for his cockney gratification, a finger's length from some dainty fretwork, dearer than diamonds or gold, at Delhi.

Still, it is probable that if his cicerones, men whose knowledge extends beyond the Courts of the Princes and the trophies of conquest, really intend that he shall fairly see India as it is, his own knowledge and judgment will enable him to bring home a set of generally faithful, and certainly most interesting, reminiscences of the splendid country which, after being fought for by nearly every conquering race of the East and West from immemorial time, is now a province—a mighty one, but a province notwithstanding—of the British Empire.

A GLANCE AT THE GERMAN STAGE.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

IN Germany there is the Royal Theatre (*Hoftheater*), and the Theatre licensed to private speculators. In some important cities—including Hamburg, Cologne, Leipzig, and Frankfort, which are not Royal Residences—there is no Court Theatre. The *Hoftheater* is subsidised from the Royal, or State purse; it is presided over by an *Intendant*; it has a *Dramaturg*, or critical councillor; it has a *Regie*, or stage and acting managership; it gives life appointments to artists, and ensures them pensions when they retire from the stage. The German *Hoftheater* deserves, in the main, the credit of working in the interests of art. The *Intendants* are, generally, men of culture, zealously anxious for the worthy representation of good plays; careful to present, with the best available cast, the highest standard and classical pieces. The performances are constantly changed. The theatre is never occupied for hundreds of nights by a popular drama, and the interest of playgoers is kept alive by frequent change of pieces. Considerations of profit and loss play but a subordinate part in the thoughts of an *Intendant*.

Hoftheaters are numerous; the number of trained artists is very large; and the influence of the Court patronage system is held throughout Germany to be beneficial. On the other hand, Herr Eduard Devrient declares that the private enterprise theatres have tended to degrade the dramatic art, to lower the position and the tone of actors and actresses, and to debase the public taste; because, being based solely upon the desire for profit, and caring only for vulgar popularity, the system educates and ennobles neither audience nor artists. Still there are honourable exceptions, and Herr Devrient praises warmly the management of the Mainz private theatre.

The actor Ringelhardt, when director of the *Stadt-theater* in Leipzig, was reproached with his neglect of the classical drama. He consented to produce Schiller's "Bride of Messina." Going into the treasury after the performance he found the receipts unsatisfactory, whereupon he remarked: "There's your fine Mr. Schiller! And that Goethe is just such another pig-dog! (*Schweinehund*). To-

morrow I'll give the *Jux*." And he returned to Nestroy's Vienna comic drama, *Einen Fux will er sich machen*, and to his old strictly non-classical repertory.

The Royal have—as our own patent theatres had—a monopoly of the classical drama; so that a star who plays on unprivileged boards, as did Seydelmann, Emil Devrient, and Hendrichs, is compelled to restrict himself to works of a lower class.

The most successful of German private managers was Karl, whose name is so closely associated with the well-known *Theater an der Wien*. The man was a character, despotic, enterprising, and sagacious in pandering to his local public. His great success was achieved through the co-operation, as actor and dramatist, of Nestroy. This admirable comedian was originally a junst. He then became an opera-singer, and sang Sarastro in the Royal Opera-house. In 1831 the shrewd Karl detected Nestroy's talent as a low comedian, and brought him forward in his own peculiar line. Nestroy wrote, or "adapted," some fifty four pieces for the theatrical Nabob, and Karl's theatres—for he had three in Vienna—were successful mainly in consequence of the continued popularity of Nestroy and his plays. Nestroy was tall and thin. In humour he was inferior to his predecessor Scholz, the last *Hansaurst* of the stage; but the keenness of his dry sarcastic wit, the energy of his highly-charged caricature, distinguished Nestroy amongst low-comedians. Karl died in 1854, and left a fortune of two millions of gulden, which he bequeathed to his illegitimate children and their mothers, and the money is supposed to have been dispersed in a very few years. The fact that he amassed this large fortune is the notable circumstance in connection with his long management. His success was great, but in the history of high dramatic art in Germany his name holds no place.

Seydelmann ranks perhaps as the first of modern German actors. Among English actors I should compare him with George Frederick Cooke, of whom Charles Lamb says, speaking of his Richard III.: "Nothing but his crimes, his actions, are visible; they are prominent and staring; the murderer stands out; but where is the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity—the profound, the witty, the accomplished Richard?" Describing Seydelmann's Shylock, Eduard Devrient says, the actor neglected all the traits of the humble and oppressed Jew; he acted like a despot in Venice, bent upon punishing Christian presumption: the soliloquy, spoken as Antonio enters, was an explosion of rage directed to the audience. He seemed a furious man who would fly at the throat of Antonio.

In the trial scene Seydelmann raged about like a wild beast, dominated the whole stage, and caused Doge and Senate to appear as persons who were there only because he was pleased to tolerate their presence.

Seydelmann, on the stage, thought chiefly of himself—of the effect which he could produce, of the applause he could evoke. He would sacrifice his part and his author to some startling reading, to some surprising point. On the other hand he was wholly original; he followed no actor; he was full of fire and force; and his own strong, clear will shone through all his performances. When he is compared, as he often is, with his great rival Ludwig Devrient, you always find Devrient's performance spoken of as a whole, while Seydelmann is remembered for his points. Devrient sank his personality in modest devotion to his art; Seydelmann asserted himself through and above his art. He was an intense and most moving actor, of strong points and of electric effects. He excited his audiences to enthusiasm; and he was more popular than any other German actor before or after him. He disliked playing with great or even good actors; and he would conceal his most startling points at rehearsals in order to prevent his fellow artists from divining the effects he intended. He was a great, a powerful, a moving, an original performer; but was self-seeking and vain. He was the first and the greatest of the matadors or star actors in Germany.

Seydelmann, according to Immermann, owed little to natural advantages. His figure was not imposing; his voice was not fine, and so much the more wonderful was the effect he produced by the force of his individuality and the terrible energy of his genius. His "business" was singularly full of invention and resource, and his pathos was profound as his passion was terrific. He is particularly censured by critics for outraging Goethe's intention in Mephistopheles; a violation introduced consciously for the sake of originality—and effect. His list of parts is a long one, and includes many characters which belong to the domestic and realistic drama. The last two parts which he undertook were Iago and Richard III.; but he only lived to play Iago. He died in harness in 1843.

Seydelmann was not a happy man. Restless, vain, domineering, ambitious, he found men and things too much opposed to him. He had no peace in peace; no comfort in comfort. Dying, he mourned what he conceived to be a wasted life. Yet Seydelmann had found his true path; and his life would have been happy had it not been adulterated with self, and poisoned by self-seeking. He was always at war because he could not live for the higher aims of his art or

leap away from his own shadow. But he was a splendid comet of the drama, a sovereign of the stage; and true criticism, after many deductions, will leave him in the front rank of original and powerful tragedians.

Another great, but very different actor, much better known in England, was Emil Devrient. To embody an ideal of grace, of honour, and of chivalry; to express through manners, through bearing, through the glances of the eye and the tones of the voice, inner nobleness, truth, and worth; to show courage towards men and tenderness to women—both rounded off by the gentleness which springs from beauty of spirit; to indicate loftiness of mind set in corresponding beauty of form; to convey the impression of a knightly being full of "high thoughts seated in a heart of honour"—thus surely of all the efforts within the range and the ambition of an actor is the one that conveys to poetical spectators the purest and the loftiest delight. It is also the rarest of the actor's gifts. The power of expressing the demoniac, the forceful, the passionate, the terrible, may be more moving and more striking; but this quality of presenting a romantic and chivalrous ideal is the most delicately charming of all the phases of acting. Think of the fine qualities that would be required to enable a player to represent Sir Philip Sidney in action, in love, in war, in the tilt-yard, in the bower of Penshurst, or at the Court of Elizabeth! Sidney has never been dramatised. Poet and player have alike been wanting. Schiller might have been the poet. Emil Devrient might have been the player; for Devrient had the rare and exquisite power of incarnating adequately the heroes of heroic and of knightly chivalry. I have seen him as Faust, as Hamlet, as Appiani, as Egmont, as Posa, as Fiesco. His Posa seems to me absolutely perfect. The noble rhetorical rhapsodist of freedom and of friendship was so rendered by him that the ideal was wholly satisfied. Fiesco marked curiously the limits of Devrient's gift. The very depths, the storm and whirlwind of passion, were outside his grasp. His accomplished grace fell short of the tragic requirements of the part when Leonora dies. His Egmont could scarcely be surpassed. How perfect, how delicious, was the effect of the immortal scene with Clarchen, in which Egmont throws off his large mantle and the splendid Prince of Gaure stands revealed to the wondering eyes of the burgher maiden in all the glories of the Golden Fleece and in all the sumptuous attire of lordly ruler and of princely knight! He failed, I think, in Faust, to contrast sufficiently the worn old *servant* and the magically created cavalier; but when the gallant appeared, who, like Devrient, could

make Gretchen's wild passion natural and inevitable—even without the demoniac possession? His Hamlet in my mind ranks next to that of Macready. He was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. The assumed madness was carefully and clearly indicated, the irony was subtly and finely touched, and the poetic melancholy of that thinking aloud which soliloquises in order to show inner feeling and thought to the audience was tender and was true. He struck the right key-note. His fencing (to mention graceful accomplishment) was simply perfect.

Emil Devrient may be best compared with our own Charles Kemble, who also was a stage embodiment of chivalry, though he perhaps possessed a somewhat more robust manhood than Emil could present. Of Kemble it was written when he retired from the stage:—

Shall we never his revels in Cyprus retrace,
See him stroll into Angiers with indolent grace,
Or greet him with bonnet at fair Dunsinane,
Or meet him in moonlit Verona again?

The most perfect Faulconbridge that the stage has ever seen touched with his personality and his art many of the same chords of human delight which Emil Devrient could sway so very pleasantly.

The Devrients in Germany resemble very much the Kemble family in England, though the Devrients possessed no Mrs. Siddons. In both families a distinct dramatic gift ran through many members. The Devrients gave to the German stage Karl Devrient and his son Friedrich; Ludwig Devrient and his two nephews, Eduard and Emil Devrient. All were actors of mark, while two, Ludwig and Emil, uncle and nephew, belong to the very first rank of dramatic faculty and success. All the Devrients were celebrated for beauty of voice, and this hereditary gift culminated in the splendid and flexible organ of Emil. Ludwig Devrient suffered in his later years from severe and painful illness. His gait became feeble, his hands were cramped, his voice was flat, and his memory, which had never been very good, became treacherous. The Berlin public has a reputation for infidelity towards old favourites. Berliners have nothing of that grateful and graceful consideration for old dramatic idols for which some cities, and notably London, are famous. A veteran may, with us, lag even a little superfluously on the stage; but he can always reckon upon the cordial respect and warm gratitude of his public. Ludwig Devrient, after a career of exceptional brilliancy, one night, owing to illness, forgot his part in "Wallenstein." This happened in Berlin, and the actor, great still, though

in ruins, was hissed off the stage. A shy and hypochondriac nature, Ludwig avoided society, and passed his time in taverns, chiefly with the genial Hoffmann and his wild circle of friends. He had never known or cared for domestic happiness; but in 1825 the young and charming *danseuse* Fraülein Brandes, who wished to leave dancing and to take up acting, and who desired the assistance and the teaching of the great Ludwig, persuaded him again into marriage, and this mistaken step robbed him of his last remnant of household peace and comfort. His illness increased. He was seen brooding alone in taverns or consorting with persons of the lowest grade. The *Regisseur* began to allot his favourite parts to younger actors, especially to the eager and pushing aspirant Moritz Rott. Ludwig still played occasionally, and had moments of the old force and fire; but he had lost heart, and had lost also the fickle Berlin public. A fiercer attack of illness confined him to his wretched home, in which he was excluded from relations and friends and was subject to a degrading domestic tyranny. In 1832 he made an effort to gather together his fading powers, and played Sheva in Cumberland's "Jew." He acted it on the 1st of December, and on the 30th of December, the last day of his fiftieth year, the great actor died.

Ludwig Devrient has left a splendid reputation as an actor, but his memory bequeaths a melancholy warning instance of a great artist whose powers were injured and whose happiness was embittered by the excesses of an irregular life. He started with the false idea that wild living was a necessary part of the stage-life of genius, and bitterly did he repent the errors which so grievously marred his efforts, and which so early terminated his sad life. His nephew Eduard records that he scarcely enjoyed the full possession of his powers, great as he still remained, after his thirtieth year; and that in consequence of his mode of life many of his representations fell short of what he otherwise could have accomplished. He loved his art, and was full of remorse in his later years for his failures and shortcomings. He studied hard to the last in his way. It was his habit to carry the part he was learning everywhere about with him, and in his tavern hours he would try passages of it before the chance audience of the moment. He worked up his characters from portions towards a whole. He was assiduous at rehearsal, and was very dependent upon the other actors presenting themselves exactly where he expected to find them. If any other actor or actress failed him in this particular his suspicious nature instantly assumed an intention to injure his acting, and he was furious. Again, if he

had not in his own opinion played well, it was nearly impossible to induce him to obey a call before the curtain. "The stupid public can't judge: I have acted like a pig to-night," he would say. Pushed on, almost by force, he would only acknowledge the plaudits of the house by one of the rough gestures of Götz von Berlichingen. The vacant place of Ludwig Devrient was not filled until Seydelmann succeeded to his repertory.

Eduard, nephew of Ludwig, and the elder brother of Emil Devrient, was also an actor of mark. His great part seems to have been Lessing's Nathan, the stately sage of large tolerance, a great favourite with all German declamatory actors. Eduard also enjoys considerable reputation as an excellent *Ober-regisseur*, and he has a large acquaintance with the past and present of the German stage. His "Geschichte der Deutschen Schauspielkunst" is a clever and useful book, to which I am greatly indebted. He has a real enthusiasm for his art, and expresses his convictions with force and point.

His leading theories and doctrines are:—That no theatre can be of permanent value to dramatic art and the public taste unless it be wholly independent of the tradesman's considerations of money gain or loss; that a good *ensemble* in the representation of a play is to be aimed at before the singular excellence of any individual player; and that *das Virtuosenenthum*, the star system of showy matadors, is to be opposed in all instances as tending to deprave the actor and to injure and degrade the art.

When Tieck in 1841 left Dresden for Berlin, Herr von Lüttichau, who always needed an adviser in order to enable him to carry out his own caprices with a good conscience, brought Eduard Devrient into the *Regie* at Dresden. It was hoped that the influence of his elder brother would induce the brilliant Emil, who was just beginning to succumb to the temptations of the star system, to prefer the interests of the Dresden theatre to his own individual gains and triumphs. Emil held a life appointment, dating from 1831, including a retiring pension, in Dresden, and he found it easy to obtain long leaves of absence from Dresden, which he employed in *Gastspielen*, or starring engagements, at all the principal German theatres. His wife, Doris Devrient, co-operated with him in all his performances up to 1843, when they separated. Karl Devrient was engaged for a time at Dresden, but withdrew after his separation from his wife, the celebrated singer Wilhelmine Schröder. Herr von Lüttichau, the Hof-intendant of Dresden, was of opinion that such an actor as Emil Devrient could only be kept in good humour by allowing him any leave of absence for which he might apply.

When Emil was away starring it was very difficult to get any other actor good enough to star in his place in Dresden ; and Seydelmann said of the Dresden theatre at this period that it reminded him of a stately mansion in which the servants were playing at being masters while the lords and owners were absent. Ludwig Tieck held the opinion that such a theatre should dispense with an actor of the most distinguished genius if such actor did not co-operate towards the general success of the performances ; but Emil Devrient, petted and popular, thought most of his own individual success and fame, and so "the last chief of the ideal school," as Eduard Devrient called his gifted brother, devoted himself to the star system.

Eduard Devrient's Dresden directorship, beginning under his sole responsibility in 1844, was a success. "Nathan," "Tartuffe," "Julius Cæsar," were given with great excellence of *ensemble*, and the public and the players were alike delighted. The company were well satisfied with his management, but the matador became proportionately discontented, and after two years the difference of opinion between the brothers, one of whom regarded only the *ensemble* while the other thought chiefly of his fame, came to open rupture. It would be idle to enter into the details of a quarrel the causes of which are so clear. Emil could, and did, carry his own plans into effect, greatly to his own reputation and profit. Eduard resigned his management in 1846, and remained in Dresden only as an actor. Karl Gutzkow was appointed *Dramaturg* in Dresden in 1847, and his own piece, "Uriel Acosta," was very successful. His production of "Coriolanus" was also highly praised. In 1852 Eduard Devrient emigrated to Karlsruhe, and in this year Emil stood on the topmost pinnacle of his fame. He added Tell and Coriolanus to his repertory, but he still played by preference the noble lover parts. His Lear and Wallenstein were not successes. He was, and long remained, the most honoured, the most *fêted* star actor in Germany. In 1852-53 he played in London ; and Duke Ernst von Coburg-Gotha, the first prince who broke through the convention which had hitherto excluded actors from such distinctions, decorated the famous actor with an order. Emil retained his youthfulness to the last. When he left the stage in 1868, in his sixty-fifth year, his bearing, figure, voice, and manner were still young, were still knightly and ideal. When at the zenith of his fame he studied his art diligently every day in private, and his attention to rehearsals was always most zealous.

Another of the great names of the German stage is that of Bogumil Dawison. A Polish Jew, Dawison first appeared in 1837 at Warsaw. Though the parallel is very far from being complete, Dawison is the

German actor who most nearly approaches our own Edmund Kean. Hazlitt says: "Mr. Kean is all effort, all violence, all extreme passion"; Kemble said of Kean that he was "terribly in earnest." These characteristics also distinguish Dawison, who, belonging to the highly-wrought school of nervous acting, is yet inferior to Kean in intensity of passion and of force. His acting, which suffered from over-excitement, was full of fire, of variety, of invention, and he had a thorough command of pathetic expression. According to Eduard Devrient, Dawison seldom merged himself into a character as a whole, but selected striking passages in a part in order to produce his great effects. This again is like Kean. Dawison possessed some humour, was accomplished in his art, and always played with restless energy. Surprise and novelty were the two pillars of his art. He stirred and touched his audiences profoundly; but his weak side as an artist was that he laid too much stress upon effect, and would adopt almost any method of producing it.

Dawison spent five years in the Burgtheater in Vienna, under Laube's direction. During this period he was compelled to cooperate towards the *ensemble*, and his individualism was much repressed. He could not obtain leave for starring expeditions, and was only a most valuable member of a most excellent company. In 1854 he left the Burgtheater, and went to the Hoftheater of Dresden. He was now resolved to follow in the track of Emil Devrient, and to shine solely as a matador.

Marie Seebach, who afterwards married Niemann, the very robust tenor, and became Madame Niemann-Seebach, joined the Burgtheater in the year in which Dawison left it. She was a great and most charming actress, full of impulse, of tenderness, of poetry, of genius. She was the best Gretchen ("Faust") and the best Clärchen ("Egmont") that the German stage has ever possessed. Unwillingly you would be compelled to allow that she was not exactly beautiful, and yet you could only admit this to yourself when you were out of the theatre, because when she was acting the inner soul shone through face and form, and *then* Marie Seebach was beautiful. She could depict the finest and most delicate inflexions of feminine feeling; she was one of those rare actresses who remain always womanly, in whom the woman never becomes lost in the actress. She was intensely, beautifully womanly.

Her first opportunity of leading business came to her by chance. At the great collective representations in the Exhibition year at Munich, Fraülein Fuhr, an excellent actress, was taken ill, and Marie Seebach replaced her in a manner which clearly pointed out to

Germany its first actress. I have seen Fraülein Fuhr with great satisfaction in the "Maid of Orleans," and as Anna Lise; but the accident of her illness revealed another artist full of grace and gifts and genius. In two years Marie Seebach grew tired of the discipline and the self-suppression of the Burgtheater. She, too, longed to shine by her own light. Laube again refused all concession, and Marie Seebach, following the example of Dawson, threw up her engagement in Vienna, and in 1856 became a most brilliant wandering star-actress.

Actresses in Germany, whether Royal or public favourites, are sometimes a little troublesome. In Berlin the celebrated Charlotte Von Hagn and Clara Stich (daughter of Frau Crelinger) both claimed the part of Dorothea in a version of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." Both ladies dressed for the part; both appeared at the wings ready and very determined to go on to play the character, and one lady was with the greatest difficulty restrained from carrying her intention into effect. Juliet played in duett would be a curiosity. Hermann as a guileless bigamist would have been a remarkable dramatic criminal. Embarrassing as the result might have been, it is almost a pity that the two rival ladies were not allowed to try their singular experiment. Of Charlotte von Hagn Devrient says that she possessed the rarest combination of dramatic gifts ever seen on the stage; but she was vain beyond the vanity of an actress, and fell into the exaggerations of style which so often accompany *Virtuesenthum*. Her feud with the Crelinger family was one of the fiercest of its kind in stage annals.

One or two anecdotes illustrate the marked tendency of German actors to hold themselves above all other characters in a play, and even to lift themselves above any "necessary action" which may tend to subordinate their part or themselves—to the exigencies of the drama. Seydelmann, who played the part of Brandon in a German version of "Eugene Aram," has to draw a knife in order to overcome by threats Eugene Aram's reluctance to commit murder. The effect of Brandon's knife is overcome, in the play, by Aram's pistol; and the actor who played Aram was one night completely thrown off his balance by Seydelmann who, as Brandon, also produced a pistol in order that Eugene Aram might not seem to have the better of the great star. Moritz Rott, when playing Santinelli, in "Monaldeschi," removed a certain bell by means of which the Queen in the play had to ring for him. He explained and defended this proceeding by saying angrily that he was not an actor who would answer a bell or play the part of a servant. Charlotte von Hagn played the part of Mariane in "Verirrungen" on the

ground that she would not play parts which other characters had to get the better of.

The Berlin *Schauspielhaus* still retains two artists who merit a special word of mention: they are Theodor Döring and Frau Frieb-Blumauer. Döring succeeded Seydelmann in some of his parts, and cannot remain much longer on the stage. In character-parts, both serious and comic, he is excellent. A born actor, he plays with life, freshness, geniality, and enjoyment. I have seen him as Mephistopheles, but I think his devil too full of *bonhomie*, too human. Döring never gives you the terrible feeling of a being of another world, infra-human, and without our stained divinity of nature.

Frau Frieb-Blumauer may be most nearly compared to our Mrs. Glover. When, as is constantly the case, she is acting with Döring, the couple suit each other as Farren and Mrs. Glover did; and the result is delightful. This lady is full of the finest dramatic intuition and is mistress of all the resources of her art. She is at home equally in a palace and a cottage; in pathos, in character, in humour, she belongs to the first rank of actresses, and I know of nothing now that can be compared with her for truth to nature and for excellence of expression.

Helmerding remains to be mentioned. His gifts and powers are closely akin to genius. Deep pathos and broad humour, the greatest breadth, clearness, and force of characterisation are his. He plays at one of the private theatres, and appears in strong, broad, popular dramas. He is an idol of the people of Berlin, and is a most unique and unapproachable popular artist. I saw him last year in "Mein Leopold," and was struck again with the vigour and variety of his singular powers. Dessoir, who recently retired, was a meritorious tragedian, though his tragedy leaned somewhat towards the domestic and familiar. Hendrichs, an imposing but unimpassioned actor, whose *Götz von Berlichingen* was good, has also retired from the Berlin stage. An *ingénue* of very distinctive merit, Fräulein Gossmann, was lost to the German stage a few years ago when she retired into married life.

Eduard Devrient's long experience and love of his art have led him to the conclusion that the influence of the stage affects men not in their material, but in their spiritual interests; and that the stage should be ranked by the State with the Church and with the school; he cannot regard the drama as an ordinary branch of amusement, or of mere trading industry, looking only to money profit and loss: and this view of the stage may be taken as a fair representation of German theory and experience.

which has resulted in the famous "Member for Stok Dr. Kenealy had been disbar reasoning, chaste argument, as writer says, "the only oppos the weak points of the case Parliament, when I assure the me again. To slightly paroo friend Hobhouse—

Let Disraeli but
And Newgate v

But I hope I shall get the whether England is extinct or donkeys will not bray me do me catch the 'Speaker's eye' hear truths that it has not heard Queen's Bench I muzzled and so will I treat that other three Disraeli, if they dare to treat me for showing that I was their I kept them in hand as easily as a leash. They kicked and

“December, 1874,” and is one of a series of blood-curdling references to members of the House of Commons individually and collectively which are of curious interest now that the author is privileged to sit covered in the presence of the Speaker, to vote and to speak.

It may perhaps be noted that at the outset the proposal, cautiously put forth, was to return to Parliament the Claimant himself. “Sir,” writes a correspondent of the *Englishman* in June, 1874; “considering the subservient conduct of members of Parliament I would suggest that constituencies should organise for the purpose of securing the return of the tried friends of the unfortunate Claimant, Sir Roger Tichborne. Every effort should be made to return the Claimant himself to the House of Commons, and seats ought to be secured for Mr. Guildford Onslow, Dr. Kenealy, Mr. Skipworth, Mr. Biddulph, and other tried men whose sterling worth is beyond dispute.” This is a significant passage, of which, perhaps, we may hear more before many months are passed. A study of Dr. Kenealy’s life and writings, undertaken for the purposes of this article, have, however, convinced me that the Member for Stoke is not a man greatly under the influence of sentiment. There is in all his actions and writings a keen consideration of substantial results as far as they may be turned to the account of Dr. Kenealy. When, for example, he recently visited a town in the west of England for the purpose of delivering an address, the Organising Committee “organised” a triumphant public reception, in which an open carriage drawn by four grey horses largely figured, and which was rounded off by a cheerful supper. Dr. Kenealy took his seat in the carriage, and beamed benignly through his gold spectacles on the crowds that thronged the roadway. Also he partook of the supper, and thereafter “said a few words” expressive of the satisfaction with which he regarded the manly qualities of the people of this western town in general, and of the Organising Committee in particular. The parting over night was, I have heard, quite a touching scene. The Organising Committee were charmed with the Man, though a little overawed by the Scholar. Still it was delightful to be in such company, and on the following morning the Organising Committee returned with increased pleasure, bringing with them a cheque for a good round sum of money, the net proceeds of the public entertainment. But here the sky grew dark, and the thunder which had erewhile been rolling round the accustomed heads of “the judges” broke over the astonished Organising Committee. Where were the details of the accounts? the Doctor wanted to know. He was not going to be put off with “round

sums" representing net profits. He must see and check the receipts and the expenditure, or the Organising Committee should be pilloried in everlasting infamy beside Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and other enemies of the human race. After some show of resistance the hapless Committee produced the account, in which the open carriage, the four greys, and the supper figured among the expenses. But Dr. Kenealy would have none of such trifling with a Great Cause. If the Organising Committee chose to take him into the town behind four grey horses and afterwards to entertain him at supper that was their affair, and they must pay the cost out of their own pockets. He would have the full amount of the "takings," less cost of hire of hall, &c., and the unfortunate Organising Committee were fain to hand it over.

The same uncompromising spirit appears in the pages of the *Englishman* of the 17th Oct., 1874, in the form of an editorial note attached to the accounts of "The London Testimonial Fund." It appears from the figures that a series of meetings held in various parts of London with the view of furthering a national Testimonial to Dr. Kenealy had not been strikingly successful. Expenses incurred for the hire of public halls had not always been covered by the "amount collected," and the result was that out of a total revenue of £40 16s. 9½d., £26 14s. 9½d. had vanished in expenses, and only £14 2s. had been handed over to the Doctor. Whereupon the Committee, who appear to have gratuitously devoted their time for upwards of six months to collecting coppers for the Doctor, are gratified by the publication of the following note appended to their account:—"We hope some investigation of these accounts will be made. They are eminently unsatisfactory."

I mention these two little incidents by way of bringing out what I have been greatly struck with to wit, Dr. Kenealy's ability to subordinate sentiment to considerations of business, and also his determination that no one shall share with him a single penny of the profits which this gigantic delusion rains into the money boxes with various labels which he rattles wherever he goes. It is quite possible that the Organising Committee in the western town referred to provided carriages for themselves also in the triumphal entry, and it is beyond doubt that they did their share in quaffing the porter and sipping the punch that circulated round the festive board at which the Doctor presided at the conclusion of his labours in the Lecture Hall. Not less improbable is it that if the suggested investigation into the accounts of the London Committee of the Kenealy National Testimonial Fund were to take place it would appear that the Committ

had debited them with certain unauthorised quarts of half-and-half, and safe in their supposed immunity from the eye of an auditor, had indulged in an unlicensed succession of “screws” of tobacco. They were giving their labour for nothing, and as Dr. Kenealy was evidently making a good deal out of the affair, they may have thought that they at least might make a trifle. Herein they reckoned without the Member for Stoke, and for the peace of the realm it is to be hoped that the examples sternly made of them will not be without effect in deterring other Organising and Honorary Committees who in other parts of the country may hereafter set themselves the task of making up a little purse for the Doctor. As bearing upon the scheme floated in this early number of the *Englishman*, this phase of Dr. Kenealy’s character appears to show that as far as he can control affairs “the Claimant, Mr. Guildford Onslow, Mr. Skipworth, Mr. Biddulph, and other tried men whose sterling worth is beyond dispute” will, as far as the Member for Stoke is concerned, have to shift for themselves in their efforts to get into Parliament, unless they can clearly show that their candidature will directly and personally profit Dr. Kenealy.*

In the number of the *Englishman* following that in which this first distinct bid for a place in Parliament was made by Dr. Kenealy, I find the subject followed up in a large-type paragraph headed “Infamous Conduct of the Ministry,” and introducing an extract from a correspondence between Mr. Plimsoll and the Board of Trade. “The present holders of office are walking in the bloody footsteps of the late abandoned Cabinet,” says Dr. Kenealy. “When will England waken? . . . However, the time will come.

* Since this article was in type Dr. Kenealy has put forward his son Ahmed as a candidate for the vacancy in the representation of Norwich, a circumstance which supplies a singularly striking illustration of the disinterested character of the Member for Stoke. When Dr. Kenealy’s family is provided for in Parliament, the turn of Mr. Guildford Onslow, Mr. Biddulph, Mr. Skipworth, and even the Claimant, will follow in due time. This is a condition of affairs which gives borough constituencies a new and keen interest in the extent of the Kenealy family. How many sons are there now? There was one about whom in years gone by “the great heart of the people of England beat” with throbbings almost as violent as those which, according to Dr. Kenealy, to-day agitate it at the thought of “that distinguished nobleman now pining in prison.” I remember the circumstance chiefly by reason of a good thing that appeared in *Punch* at the time. It was in a column of burlesque announcements of forthcoming works that *Punch* mentioned: “Lines on a Boy’s Back, by Dr. Kenealy.” Is Ahmed, the candidate for Norwich, the “boy” here referred to? or is he on whose account Stoke would once have stoned its present “Member;” had he shown himself in the streets, still kept in reserve?

God will smite the guilty with His lightnings ; England will throw off the nomination system by which the Reform and Carlton Clubs dare to dictate to constituencies who shall be their candidates ; as it will rise against the hellish 'marigold system' which pollutes the Bench with Adulterers and Bribers, and men who live in open defiance of God's Laws. No one thinks that if Kenealy were in power these crimes could go on. Perhaps the Magna Charta Association may make him what he deserves to be—and then—— But we need not say."

In the meantime the Doctor goes on making little sketches of the assembly which he aspires to enter that will be pleasant reading for hon. members now that they count him "Member for Stoke." The Speaker, Mr. Brand, has specially incurred Dr. Kenealy's opprobrium. The following observations, taken at random from a heap, will serve as a specimen :—"This person ought never to have been chosen for such an important office as that of Speaker in the House of Commons. We regarded it at the time as one of the greatest insults that had ever been offered to that body and to England, that a man who had all his life filled the post of Whip, which we regard as no more respectable light than that of a pimp, a pander, or a bully in a bad house, should be named by Gladstone to occupy the chair of what ought to be, but is not, the first assembly of gentlemen in the world." Of Mr. Gladstone we read in the same article, dated 7th Nov., 1874 : "By means of the greatest bribery ever known, and an unparalleled amount of corruption, he had in 1868 got a Parliament together, for the most part a set of vulgar rich men, who, having bought their constituencies, were determined to sell them. The majority of which he was chief turned his brain—never a strong one, but weak, watery, variable, capricious, and probably then in that incipient stage of disease which has since more fully developed itself in his ravings about everlastingness of hell fire, and which leads him into slums and bye lanes." Mr. Goschen is "a German Jew trader, with all the worst qualities of the Jew hawker of old clo', a thoroughly ignorant, unlettered shopman made a Cabinet Minister—one of the lowest, most illiterate, and vulgar of the unlost tribes." Mr. Disraeli is "a renegade to every principle, a turncoat, a schemer, and a trickster, without one atom of public honesty—a man who has no more statesmanship than an old clo' man, who, beginning life as the humble sycophant of Joseph Hume and the crawling flatterer of O'Connell, left them in a fury when they spat upon him with scorn." "O, avenging Nemesis of Heaven !" cries the then unelected Member for Stoke, as he thus sums up the qualities of the Premier. "I pray thee but to place me on the floor of the House

of Commons foot to foot and face to face with this ‘statesman !’ and I will make him listen to truths that he has never heard.” This is rather hard on the Premier, but he at least has the compensation of turning to the dedication of “*A New Pantomime*” published by Dr. Kenealy a dozen years ago, where he will find the following remarks :—“ I beg you will accept it as a token, however slight, of the deep, sincere, and affectionate admiration in which I have held you ;—although I dare not hope that it is in all things worthy of the applause of the finest intellect in Europe, and as Spencer Walpole recently said, ‘of the most splendid genius that ever the House of Commons produced.’ Nevertheless it is no slight gratification to me to be permitted to inscribe this work to the most illustrious living Orator and Statesman, and to one who also as a writer ranks with the highest on the roll of Fame. For these rare qualities the world admires you ; but for my own part I value more that noble candour and majestic integrity of soul which win from all who approach you love and attachment. As I cast my eyes on Gainsborough’s superb portrait of Pitt which now hangs before me, I retrace in mind the wonderful similarity in your mental elements ; but Pitt, though superlatively great, could never have written ‘*Vivian Grey*’ or ‘*Sibyl.*’ That you are now misunderstood by many is but the fate which unites you with all who achieve ; but history will do justice to one of the truest, brightest, and most disinterested public characters that ever illuminated our country’s annals.”

Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and even Mr. Samuda have had little remarks made about them in much the same pleasant vein as those quoted. But though in common with other members of the House I am most anxious, if I err at all in dealing with the character of the Member for Stoke, to err on the side of generosity, I am bound to say that with growing years Dr. Kenealy has lost some of the freshness and vigour of vituperation that crowned his earlier days. I venture to assert that in the pages of the “*New Pantomime,*” from which I have quoted the dedicatory preface, there is more of what Mrs. Gamp calls “*bad langwidge*” than is to be found in an equal number of pages published in or out of the precincts of Holywell Street. In looking for a specimen to quote I am baffled by an embarrassment of riches ; but I will take this short passage from a conversation between Bellona and Mephistopheles, chiefly because it lies exceptionally compact on the page, the author being rather prone to make the most of similar flights elsewhere occurring by spreading them out *in couplets*. It is Bellona who speaks, and it will be understood that these remarks occur at the close of three pages in which

she and Mephistopheles have been exchanging epithets of equal refinement.

Fuddler, slimgut, tippler, thickskull,
 Spitfire, sponger, upstart, clumps,
 Costard, couple-beggar, duffer,
 You look handsome in your dumps.
 Snob, poltroon, dwarf, fool, gull-catcher,
 Loggerhead, impostor base ;
 Juggler, crookback, limping cripple,
 Broken-nose and purple-face,
 Poor hickspittle, frowsy fellow,
 Bastard brat with stinking breath .
 Cur, curmudgeon, chuffeat, cuckold,
 Baldpate, dirt, I'll be your death.
 Frosty-face barbarian, savage,
 Colger, spooney, fogie, ass,
 Vile Mohock, screw, gaby, gudgeon,
 Did you hope scot-free to pass ?
 Lily-livered tosspot, lubber,
 Crackhemp, cullion, blabber, boor.
 Vile bog-trotter, whipper-snapper,
 You're a pretty god I'm sure.
 Dastard, donkey, whiffer, shaveling,
 Base skipkennel, loafer, bulbhead,
 Foul foothicker, skimble-skamble,
 Have I put sense in your dull head ?
 Shatter-pate, swinge-buckler, boggler,
 Chatterpil, bamboozler, dodger,
 Meacock, buzzer, poor fop-doodle,
 You're a pretty first-floor lodger !
 Snuffler, loggerhead, and splutterer,
 Beetle-brow, gull-catcher, viper ;
 Hiccins-doccus, bull-eyed stutterer,
 I will make you pay the piper.

The *Englishman* has done pretty well through its brief career ; but for condensed spite and enlarged abuse it has perhaps no passage to equal this.

Quite apart from his special connection with the Tichborne case, the advent to the House of Commons of a gentleman possessed of this great gift of language, and distinguished by this fearless treatment of public men, was looked forward to with curious interest. Of the House collectively, the Member for Stoke had before he crossed its portals written :—“ The House of Commons has changed itself into the House of Corruption, bowing down like a body of footmen or spaniels, or beaten, frightened curs, before Speaker Brand.” And again :—“ Hardly a day passes that some dirty member, who would be a fitter tenant of a pigstye than of a seat

the House of Commons, does not get up and in a drunken after-dinner speech, without any provocation, assail Dr. Kenealy in the most loathsome language of scurrilous abuse. Some have the fatuity to write of him to their constituents in terms of reproach and insult, and in this they manifest their low and mongrel nature, which inclines them to bark though they dare not bite ; for we need hardly say not one of these curs of low degree would dare face Dr. Kenealy from the House of Commons benches. But at their drunken dinner-tables, surrounded by persons who are as drunk or ignorant or foolish as themselves, or in their counting-houses where they concoct the frauds by which ships are lost and sailors are drowned, and insurance offices pillaged and creditors are defrauded, they are as valiant as Ancient Pistol.” Dr. Kenealy was now admitted to this company ; how would he bear himself towards them, and how would they comport themselves towards him ?

On the 18th February Dr. Kenealy took his seat as Member for Stoke under circumstances too familiar to the world to need repetition. Of the suspension of the standing order by which he was permitted to take the oath without being introduced by two members, the Doctor has himself written with characteristic modesty :—“ Jack the Giant Killer, who lives for all time as the man who assailed with success the ogres before supposed to be irresistible, is the best type of Dr. Kenealy’s first act in Parliament, breaking to pieces one of the old idols that had stood there impregnable for about six centuries.” There could be no doubt on which side of the House the new member would take his seat, for he had distinctly declared that he could “ no more follow Mr. Disraeli than he would coalesce with Judas Iscariot.” But there was some surprise when he took up a position just behind the Front Opposition Bench, in complimentary contiguity to Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Whalley sits in this neighbourhood, but on a more retired bench ; and it was taken for granted that the Member for Stoke would sit by his “ party.” But I believe there is no love lost between these distinguished men, and though the Member for Peterborough endures the Member for Stoke for the sake of the great cause, he does not care about passing an evening with him *tête-à-tête* ; whilst the Member for Stoke is openly contemptuous of the intelligence of the Member for Peterborough.

On the night following his admission to Parliament the Member for Stoke gave notice of a motion which seemed to be the prompt opening of the campaign he had undertaken when he presented himself to the electors of the famous town in the Potteries. On the 16th of March he would, he announced, bring in a resolution calling

attention to the conduct of the judges in the Tichborne case. This was a fairly deliberate notice, and in the meantime the House of Commons held its breath and waited for the manifestation of that commanding genius of which it had heard whilst yet Stoke was undetermined in its choice.

"In the House of Commons," it had been written by the Candidate for Stoke, "now that Gladstone will be there only seldom, there is no Man of real mark, the only true Leader of the People, we mean Dr. Kenealy, is not in the House, and it will be funny, though pitiable, to see such pigmies as Forster and Stansfeld, or men like them, endeavouring to guide the country to true and honest principles. As Statesmen, they are nobodies. They are not Lawyers; they are not Orators; they are not Scholars; they are not well read in the constitution of the country. Nobody ever heard from them, any more than from Disraeli, any high, profound sentiments of polity, either foreign or domestic. Their object always has been that of mere expediency: to remain in office and pocket their salaries. As to Lowe he is so justly detested by the people whom he has continually insulted and slandered, that we believe one of the main causes of Gladstone's downfall at the General Election was his having had Lowe in the Cabinet. Let that People now return Dr. Kenealy—whom God seems to have marked out for their Leader—to the present House of Commons: and we believe he will inaugurate an English Policy, as distinguished from Whig or Tory, which will be the prelude of undreamed-of blessings to the community. A grand chance is now open. Dr. Kenealy was almost offered the representation of Coatham the other day, if he would adopt the Tory ticket. He refused. Dr. Kenealy would no more follow Disraeli than he would coalesce with Judas Iscariot. His ambition is to marshal and lead the Great People of England under the banner of Magna Charta. The whole world acknowledges that he is fully equal to that ambition. Arouse ye, then, Parliamentary Electors! Send Kenealy to the House of Commons to take the place of Gladstone. With him—and with his honest, fearless, and magnanimous spirit to lead you, every true man and woman in the country may rest assured that with the blessing of God he will prove himself to be what we all want: the Minister of the People, not the Premier of a Party."

Again—

Let every one join the Magna Charta Association and return the People's true representatives to Parliament; let Dr. Kenealy be sent into our Senate, and he will show the corruption lurking there the hideousness of its own image, so that Messrs. Gladstone and Disraeli will look as much aghast as did the three judges at the infamous trial when the learned Doctor analysed their sophisms and misstatements with withering power, and held them up in their true light to the public gaze. Our House of Commons now is simply a huge sham.—when the People's representative is returned it will be a reality.

And once more—

For almost the first time, since Fox, England is having a People's Candidate. If returned, he will represent the nation. Mr. Onslow, who knows him better, perhaps, than any other man, says publicly, "he will be the greatest man in the House of Commons." His greatness consists simply in his honesty, his courage, and his truthfulness. Many more wonderful things have happened

our time than that to which Dr. Kenealy aspires, namely, to be the People's Prime Minister. Forster, Stansfeld, Hartington, Goschen!!! all these are mentioned for the Leadership!! Why, even Disraeli is as good a Leader as any of these; and yet he leads his men always "into a ditch." We believe that Heaven has raised up Dr. Kenealy to be the Leader of the English People, and the Leader of the English People ought to be the People's Prime Minister. We believe he never would accept a subordinate place; and we can fancy him in his place in Parliament, descending in thunders and lightnings on that poor Wandering Jew, Disraeli, who is now working all the powers of money and the Carlton Club to keep him out of his proper place in Parliament. As to the amazed Whigs, they know not what to do. Morley, it is said, has given a large sum to the Walton Trade Unionists to enable them to fight the Doctor: the Carlton Club has joined in. One of the leading men at the Reform Club said the other night, "We ought to give a Hundred Thousand Pounds to keep Kenealy out—otherwise he will break us all up."

Well, Dr. Kenealy has been Member for Stoke for upwards of three months now, and it must be confessed even by the most hopelessly deluded elector that he has been something of a failure. Even in respect of the cause he was specially retained to advocate he has knocked the last nail in its already well secured coffin. He has received from the House of Commons a hearing which even he, blurred as is his vision of facts, has admitted was most generous. Quite apart from these references to the House of Commons and to distinguished members, here collected for the first time, the Member for Stoke has outraged one of the keenest sensibilities of the House,—namely, its love for what is straightforward, manly, and true. In the few appearances he has made in the House he has invariably done some audacious tampering with a man's character, and has then shuffled off the responsibility of either proving his case or withdrawing the accusation. His retort upon Mr. Morley when that gentleman rose indignantly to declare that he was misrepresenting an alleged conversation between the Member for Bristol and some of his constituents was eminently characteristic of the man. "That is a question," he said, "which Mr. Morley must settle with his own constituents. I have nothing to do with it!" There was an air of simple conviction about this statement that for once assured the House of the sincerity of the Member for Stoke, and conveyed to it the knowledge of the fact that here was a man who really thought he was at liberty to make all sorts of statements in the House of Commons injuriously affecting another member without in any way concerning himself about their accuracy, that being a matter the accused was to settle with the gossips who were said to have made the statement originally!

I have preferred to let the Member for Stoke describe himself

his objects, and his capabilities, rather than attempt to do it of my own imagining. The picture is of towering proportions, and is painted in lurid colours. I have, through a wealth of materials, taken only such sketches as those in which the master hand portrays Dr. Kenealy as a prospective Member of Parliament. But I feel that the picture would not be complete if we were to turn aside altogether from the aspect under which he has presented himself—forgive the reproduction of the impious similitude—as “a man of sorrows.” Here is a little etching done on the occasion of his being summoned to the police-court to answer a charge of libel preferred by Mrs. Pittendreigh:—

Somewhat of the same loathsome insolence was observed when they thrust Dr. Kenealy into the dock; and when his brave fond wife followed him haltingly, and put her foot upon the dock step, and a policeman inside called out “Keep that female back”, and she was obliged to leave—oh, so tearfully—and was kindly and tenderly helped to her former seat near the reporters by two officials whose hearts were not *quite* hardened; you could see the wretches exult—as the Red Indian exults—and Coleridge gloated with his expression of “sanctimonious sensuality” (for thus a great master of language described it), and F. Cockburn (“my cousin”) laughed and sneered, and there was that sort of hellish joy which if Englishmen and Englishwomen had seen it would have made their hearts boil over with rage. And the filthy, insolent farce proceeded; and Dr. Kenealy (who could scarcely support himself in the chair) was called on to stand up and plead, and the odious tale was listened to gravely by that grimy old Recorder, and there was nothing in it, and the jury were told to acquit, and Russell Gurney said not a word in condemnation of the horrid affair (which was a disgrace to our courts) and had not a word of sympathy for this suffering gentleman; and he was finally carried out of the dock half fainting—panting for fresh air, which he inhaled like wine when he got into it, while a sip of brandy alone prevented him from falling, and a scene ended which England will ever be ashamed of.

Wiping away the tears that well into my eyes as I read this touching passage, I look across the floor of the House of Commons, and see sitting behind Mr. Bright a short stout man who leans back with one arm thrown carelessly over the back of the bench: for though the House is full there is plenty of room in the neighbourhood of the Member for Stoke. He is gazing steadfastly up at the ceiling—apparently not greatly caring to look his fellow-men in the face. Presently he slowly rises and turns towards the Treasury Bench a face in which the most prominent feature at first glance is a pair of gold spectacles. Above these towers a high red forehead, crowned by much hair. Round his chin, skirting his shaven cheeks, and leaving in full view a large mouth, is much more hair. He speaks with slow deliberate manner, in a harsh voice that contains a metallic tone singularly repellent. He makes use of few gestures

beyond the occasional holding up of a “podgy” red hand, the coarseness of which is made more apparent by the large number of big rings with which it is dressed. If you care to observe him in the House it would be well to make the most of the current opportunity, for he is not often here. All those magnificent schemes with which Stoke was deluded whilst yet he was but a candidate seem to have been abandoned when the purpose of their promise was served. The Member for Stoke would doubtless “manage the House of Commons” with exactly as much ease as he “muzzled and chained Cerberus” in the Court of Queen’s Bench; only he is so much engrossed in the lucrative business connected with the publication of the *Englishman* that he is not often able to find time to attend to the affairs of the nation. “His ambition is,” as we have seen, “to marshal and lead the Great People of England under the banner of Magna Charta”; only the weekly pennies coming in from the Magna Chartists have to be looked up, and the accounts of local treasurers to be sharply audited, which takes time. Mr. Disraeli is still uncrushed; Mr. Gladstone is yet uncowed; Mr. Lowe yet flaunts his white crest on the Front Opposition Bench; Mr. Brand’s head is still safe on his shoulders; the special interests of Stoke as a constituency are still neglected—but the “provincial tour” is prospering, and let us “make our money whilst the ball’s a-rolling.” Thus it comes to pass that we do not know much in the House of the Member for Stoke. But I live to tell that on one occasion at least I listened to him for the space of two hours, and heard in place of argument misrepresentation, and instead of eloquence blatant talk that sometimes merged in balderdash. I believe the feeling that pervaded the House of Commons when the Member for Stoke resumed his seat after his great effort was less of disgust towards the reckless traducer of fair fames, strong as was that feeling, than of marvel that so many of the people of England—albeit of the most ignorant—should be gulled by so poor a practitioner. Beside this gigantic popular delusion of modern times it seems a common thing that Titania should have fallen in love with Bottom, and sitting beside the lout in the wood near Athens, should have coyed the transformed weaver’s amiable cheeks, stuck musk roses in his sleek smooth head, kissed his fair large ears, and cherished him for her “gentle joy.”



FIN BEC'S WAIF FROM THE SCHILLER.



ON the morning of the 11th of May I received a large official envelope, "On Her Majesty's Service," marked in the corner:—"Saved from the Schiller." Within the envelope was the wet wreck of a letter from my friend Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, the distinguished Shakespearian. It was a kind invitation to be his guest some day. "'Small cheer and great welcome,'" he said, "'make a merry feast,' and we'll do our best to make you comfortable." The words were blurred and the paper was blistered with the salt water. The message had come to me out of the storm and death-struggle of that awful Friday night, on the Retarrier Ledges, by the Bishop Lighthouse, Scilly.

It has been the regular custom of my correspondent to send me the *menu* of the Shakspeare Society of Philadelphia, for some years past; to keep my collection from the beginning complete. His stained and torn letter is accompanied by the *menu* of 1875 also blurred with its stormy bath. It is a production which does infinite credit to the Shakespearians of Philadelphia; and puts us to the blush, for certain am I no such scholarly *menu* was laid before Shakespearian diners on this side of the Atlantic on the last 23rd of April. Let the candid reader judge:—

MDCCLXXV.

1564 APRIL 26 GULIELMUS FIDUS JOHANNES SHAKSPERE

1616 APRIL 25 WILL SHAKSHERE GENT

Laer. he is the Brooch indeed,

And Iemmo of all our Nation.—IV. vii. 74.

Ham. A Combination, and a forme indeed,

Where euey God did seeme to set his Seale,

To giue the world assurance of a man.—III. iv. 55

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SHAKSPERE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Horat. It is a custome ?

Ham. I marry 1st;—I. iv. 12.

Hor. some Enterprize

That hath a stomacke w't:—I. i. 98.

King. wee'l Feast together —II. ii. 24.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that table —V. ii. 27.

Fin Bec's Waif from the Schiller.

711

FRIDAY, 23rd APRIL.

Mar. So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.—I. i. 164.

DINNER AT 6 P.M. AT THE MERCHANTS' CLUB.

Fran. come most carefully vpon your houre.—L. i. 6.

Ham. This heauy headed reueale east—I. iv. 17. Quarto 1604.

MEMBERS PRESENT.

Polon.

Looke you Sir,

Enquire me first * * *

And how, and who ; what meanes ; and where they keepe :
What company, at what expence :—II. i. 7.

Hora.

a list of lawlesse resolute

For foode and diet—I. i. 98. Quarto 1604.

Ophe.

Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers : Eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectansie and Rose of the faire State,—III. i. 159.

Cour.

ful of most excellent differences,—V. ii. 112. Quarto 1604.

George Allen

T. De Witt Cuyler

Charles P. Krauth

Richard L. Ashhurst

Samuel Dickson

John G. R. McElroy

A. Sydney Biddle

Asa I. Fish

M. Huizinga Messchert

Henry Armitt Brown

Horace Howard Furness

Alfred Vezin

J. M. Da Costa

Victor Guilloû

Henry Galbraith Ward

THE DEAN IN THE CHAIR.

Laer.

Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe ; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head.—I. iii. 19.

King.

Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest.—I. ii. 106.

BILL OF FARE.

Ham.

Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure :—V. ii. 26.

Ham.

Words, words, words.—II. ii. 193.

Hor.

heere and there,

Shark'd vp—I. i. 98.

Ham.

Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish : I eate the Ayre
promise-cramm'd.—III. ii. 89.

LITTLE NECK CLAMS.

Laer.

your chast Treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.—I. iii. 31.

Clo.

dig'd ;—V. i. 42.

Hora.

harbindgers preceeding—I. i. 122. Quarto 1604.

Hora.

And prologue to the *Omen* comming.—I. i. 123. Quarto 1604.

WINE : Chablis 1865.

Pol.

Giue first admittance to—II. ii. 51.

SOUP.

Bisque aux Ecrevisses à la Royale.

Ham.

a Crab.—II. ii. 207.

Hor.

away with the shell.—V. ii. 191.

WINE : Topaz Sherry.

Ham.

Pale, or Red ?

- Hor.* Nay, very pale.—I. ii. 233.
- Ham.* look you how pale he glares.—III. ii. 125.
- DELAWARE SHAD à la Chambord.
- Queen.* a creature Native,—IV. vii. 180.
- WINE : Marcobrunner Cabinet 1865.
- Ham.* draughts of Rhenish.—I. iv. 10.
- Bermuda Potatoes.
- Hor.* in Russet mantle clad,—I. i. 166.
- Cucumbers.
Radishes.
- Rosin.* the indifferent Children of the earth.—II. ii. 227.
- SADDLE OF SOUTHDOWN MUTTON.
- Ham.* the Parragon of Animals;—II. ii. 321.
- Ham.* ouer-done, is frö the purpose—III. ii. 23.
- Tomates farcies.
- King.* you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,—IV. vii. 30.
- WINE : { W. Roederer frappé.
 { Pommery Sec.
- Ham.* presentment of two Brothers :—III. iv. 54.
- Polon.* The flash and out-breake—II. i. 33.
- Ham.* the Bubbles are out.—V. ii. 202.
- Petits Pois au naturel.
- Laer.* in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,—I. iii. 41.
- Asparagus.
- Hor.* once me thought
- Laer.* It listd vp it head.—I. ii. 215.
- the Infants of the Spring—I. iii. 39.
- Metternich's Schloss Johannisberger 1862.
- Ham.* a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition pufst.—IV. iv. 149. Quarto 1604.
- SUPREME OF SPRING CHICKEN à la Pompadour.
- Pol.* excellent white bosome, these.—II. ii. 113.
- Plain Celery.
- Bern.* stalkes.—I. i. 50.
- WINE : { Chateau Lafite 1868.
 { Perrier Jouet 1872.
- Ham.* married * * *
but no more like * * *
- Then I too *Hercules*.—I. ii. 153.
- Polon.* in France of the best ranck and station.—I. iii. 73.
- SORBET à la Lachrymæchristi.
- Ham.* Like *Niobe*, all teares,—I. ii. 149.
- Fran.* For this release much thankes :—'Tis bitter cold.—I. i. 7.
- Laer.* Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.—I. iii. 54.
- Clo.* Too't againe, Come.—V. i. 56.

CIGARETTES.

Pol. these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate :—I. iii. 117.

ENGLISH SNIPE sous Canapé.

Ham. I haue that Within, which passeth show ;
These, but the Trappings,—I. ii. 85.

Oph. Larded all. IV. v. 37. Quarto 1604.

Ham. fit and season'd for his passage ?—III. iii. 85.

WINE : Chambertin 1868.

Laer. A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;—I. iii. 8.

Potatoes à la Parisienne.

Kin. praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you,—IV. vii. 134.

WINE : { Clos Vougeot 1868.
Chevalier Montrachet 1868.

King. In equall Scale weighing Delight—I. ii. 12.

TERRAPIN à la Maryland.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to-night.—I. i. 21.

Ham. A beast that wants discourse of Reason—I. ii. 150.

Ham. crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.—III. i. 130.

Clow. hath clawed me in his clutch.—V. i. 80. Quarto 1604.

WINE : Madeira 1829.

Ophe. of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich,—III. i. 98.

Ham. For you yourselfe Sir, should be old as I am,—II. ii. 206.

SALAD.

Laer. Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone,—IV. vii. 144.

Ham. Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury ;—II. ii. 461.

Madeira 1819.

Gho. I am thy Father's Spirit,—I. v. 9.

OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE à la Maraschino.

Ophe. puft,—I. iii. 49.

Guild. A thing my Lord ?

Ham. Of nothing : IV. ii. 31.

Laer. sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute ? No more.—I. iii. 9. Folio 1623.

DESSERT.

Ice Cream Mont Blanc.

Ham. as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,—III. i. 140.

Ophe. White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.—IV. v. 35.

WINE : Port 1825.

Kin. Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it :—IV. vii. 117.

FRUITS.

Polon. shall be the fruite to that great feast.—II. ii. 52. Quarto 1604.

Ham. as wholesome as sweet.—II. ii. 466. Quarto 1604.

CHEESE.—Limburger.

Ham. you shall nose him as you go vp,—IV. iii. 37.

Gruyere.

King. The most vulgar thing to sence,—I. ii. 100.

BLACK COFFEE.

Ham. roasted in wrath and fire,—II. ii. 483.

Ham. did the night resemble—II. ii. 475.

LIQUEURS.

Clo. fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.—V. i. 68.

Hor. Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,—I. i. 96.

Tokay-i-Azubor.

Ham. too deare a halfepeny ;—II. ii. 281.

Absynthe.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.—III. ii. 191.

CIGARS.

Lucian. Midnight Weeds—III. ii. 268.

I Player. with the whiffe and winde—II. ii. 495.

SECRETARY EMERITUS HIS PIPE.

Ham. Will you play vpon this Pipe ?—III. ii. 366.

Ham. there is much musicke,
in this little Organe,—III. ii. 383.

ADJOURNMENT.

Gho. My hower is almost come,—I. v. 2.

Ham. What hower now ?

Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.—I. iv. 3.

Hor. then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd ;—I. ii. 218.

Ham. farewell.—I. ii. 254.

All. *Excunt.*—I. ii. 253.

All the citations this year are from our Winter's study "Hamlet," and have been verified by the copy of the First Folio 1623 and a copy of the Quarto of 1604 Ashbee's Facsimile in the Library of the Members.

PHILADELPHIA

One Hundred and Fifty Copies privately printed for THE SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

MDCCCLXXV.

We have had some excellent quotation tournaments in honour of Shakespeare at "Our Club," at Lunn's, in past times, when Douglas Jerrold, Charles Knight, Peter Cunningham, and Shirley Brooks were of the party ; but this year we had not even a meeting—for lack of a chairman. So that we are bound humbly to cap to you gentlemen of Philadelphia, who have been so studying and dallying with the page of Shakespeare during the past winter evenings ; and humbly to wish you many more scholarly feasts, and to pray that they may be all wisely merry, from the "little neck clams" to the '25 Port, and
the Limburger cheese.

FIN DEC.

AN EVENING WITH CAPTAIN BOYTON.

BY ARCHIBALD McNEILL.



RARE story-teller is Captain Boyton as he sits spinning the yarn of his life in racy unconventional Yankee idiom. His life is a true romance of exploits and adventures in treasure-hunting, pearl-diving, diamond-seeking, Indian-trading, and experiences as a franc-tireur and a Mexican guerilla. Let me relate some of his reminiscences as nearly as possible in his own words, though I cannot reproduce the freshness and the genuineness of manner. First he tells of that adventurous Skibbereen coast-landing which first brought him into conspicuous notice in this country. This I will pass over, as also his own graphic recital of his passage across the Channel the other day; and I will pick such points out of a long evening's chat as will, in a roughly connected form, present something like a view of his history.

“In my early childhood,” says Captain Boyton, “I was as restless as a turned mud-turtle if I could not be bathing all day. When I was about eight I used to spend a lot of time diving for pavers. Don't you know what pavers are? Flat stones for street mending, worn so by the action of the water. We got thirty cents a hundred for these. I was captain of the gang, and some days we did heaps of diving, and dropped so often to the bottom of the river it seemed more natural to stay there than go home.

“My first rescue occurred when I was eleven, in 1859. I was at school, and we all went one fine hot afternoon for a bit of splashing. The river was low, and some of the boys waded out a good slice from the shore. Suddenly one of them slipped into deep water. I was standing on a raft moored to the bridge when the others sang out to me. I leaped in, for a big passion to save that boy came sudden on me. I dived down, but couldn't see him, and came up again after looking all round, when I noticed his arms moving in the water a little further down stream. I made a bull's eye this time. I *came slick upon* what looked like his corpse. He had dropped to the *bottom of the water* and was huddled up against a big paver. I didn't

like the look of him. I had never seen a *body* before. His knees were drawn close to his chin. I looked another way, and grabbed him by the back of the neck. He came up light through the water. Then, as I felt pumped out, I shouted for some of the rest to swim up and help me, but they were as afraid as I was of his face. However, I couldn't see that then, and slowly hauled along to one of the abutments of the bridge. There I held on till they came off in a boat and got us to shore.

"Yes, they resuscitated him, and the crowd collected a handful of silver for me. Guess we had a big feast that night among the whole school with the coin.

"About ten months after I saved another boy. He was a school-fellow too.

"When I left there and went to college at Westmorland, county Pennsylvania, it was just the same. I was always a bit wild, and liked to lie on my back and wonder about the stars a lot better than bothering with books. If I was away from class they'd come and look for me in the Swimming Hole. There I generally used to be bobbing about like a cork in a bucket. I knew the bottom of every creek in those parts as well as I knew the face of my father. I was on visiting terms with the under-side of every big paver in the county.

"In 1863 I left college and went trading with father among the Indians. He had a sort of travelling business, and used to strike from New York up to the frontier, lodging goods at the stations as he went on, and sending them down rail by train when he'd got sufficient.

"I guess the Indian is the most tarnation mistake that ever walked on two legs since animated dirt trod foot-sole. I've seen those Chippewas in Minnesota steal anything they could lay their hfters on. We used always to walk amongst them with our revolvers ready. The Indian's no good any more now, except to Barnum and book-writers. In fact, he's played out. He neither works nor shoots nor digs; he only devils all round and drinks, and then he's a beast. He's only a red leaf on the tree, and has had his summer. Somebody has said that he was spoilt by Columbus discovering him. I guess there's a whittle of fact in that.

"In my next move I left father, and came down East to join the navy. There was a kind of war fever which had been taking everybody right off sharp to the front, and in course of time it took me. You felt the Southerners become all at once darned rets, and you hated them like poison. Prairie fire sparks' the feeling used

to go tingling over me, though I was only a youth. I've seen men go drunk with that hot excitement against the enemy and sob with rage. I went down to Brooklyn navy-yard to the receiving ship, and then I was transferred to the despatch-boat *Hydranga*—Captain Watson, which used to ply up and down the James River. We only carried three guns. Every now and again passing up and down stream we used to go through a pesky hailstorm, only the hail-stones were bullets. The Confederate sharpshooters would post themselves right slick on the edge of the shore, getting as near us as they could, and then came rifle practice till we were out of sight.

“On one occasion it got too warm for us to sit still, so Captain Watson mustered us and a few men from the fleet, and we bore into the rebs on our own account. We'd drawn up near the Gab, and as soon as it was night a company of the boys shadowed off for the shore. It was very dark and the ground was mud-swampy. By-and-by we struck the reb camp. Just as we came in sight I struck something too—a gully about ten feet deep. Down I went just as the rebs sent a volley among us. Scalp-knives! when I got out wasn't there a full-grown skirmish going on! It was pitch dark, and the flashes of light from the guns lit up the gloom between the trunks of the trees and the long reaches of stagnant slime like watch-lanterns. We began to think we'd call sometime else, for in the excitement we'd lost the track, and swamps are as difficult to manage as women.

“Afterwards at Fort Fisher I saw Butler blow up his fire-ship. Guess I never heard such a row in all my life. It was the all-firedest clap of thunder that ever knocked at my ears. Soon after that we cruised to New York, where we were discharged, and so once more I was adrift.

“Of course I made tracks home in a few months, and thought I'd settle down a morsel. I was hungry for a little quiet after knocking round so long. I determined then to go and settle at Cape May, down on the Jersey coast. Father had given me some money, so I started a light fancy business in Oriental goods. This little Japanese coin I wear was one he got when in Japan, for he knocked about more than I do, and would have traded as far as the moon if he could.

“It was not long before the old passion for swimming called one day and found me in. I can't describe the feeling. It comes up and hauls you off as if its invisible hands were on every inch of you. I rushed down to the beach. It was just the height of the Cape May season, and lots of bathers were about. I looked over them

and saw one throw up his arms. I went for him straight, but he'd got so far out it pulled me considerably before I handed him in. After that every day I was on the beach part of my time. Darn; the next week I saved two little children who'd been paddling about and slipped into a gully. Guess I shan't forget how their father thanked me. I felt ashamed almost. Cape May summer only lasts two months, so it was soon over, and I was ready to make tracks again for the West during the winter. The first money I made came from there, and I spent the whole of it, 900 dollars, in a submarine diving dress—pump and apparatus complete.

"The first diving I did was in the season 1864-5 in the Delaware Bay. This was in Hell's Gate, just outside New York. An old British ship, the *Huzzar*, is said to be down there. I believe she was sunk just as we were parting company with the old country. At any rate she's there safe enough now, but I could find nothing worth hoisting from her, excepting by way of curiosities, and there isn't much pay-dirt in those things excepting when a big public goes mad on some silly streak.

"Once when I was diving in the Delaware Bay a little old paragon of a man came up and asked me if I believed in spiritualism. I said 'Not much.' He said if I would go down and see him he'd show me by spiritualism where I could find a treasure-ship. When I got there, and we'd had supper, and a liquor or two, he reached down his charts and diagrams and asked me if I was ready to listen. Then the knocks came as he pointed out along the map, and such a lively row that I half began to believe him. I got bitten at last with the idea that the spirits meant it, and I said for 50 dollars a day I'd throw in with the other world and see if we could raise something. However, that was too much. The old spiritualist would only give me 25 dollars, so at last we settled at that, I to have part of any treasure recovered.

"We started down the bay next morning, the old gentleman carrying a shipload of mouldy charts. At two in the afternoon we got sounding and touched at about eighty feet. Then I got the armour on and slipped overboard. The bottom was blue mud, swept as clean by the water as a log hut floor of pine planks. I signalled, after looking all round carefully, and came up. The old fellow was death-terrible disappointed when I told him 'Nothing down there.' We tripped the anchor and ran a little way under the Delaware shore. This time I found a grey sand bottom very firm, but bare as the back of my hand. After examining it all about every way I came up and said I wouldn't go down again that day.

ten next morning I dropped over again, but it was evident from the way the current swept the bottom that a wreck couldn't have laid there. The old man looked so cut up when I told him, that I determined to make another try. I got the pump put in a small boat and rowed over a likely place where I meant to drop. Then we let go the anchor and down I went.

“About three o'clock I came against something that made me feel excited. By Jehoicks! I thought, that's her. I felt so all-fired rich at the mount, I seemed to own creation. I'd a notion I would go up and get the 50 dollars a day, making fresh terms with the old man; but when I looked closer and saw it was really the hull of the old treasure-ship, just as the spiritualist had described her, I jumped so wild-lively at once that I could only signal to go up.

“As soon as I could get my head out of the water I yelled 'I've got her.' The old man was wonderfully excited. He promised everybody fabulous presents. I got a block rigged, and a chain-line run from it, and went down with an adze and a shovel.

“I dug a good way about the wreck, cut a groove round the bow with the adze, rigged the line to it, and gave the signal to haul away. It was so deeply imbedded that nothing seemed to stir it. As I stood down there and looked at that strain on the rope, I couldn't help thinking what a bank-safe weight of treasure was keeping it down. Suddenly they let go the anchor and stood down stream with the wind and the current. Then she gave a slight move and a tremble all over. I stepped back to be out of the way. Slowly the great piece of old bow rose out of the sand, and then my feelings dried up completely. I saw the timber was only part of a drift wreck. I sounded all round, but there was only sand. It had come down stream and lodged there, and I went up slower than I came down—a few.

“When I told the old man, there was part of a scene flying round. He threw up his arms and went into the cabin and cried like a child. I never sailed across him again.

“Soon afterwards I worked down into the Gulf of Mexico. The first coral I raised was at Catoche. Knocking round above there I heard of the loss of the schooner *Foam*. The first mate and three men got saved, but the captain, his daughter, and three men were lost. I slung round to see if she could be raised. After we'd spent best part of a week we sailed over her and dropped anchor. It was a lovely Sunday morning when we struck her. She lay in sixty feet of water on a bottom as white as the moon. Looking down I could see her leaning over on one side upon the coral reef.

When I got down to her I saw she'd torn a great gap in the reef when she ran against it. The mainmast was gone and hung by the fore. I clambered up; I saw whole shoals of fish playing in and out of the hatches. First I went to look for the bodies, for I never like to work while there's any of them about. Finding the focastle empty, I went to the two little state cabins. It was rather dark, and I had to feel in the lower bunks. There was nothing in the first, and in the other the door was locked. I prized it open and shot back the lock with my adze.

"It flew open, and out something fell right against me. I felt at once it was the woman's body. I was not exactly frightened, but it shook me rather. I slung it from me and went out into the light a bit till I got hold of myself. Then I turned back and brought her out—poor thing! She'd been very pretty, and as I carried her in my arms, with her white face nestling against my shoulder, she seemed as if she was only sleeping. I made her fast to the line as carefully as I could to send her up, and the fish played about her as if they were sorry she was going. At last I gave the signal, and she went slowly up, her hair floating round her head like a pillow of golden seaweed.

"That was the only body I found there, and I managed after to raise pretty considerably of the cargo.

"One of my expeditions was among the silver banks of the Antilles—the loveliest place I ever saw, where the white coral grows into curious tree-like shapes. As I stepped along the bottom it seemed as if I was in a frosted forest. Here and there trailed long fronds of green and crimson sea-weed. Silver-bellied fish flashed about among the deep-brown and purple sea-ferns, which rose high as my head. Far as I could see all round in the transparent water were different coloured leaves, and on the floor piles of shells so bright in colour that it seemed as if I had stumbled on a place where they kept a stock of broken rainbows. I could not work for a bit, and had a quarter determination to sit down awhile and wait for a mermaid. I guess if those sea-girls live anywhere they select that spot. After walking the inside out of half an hour I thought I had better get to work and blast for treasure. A little bit on from where I sat were the remains of a treasure ship. It was a Britisher I think, and corals had formed all about her, or rather about what was left of her. The coral on the bottom and round her showed black spots. That meant a deposit on either iron or silver. I made fairly good hauls every time I went down, and sold one piece I found to Barnum of New York.

"After I left there I had a curious adventure with a shark. I was down on a nasty rock-bottom. A man never feels comfortable

them ; he can't tell what big creature may be hiding under the huge quarter-deck sea leaves which grow there. The first part of the time I was visited by a porcupine fish which kept sticking its quills up and bobbing in front of my helmet. Soon after I saw a big shadow fall across me, and looking up there was an infernal shark playing about my tubing. It makes you feel chilly in the back when they're about. He came down to me slick as I looked up. I made at him, and he sheered off. For near an hour he worked at it, till I could stand it no longer. If you can keep your head level it's all right, and you're pretty safe if they're not on you sharp. This ugly brute was twenty feet long I should think, for when I lay down all my length on the bottom he stretched a considerable way ahead of me, and I could see him beyond my feet. Then I waited. They must turn over to bite, and my lying down bothered him. He swam over three or four times, and then skulked off to a big thicket of sea-weed to consider. I knew he'd come back when he'd settled his mind. It seemed a long time waiting for him. At last he came viciously over me, but, like the time before, too far from my arms. The next time I had my chance, and ripped him with my knife as neatly as I could. A shark always remembers he's got business somewhere else when he's cut, so off this fellow goes. It is a curious thing, too, that all the sharks about will follow in the blood trail he leaves. I got on my hands and knees, and as he swam off I noticed four dark shadows slip after him. I saw no more that time. They did not like my company."

After a short period of experience in pearl-diving, and next the loss of nearly everything that he possessed, including his diving apparatus, in a great conflagration, Captain Boyton in a sort of desperation took service in the Mexican war, and led an exciting life till, growing tired of the semi-barbarian mode of warfare, he deserted, crossing the Matamoros at midnight in an old tub of a boat, in which he expected every minute to go to the bottom. Arriving at Brownsville, he "fixed himself into hard work" at a dry goods store. Then he wrote home, and, hearing that his father was dead, grew restless again, and "waded away north," through Victoria, San Antonio, Indianola, and by a schooner from Galveston, whence he proceeded through New Orleans, Savanagh, Charleston, and Willington to New York. There he stayed till he had filled his pockets once again, and having set himself up with a diving suit he shipped for Havre, where he found himself at once in the midst of the Franco-German War, heard people shouting "*A bas la Prusse,*" got excited, and with some difficulty induced the authorities to accept him as a franc-tireur. His adventures in the war are well worth the telling, but they have already found their way into print

and I will pass them over. After the war he returned to the States, but presently grew restless again, and turned his face towards Europe with a view to the diamond fields of Africa. At Cape Town, however, he took the fever, and when he recovered, gave up the pursuit of diamonds and for a while followed a sailor's career. Here again I will let him tell his own story :—

“In 1873 I settled down in Philadelphia to a spell of work. Then I went down to Atlantic city, and in a short time got command of the Life Service there. All that snow-season I worked at an invention which I have not brought out yet—‘The Boyton Adjustable Life Line,’ and at my suit. When I was perfecting the latter I used to go up and down the Delaware river in it. I look with the suit on like a geography picture of an Esquimaux catching seals; and as I used to slip into the water to go down with the current everybody would put off in boats to save what they thought was a drowning man. This was powerful inconvenient. It was like a crowd worrying a dog. Ferry boats, tug boats, boats from the navy yard, boats with private people in them, all persisted at first in pelting after me, till I might as well have attempted to swim down the staircase of an hotel.

“In the season of 1874 I again took charge of the Life Service at Atlantic city, and saved over forty lives. The excursionists are such all-fired fools. They rush in by train sometimes two thousand a day by the Camden and Atlantic Railway Company, and then out for a dip without a thought of the currents. Until that season there had always been a powerful heavy loss of life. Young people would trip over the sands in the morning full of life as a cardinal flower of colour, and be brought ashore in the afternoon with all the pink washed out of their dead cheeks. The season lasts from June to September; and for months I had made up my mind to have a long swim in my suit. The papers wrote some spry things about what they called my novel method of committing suicide in an india-rubber duster. The English papers have pretty well dug up all that part of my little life-story. I couldn't drop on the American side, so I took the English and landed at Skibbereen. The rest of my doings I may say are almost public property. The next time I cross the Channel in the Boyton Life-Dress I shall start from Cape Grinez. But I had better pull up sick. I have had a powerful long talk myself, and have cleared out a pretty considerable stock of third vowels.”

My readers will think that Captain Boyton has wasted no time in amassing these experiences of hard and active life in America, Europe, and Africa, when I mention the fact that he is not more than twenty-seven years of age.

THE PEEPSHOW;
OR, THE OLD THEOLOGY AND THE NEW.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

*As thro' the Fair of Vanity I trod,
I heard one calling in the name of God,
And turning I beheld a wan-eyed wight,
Clad in a garment that had once been bright,
Who while a few pale children gathered round
Did plant his faded Peepshow on the ground.
Trembling the children peep'd ; and lingering nigh
E'en thus I heard the spectral Showman cry :—*



NOW first your eye will here descry
How all the world begun :
The earth green-dight, the ocean bright,
The moon, the stars, the sun.
All yet is dark ; but you will mark,
While round this sphere is spun,
A Hand so bare moves here and there,
Whence rays of ruby run.
I pull a string, and everything
Is finish'd bright and new,
Tho' dim as dream all yet doth seem ;
And this, God wot, is true.

Now this, you see, is Eden tree,
In Eden's soil set deep ;
Beneath it lies with closèd eyes
Strong Adam, fast asleep.
All round, the scene is gold and green,
And silver rivers creep ;
Him on the grass the wild beasts pass,
As mild and tame as sheep.
My bell I ring ; I pull a string ;
And on the self-same spot,
From Adam's side God takes his Bride ;
And this is true, God wot.

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There still doth shine the Tree Divine,
 Flush'd with a purple flame,
 And hand in hand our parents stand,
 Naked, but have no shame.
 Now Adam goes to take repose
 While musing sits his Dame ;
 When, over her, the blest boughs stir,
 To show how Satan came.
 A Snake so bright, with horns of light,
 Green leaves he rustles thro',
 Fair Eve descries with wondering eyes ;
 And this, God wot, is true.

Now pray perceive, how over Eve
 The fruits forbidden grow.
 With hissing sound the Snake twines round,
 His eyes like rubies glow.
 " Fair Eve," he says (in those old days
 Snakes spoke) and louteth low,
 " This fruit you see upon the Tree
 Shall make you see and know. . . ."
 My bell I ring ; I pull a string ;
 And on the self-same spot
 Fair Eve doth eat the Fruit so sweet ;
 And this is true, God wot.

A CHILD.

Please, why did He who made the Tree,
 Our Father in the Sky,
 Let it grow there, so sweet and fair,
 To tempt our parents' eye ?

SHOWMAN.

My pretty dear, it is most clear
 He wish'd her strength to try ;
 And therefore went, with wise intent,
 The Serpent swift and sly.
 I pull a string, and there (poor thing)
 Stands Adam, eating too !
 And now, you mark, all groweth dark ;
 And this, God wot, is true.

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Now, you discern a voice so stern
 Cries "Adam, where art *thou*?"
 'Tis God the Lord, by all adored,
 Walks there; and all things bow.
 But with his Bride doth Adam hide
 His guilty, burning brow;
 And of fig-leaves each sinner weaves
 A guilty apron now.
 My bell I ring; I pull a string;
 And from that pleasant spot
 A Sword of Flame drives man and dame;
 And this is true, God wot.

Now wipe the glass. And we will pass
 To quite another scene:
 In a strange land two Altars stand,
 One red, the other green;
 The one of blood right sweet and good,
 The other weeds, I ween!
 And there, full plain, stands frowning Cain,
 And Abel spruce and clean.
 I pull a string; and everything
 Grows dark and sad anew,—
 There Abel lies with dying eyes!
 And this, God wot, is true.

The wicked Cain hath Abel slain
 All with a burning brand;
 And now, sad sight, an Angel bright
 Doth mark him with his hand.

A CHILD.

What specks so red are those that spread
 Behind them as they stand?

SHOWMAN.

The sparks you see the wild eyes be,
 Countless as grains of sand,
 Of all those men who have, since then,
 Shed blood in any land!
 In grief and pain they look at Cain,
 Aghast on that sad spot;
 And all around blood soaks the ground;
 And this is true, God wot.

My bell I ring ; I pull a string :
 Now, Father Noah you mark—
 Sleeping he lies, with heavy eyes,
 All full of wine, and stark.
 But now, behold ! that good man old
 A Voice in dream doth hark ;
 And the Voice cries, " O Noah, arise !
 And build thyself an Ark."
 Again I ring ; and pull a string ;
 And all is water blue,
 Where, floating free, the Ark you see ;
 And this, God wot, is true.

Thus God the Lord, with his great Word,
 Did bid the waters rise,
 To drown and kill all things of ill
 He made beneath the skies.
 The Lord saved none, but Noah alone,
 His kith and kin likewise ;
 Two of each beast, both great and least ;
 Two of each bird that flies.
 My bell I ring ; I pull a string ;
 And on the self-same spot,
 The water sinks, the bright Bow blinks ;
 And this is true, God wot.

O day and night, unto your sight
 Such wonders shown might be ;
 But to conclude this Peepshow good,
 You Heaven and Hell shall see :
 The shining things, with spangled wings,
 Who smile and sing so free ;
 The crew of shame, who in hell-flame
 Complain eternallie !
 My bell I ring ; I pull a string ;
 And you them both may view—
 The blest on high, the curst who cry :—
 And this, God wot, is true.

A CHILD.

How can they bear, who sit up there
 In shining robes so gay,
 From Heaven to peer, without a tear,
 On those who scream and pray ?

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SHOWMAN.

Why, those who burn had, you must learn,
As fair a chance as they—
But Adam's fall doth doom them all
Upon God's judgment day.
I thus conclude with moral good,
Not soon to be forgot ;
And you must own what I have shown
Is dreadful truth, God wot.

A LITTLE BOY.

O look at him, that Showman grim,
A frown is on his cheek :
Come away quick, for I am sick
When'er I hear him speak !

A GIRL.

Along this way, last Holy Day,
In bless'd Whitsun week,
There passed a wight, so sweet and bright
He seemed an Angel meek :
He bare, also, an old Peep-show,
But finer far to view,
And loud cried he " O look and see !
For all, God wot, is true !"

CHILDREN.

And *did* you peep? and did you weep
To see the pictures wild ?

GIRL.

Ah nay, ah nay, I laughed, full gay,
I looked and laughed and smiled !
For I discern'd, with bright face turned
On mine, a little Child ;
And round him, bright burn'd many a light,
And cakes and sweets were piled ;
And scents most rare fill'd all the air
All round the heavenly spot,
While loud and wide that Showman cried—
" This is our Lord, God wot !"

FIRST CHILD.

'Twas Jesus Child ! so good and mild !
He grew on Mary's breast !

GIRL.

Sweet were his eyes, his look was wise,
 And his red lips were blest ;
 I longed, I wis, those lips to kiss,
 And by his side to rest.
 This man's Peepshow is strange, I know,
 But the other was the best !
 Now let us go where daisies blow,
 Sweet ferns, and speedwells blue,
 And Posies make for Christ His sake,
 For He is bright and true !

SHOWMAN (*solus*).

Folk, I'm afraid, are changed ; my trade
 Grows worse each day, I know.
 How they did throng when I was young,
 To see this very Show !
 My rivals pass, and lad and lass
 Follow where'er they go,
 While up and down, from town to town,
 I creep, most sad and slow.
 I too must try some novel cry,
 Lest I be quite forgot :
 These pictures old that I unfold
 Have ceased to please, God wot !

NOTE.—The "Peepshow" is the last of the series of short poems purchased from Mr. Buchanan for publication in this Magazine. Our readers will be glad to hear that we have secured from the same distinguished poet a narrative poem of peculiar pathos, to be commenced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1876, and to be continued until completed in six monthly parts.—*Ed.*

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

BY GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.



DICKENS in early childhood sat at the feet of Tobias Smollett. From the author of "Roderick Random" came to the author of "David Copperfield" the first inspiration of the story-teller. Each of these two men was the most popular fiction writer of his time, and there cannot be a doubt that the artist whose loss from among us we have not yet ceased to mourn gathered something both in style and substance from the novelist whose fictions so delighted his own childhood. It is not then quite wise in us, whose moral and intellectual lives have been largely influenced by Dickens, to pass by wholly unheeded the old master whom the child Dickens studied so intently and to such great purpose.

But for the brilliant genius of Henry Fielding, Smollett must have stood the most important figure among British novelists till the appearance of Sir Walter Scott. In depicting certain aspects of human nature, the author of "Roderick Random" is the chief of humourists; but when we weigh his talent generally against that of his rival, the gold is not quite so pure and genuine. There was an admixture of simulation in him which was absent from Fielding, and is indeed absent from all really lofty and creative minds. To Smollett it was necessary that he should have a predecessor; Fielding, on the contrary, was spontaneous and original, and the founder of a race. He made successors, but was himself no man's successor. The third novelist of the same illustrious age, Samuel Richardson, had little in common with either, nor did he reach to their height. He was less able than they to assimilate the lessons of humanity, or to reproduce individual character.

Smollett, however much we may dislike his method, is remarkably truthful in his delineations. His pictures of rollicking sailors are as realistic as the works of Hogarth, with whose genius his own had some affinity. Unless expurgated, he is scarcely a fit subject for illustrative readings in the drawing-room, but then the same may be said to a large extent of almost every other prominent literary man of his own or any preceding era. We condone his offences against purity because of his great gifts. Smollett's most important work is

indubitably "Roderick Random." It exhibits in the strongest degree all the qualities which rendered him famous. Here we meet with, in all their fullness, the uproarious mirthfulness and the broad farce which are never wholly absent from any of his conceptions in fiction. His characters are not overdrawn, as some are in the habit of thinking. Le Sage was the writer most frequently in his thoughts, and the touches of realism to be met with throughout the work are almost unique.

Smollett has not made the friendless orphan the paragon of virtue which he would inevitably have been in the hands of most novelists. He presents him to us "with all his imperfections on his head," a faithful picture of what life would be under the disadvantageous circumstances of Roderick's history. The evolution of the story affords the author that opportunity for reproving the baseness and the hollowness of men for which he was so well fitted, and the various situations of life are painted with admirable vigour and local colouring. The name of Bowling alone has passed into a synonym for all that is honest and manly in the sailor, and the character of the Lieutenant remains still unmatched by any similar creation. To the essentially comic characters of the novel almost the same high praise must be awarded. While doubtless written with a view to the promotion of good morals, it is not to be supposed that Smollett intends to hold up Roderick Random as an individual character worthy of imitation. Like Fielding, this other master of fiction did not assume at any time to draw perfect characters. The simpering perfections of the ordinary heroes of fiction would have been abhorrent to him, utterly devoid of resemblance to the people of real life. As he conceives the novelist's duty, it stands upon higher ground than the mere cutting out of faultless, paste-board men, in which neither art nor truth is required.

Besides its excellence in striking and bold portraiture, "Roderick Random" is distinguished for the simplicity and ease of its narrative. Although the writing is not so exquisite as that to be found in the pages of Fielding, it yet varies on occasion from the intensely humorous to the genuinely pathetic. I do not attempt to conceal the disappointment which we must all feel that Smollett has made his heroes generally of so coarse a texture. They have in them—or at least many of them strike us in this manner—a good deal of grossness which cannot be excused, and are frequently overbearing, swaggering, and offensive in their manners. Roderick Random, for instance, deserved the severest physical castigation, at certain stages of his career, and so did Peregrine Pickle.

The author's genius has been not inaptly compared to that of Rubens. In both we get richness of colouring, though the two artists are frequently vulgar in idea, and exhibit an overcharged animalism in their pictures. I must protest, nevertheless, against the judgment that Smollett, "being mediocre, chalks out the figures tamely, prosaically, without transforming them by the illumination of genius." This exhibits a very deficient grasp of the novelist's talent. His manners may be vulgar, but his genius is undeniable.

Can any one who has studied "Peregrine Pickle" affirm for a moment that the figures which are prominent in that novel are sketched prosaically? Surely if there is one feeling uppermost after reading this work, it is that it is lightened and illumined by the power of real genius! Sir Walter Scott said of it:—" 'Peregrine Pickle' is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than 'Roderick Random.' " And with this verdict the bulk of mankind will agree. The interest in the novel never flags between the two covers; and it was a totally new attempt in fiction. The idea of these Adventures has been considerably worked upon in our own day. Smollett worked out this fiction with much more than his usual elaboration. "Roderick Random" has a greater air of spontaneity, but "Peregrine Pickle" is more polished, even while it is as uproariously mirthful. It is doubtful whether the sale of the latter during its author's lifetime would have borne comparison with that of the former novel but for one adventitious circumstance. Embedded in the story are certain "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," which have no connection whatever with the novel itself. These memoirs were founded on fact, and contain the history of Lady Vane, a contemporary of Smollett's, who was celebrated for her beauty and her intrigues. So far from blushing at the revelation of her own life, or feeling herself degraded by the scandal attaching thereto, it is affirmed that she rewarded the novelist handsomely for incorporating the disclosures in his work. Exhibiting an astounding taste for celebrity, she even furnished the materials herself for the story. The town speedily rang with the history of Lady Vane, and the consequence was a great popular demand for the novel.

There is genuine comedy in this fiction from beginning to end. It teems with humorous situations; and although Trunnion and Hatchway may be considered by many to be stamped with exaggeration, the interest we take in their fortunes is intense and real. We get, too, in "Peregrine Pickle" Smollett's best attempt at a heroine,

in the person of Emilia. His previous story was utterly unsatisfactory in this respect, women being apparently dragged in because the *dramatis personæ* would not be complete without them. Emilia is not perfect, and entangles herself on one occasion in a manner which should have been avoided; but she is still pure, and displays admirable heroism and endurance. In Smollett's time people used plain language on particular subjects, and women were familiarised with vice in a way that has now gone out of date. When all this is remembered we must do Smollett the justice of admitting that in his novel he really appears to be striving after what is good and noble. If he reproduces the follies and the vices of his time he nowhere hints that he desires to be the laureate of these things. Side by side with his powerful indignation against hypocrisy, pride, and cruelty, is also apparent a reverence for a high morality and a desire to lead men into the ways of virtue. Of Pipes, one of the leading characters, it is worth recording that Edmund Burke was wondrously delighted with him, and thought him the most humorous and highly finished character that ever was invented. The whole narrative hangs well together, the various incidents are excellently told, and the reconciliation between the two lovers is well led up to.

Cumberland the dramatist very happily touched off the literary character of Smollett in his allegorical representation of him, together with Fielding and Richardson. He observed that "there was a third, somewhat posterior in time, not in talent, who was indeed a rough driver, and rather too severe to his cattle; but in faith he carried us at a merry pace over land or sea: nothing came amiss to him, for he was up to both elements, and a match for nature in every shape, character, and degree. He was not very courteous, it must be owned, for he had a capacity for higher things, and was above his business; he wanted only a little more suavity and discretion to have figured with the best."

"Count Fathom" is an extraordinary revelation of villainy, as remarkable indeed for its portraiture of vice in the upper classes as "Jonathan Wild" is in the lower. Smollett himself apprehended that he might be attacked for this singular work, and makes a long prefatory explanation in consequence. He declares his purpose to be to set up the Count "as a beacon for the benefit of the inexperienced and unwary, who, from the perusal of these memoirs, may learn to avoid the manifold snares with which they are continually surrounded in the paths of life, while those who hesitate on the brink of iniquity may be terrified from plunging into that

irremediable gulf by surveying the deplorable fate of Ferdinand, Count Fathom." Certainly, if anything is to be gained of a deterrent nature from the contemplation of vice, it ought to be gathered here; for I do not bear in memory a single narrative so surcharged with it. The virtuous character raised up in opposition to the Count, to give a certain relief to the story (as the novelist informs us), is a mere puppet without life as compared with the human fiend who furnishes the title of the novel, and though at the close the author makes virtue triumphant, the strongest and most indelible realism is thrown round the character of the villain. This, of course, only proves the power of the narrator's art. Altogether the work is not a pleasant one, but it is not without its uses, and offers a very distinctive moral.

Perhaps Smollett's best work for natural movement was his "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker." The probabilities are not outraged in this narrative, which deals with the ordinary events of every-day life in a simple and forcible manner. The situations are never unduly forced, nor are the characters lifted out of the common run. It was an attempt in quite a new direction, and it has since been extensively imitated, notably by a popular author of fiction now living, who has written one story closely upon its lines. Humour and observation are as rich and striking as in any of his novels, and he writes with all his old freshness and freedom, even after he has suffered misfortune, and his life has been embittered with affliction. Matthew Bramble is an original character who divides our esteem and our humorous condolence; whilst Tabitha is even a more singular character still for her forcible delineation. Humphrey Clinker himself is not so remarkable a creation as many others in the *Adventures*, but he serves admirably as a centre round which the other characters revolve. The letters are capital reading, and afford many truthful pictures of scenery and observations upon manners. Manifestly it was not the author's intention to depend upon plot for the success of his work. Of story there is little or none; but of portraiture of real life there is abundance. Dr. Moore, the best of the novelist's biographers, says of "Humphrey Clinker," with much justice:—"From the assemblies of high life Dr. Smollett thought that humour was banished by ceremony, affectation, and cards; that nature being castigated almost to still life, mirth never appeared but in an insipid grin. His extreme fondness for humour, therefore, led him to seek it where it was to be found, namely, in the inferior societies of life, which in spite of the acuteness with which he seized and

described it, has exposed him to the censure of the fastidious. Dr. Smollett seems, when he wrote 'Humphrey Clinker,' to have been conscious of the discontent and fretfulness that appear in his letters from France and Italy; and to have had a just notion of his own character. Neither Le Sage nor Fielding, had they been intimately acquainted with him, could have drawn it more truly nor with more humour than it appears in the letters of Matthew Bramble."

There are passages in the book which a man of more refined mind would have omitted. Smollett, with his splendid capacity for humour, seems never to have been content unless he reproduced with the wit or the sarcasm the coarse jest and the objectionable gesture with which the characters themselves would have embellished their deeds and speech in actual life. It is here, I think, that he has a little overstepped the boundary even of license, and committed the unpardonable sin. He behaves in a more unseemly manner than the other humorous novelists of the age; and however much we may be disposed to forgive him for the sake of his wonderful genius, it is impossible to help feeling a little angry at his too literal a rendering of the grossness of character. That "Humphrey Clinker" displays some amount of peevishness is a charge which should cause us but little surprise. A disappointed man is in the habit of occasionally venting his spleen upon the world through the best medium that is open to him; and Smollett would have been more than human if, with his power of pen, he had always neglected the opportunity of castigating his species.

"Sir Launcelot Greaves" is a book to please the few, but not likely to retain much hold upon people generally. Yet, it presents us with several most natural scenes, and the character of the chivalrous young knight is, notwithstanding the author's disclaimer, suggested, I think, by the writings of the immortal Cervantes. This style of composition has gone completely out of vogue now, and I am not aware that in inferior cases—that is, the cases of authors who are not conspicuous for original talent—it would ever be a style that could be justified. The profit to be derived from works of this stamp would be very small, and even in the hands of a master we can only tolerate the burlesque for the excellence of the wit. Extravagance of conception is not a very difficult thing to accomplish; the real power of genius consists in investing the ordinary with the highest amount of interest possible.

The happiest excursion of Smollett into the realms of mock history is to be found in his "Adventures of an Atom." It is full of extravagance, wit, and learning. The singular groundwork

of the romance is the endowment of an atom, by supposed transmigration, with reason and speech. This speaks through one Mr. Nathaniel Peacock, and causes him to write down exactly what it dictates respecting past history. There are numerous satirical touches upon prominent Whig politicians, and very strange digressions upon all kinds of topics, in which the author casually shows the depth of his erudition. Many of the allusions are beyond the apprehension of the reader simply from lapse of time; but the romance is worth perusal as showing the fruitfulness and versatility of the author's mind. The work is a curiosity.

Concerning Smollett's Letters from Abroad much need not be said. They are far from being without glimpses of the man in his best style, and they light up objects and places to the untravelled man with many vivid touches and references; but they occupy small ground towards forming an estimate of the value of the novelist's intellectual labours.

Critics have greatly differed as to Smollett's merits as a poet. Some perceive in him only the ordinary versifier, while others see in what he has done the germ of a talent which might have been developed to an extraordinary degree. The truth lies between the two extremes, and is a good way removed from either. Smollett certainly did not write doggerel; his faculty for apprehending the ludicrous aspect of things would have led him to eschew the muse altogether rather than do that; but then, on the other hand, he was not sufficiently musical or imaginative ever to become the lofty and impassioned poet. His power in tragedy was inferior to any other literary faculty he possessed, but in his odes there is some really fine and spirited work. One commentator remarks on this head:—
“His ‘Ode to Independence’ is the greatest effort of his genius, and rivals in spirit and sublimity, in strength of conception and beauty of colouring, the sublime odes of Dryden, Collins, and Gray, the great masters of the British lyre.” It is just this kind of wholesale eulogy which succeeds in placing an author in a false position. To say deliberately that Smollett equals Dryden in the writing of odes is to show a total want of discrimination and critical capacity. A man may be a very fine poet without attaining to that height; and Smollett has unquestionably written many noble strains. Take the opening, for instance, of the “Ode to Independence” just cited—

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 In mortal liberty, whose look sublime
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime,
 What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
 With frantic Superstition for his Guide,
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
 The sons of Woden to the field defied :
 The ruthless bag, by Weser's flood,
 In heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow ;
 And red the stream began to flow
 The vanquish'd were baptis'd with blood '

The Ode retains its excellence and force to the end, and is in every respect successful. It appears to be just one of those happy efforts which come to men but once in their lives, when they are almost astonished with themselves at the results they achieve. To "The Tears of Scotland," which is full of pathos, it is impossible to do justice by the mere quotation of a stanza, but in considering Smollett as a poet, here is one song which proves his command over another style of verse. It has elements of grace and delicacy.—

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
 To combat April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the Fowler's artful snare.
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser, too, in love ;
 Its joys she'll neither share nor prove,
 Though hundreds of gallants await
 From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
 I sometimes strive to break her chain :
 My reason summon to my aid,
 Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah ! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
 Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;
 She need but look, and I confess
 Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
 Sure something more than human's there ;
 I must submit, for strife is vain,
 'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

The miseries and misfortunes of literary men have formed a frequent topic of reflection in the world's history, and Smollett adds one more name to the long roll of the unfortunate. Never reduced to the terrible depths of deprivation which marked the career of a Savage or a Chatterton, yet he had his own peculiar trials and difficulties to encounter. Isaac Disraeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," says :—"Of most authors by profession, Who has displayed a more fruitful genius, and exercised more intense industry, with a loftier sense of his independence, than Smollett? But look into his life, and enter into his feelings, and we shall be shocked at the disparity of his situation with the genius of the man. His life was a succession of struggles, vexations, and disappointments—yet of success in his writings. Smollett, who is a great poet though he has written little in verse, and whose rich genius had composed the most original pictures of human life, was compelled by his wants to debase his name by selling his 'Voyages and Travels,' which he could never have read. When he had worn himself down in the service of the public, or the booksellers, there remained not of all his slender remunerations, in the last stage of life, sufficient to convey him to a cheap country and a restorative air on the Continent." This is the old story of humanity from the blind and sublime vagrant Homer downwards. Earthly rewards are extended with a niggard's hand to the illustrious in literature. But Smollett, one of the few creators of types, and brother to the select band of the highest humourists, need not be ashamed of the company which he keeps. Nor was it without salutary effect, probably, upon his own nature that he passed through troubled depths. The purest song, and song which has risen to its grandest height, has alas! with much of the living prose of this mighty language, been too often the outcome of suffering, deprivation, or persecution. England herein is a sister of other nations. Yet, what matters it now that Camoens died of want and that even Cervantes suffered hunger? Their reward is assured. Kings and peoples usually reserve their acclamations and laurels for the warrior; but posterity crowns the author. The distribution remains not unequal for ever. The man who has generated thought, and who has scaled the lofty heights of genius, looks down through the ages and beholds his fame increasing with the passing of the years—for the fiat has gone forth that the offspring of the mind is immortal, and that he who has touched the intellect and the soul into activity at any stage of the world's history is the real prince and leader among men.

AL LYN SAHIB.


BY FRANK PERCIVAL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII.

Right cruel is thy bent,
If, hearing this, no horror o'er thee creep,
If, guessing what I now began to dread,
Thou weepest not, wherefore art thou wont to weep?

ROSCON'S *Dante*.

OMPULLED by Felice to eat and drink of the best, Alyn's strength returned as if by magic. And though reluctant himself to broach the subject, he more than once found occupation in speculating on the possibility of this Italian being in possession of some secret of his family history. It was certainly a curious fact that he should know his old Granny's name, which was anything but a common one. And so one day Alyn dashed into the subject by saying -

"You have quite got rid of that idea of yours, Pagliardini, about likenesses, relationships, and all that bosh?"

"Got rid of it, signor! E come? But it offends you, and I am silent. Veramente, it is better so."

"Better or worse, it's too late now to hush me like a child. As long ago as I remember I have tried to learn something of my father and mother, so if you really know anything, Pagliardini, out with it."

"It is a long story, signor, and a very sad one, oh! the very saddest that ever was told! You had better not hear it."

"A likely story that, now. I tell you I mean to hear it. And you need be under no apprehension of wounding my feelings, for I have none: they are dead—dead utterly. Whether it is indignation, shame, or pity your 'sad' tale is calculated to call forth, you will not get it from me, I promise you. Now hand me my pipe and begin."

"I will go get some more tobacco."

“It is primed. One pipe will do it, I suppose?”

“No, signor, nor two. I will fetch your pouch.”

“Good. Now we start fair. I smoke till you have done, and then off to bed. Hold. There we go on a sand bank. Ah, that crunching sound! Do you want to drive me mad, that you keep staring at me? Talk, man, talk: you were going to tell me a tale. What was it about? Why don't you begin?”

“Senti, signor. It will make you very sorry; you *must* not hear it.”

“Sorry! Then tell it me quick. This tempest in my heart were well brought down to the tame thing called sorrow.”

“Ebbene, signor. Let me first give you a light, and then—ehi! ehi! I was eighteen, then, when I went to live with an English milor in my native town of Pisa. Gran tempo fa, signor, but you must let me begin at the beginning. I had not been with him a year when he went to Greece, with Prince Mavrocordato. If only he had never gone, what a different future for him and for the povera signora! I then took another service; but left it at the end of four years, to be with my poor mother—good soul—who was dying of the fever and nobody with her. After she died, and I was coming out of the church of San Stefano, I came all at once, a quattr'occhi, upon my first milor. I should have passed him by, for he was altered every bit as if I had never seen him. He had, he said, been shut up for a long while in the fortress of Roumelia, and half starved. But I looked just as always, he said. And what service was I in? And when I told him only my own, he said if I did not make difficulty about going to England he would like me to go back again to him. So I went, and he was living in much gaiety, with a crowd of English milors. Milor Byron and Signor Trelawney, I have right to remember them. There was il Conte Gamba, who for ever was making him get into some scrape. It was he who took milor and some others up to a convent in the hills to see a nun take the veil. Milor came back and told me he was going to write a letter, and I must take it and find a way for it to *her* hands; he had seen, he said, among the novices the most beautiful face that had ever been created, and he should never rest again a minute till she had promised to let him see her again. Only that, he said, when I tried to make him not think of it. And he got so angry that I went. Ah, better if it had been to the bottom of the Arno, if my destruction would have saved her, the poor signorina.

“I talked to every one I met. I sat down by the roadside, trying to believe I was tired. I hoped it had been yet a mile off, when the

old grey walls came full in sight at the turn of the road. I sat down on a stone, and considered what to do. Then I got up and went full up to the gate. But it was no use, no one was going in or coming out. And I felt very glad I could not do my errand.

"But it would not do to get back too soon, so I sat down by the gate and waited, thinking that way to satisfy my conscience. And by-and-by there came the sound of singing ah! such sweet singing, fit for angels to hear. And there was one voice, I thought it must be hers, sweeter and more heavenly than all the rest, praying in holy song for Jesu's love, while I, a messenger from the tempter, lay in wait for an opportunity to bring her heart to listen to earthly love.

"And before the choir had ceased I had taken a holy vow that I would never do my errand.

"And now I made haste back, and told *milor, povero milor* if only he could have foreseen it all then—of the big high walls, and the spikes along the top, and the door all barred and bolted.

"And he called me names, and asked me if I expected it open like the Casino. And the next day he sent me again. And for a whole week I lived more outside those convent walls than in the palazzo on the Lung Arno. I had hoped he would get tired, or some new thing would stop him thinking of it; but no, it was the doing of the wicked one to ruin two souls he knew he could never get any other way. At last he went off by himself. I believe he got to suspect me.

"I sat up for him all that night, but he never came, nor the next day and another night.

"And in the morning, as soon as the sun was up, I went along the road hoping to meet him. I could not stay in the house any longer. And oh! the joy of seeing him. I forgot everything so that he was safe. But he dashed past me without a word, and when I reached the palazzo orders had been left for me that I should not go to his apartments till he sent for me.

"That was not a trouble, for I said to myself if he had not failed to see her he would be in a better temper.

"And truly she had refused to take the letter that he had got Giacomo, the convent gardener, who lived quite close, to give to her. But the next day he sent for me and demanded whether I intended obedience in his service or to go. And when I promised obedience he told me where lived the old man Giacomo Barberi, and he gave me a letter to give to him addressed to 'Sister Agatha.'

“So I went to the priest, and for five Paternosters and three Ave Marias got full indulgence to break my vow. For I thought if milor sends me away, somebody will still be found, and after all it is not so much to take a billet to a novice as to a nun. But the signora would have nothing to do at all with him, although she acknowledged to seeing him at the dedication. She could not but see him truly, for he was handsome indeed.

“So when milor found that billets were no use, he got old Giacomo, who would have set light to all the convent for twenty scudi, to let him in by a doorway that was always fastened up since a poor nun had ended her life in the myrtle grove close by it, and then to go and tell the Sister Agatha he had found a poor little white dove that was bleeding, and would she come and tend it.

“And when she ran quick to the gloomy arbour there was no little dove, but only milor. And how could she help but listen to him? The next night, and the next night, Giacomo let him in, having oiled the rusty locks and bolts, and there was no fear of the nuns going there at dark, for they would not go in the sunlight.

“But try all he would, milor could not get her to come away, till one day it happened that milor, along with Count Gamba, Milor Byron, Signor Trelawney, and some more were out riding, and a mounted dragoon rudely jostled milor’s horse, and was insolent so that Milor Byron said ‘That man must be brought to an account.’ Upon that, all the party turned and galloped after the dragoon into Pisa. The guard at the gate turned out with drawn swords, but could not stop them. And as some of the servants of Milor Byron and Count Gamba were taking the air on the steps of his palace, they saw the pursuit, and one of them with a stable-fork rushed at the dragoon and wounded him in the side.

“It was not much harm, and he soon got well, but a report got about, and soon reached the convent, that there had been a disturbance of peasants, headed by Englishmen, and that in the combat with the guard Signor Trelawney was killed and Milor Byron mortally wounded.

“Now the misadventure of all this was that Giacomo had told la novizia Agatha that her lover was Lord Byron. What would you? They were both handsome as the Apollo of the Vatican, each had his palazzo on the Lung Arno, and the billets, that the old man was sure to open, were always signed N. B., a signature known to all Pisa as Milor Byron’s.

“Hearing this, the poor Agatha was much afflicted. Sento, signor, she was gentile as possible, a lovely child innocent as a baby of

all the diavolerie acted in the world. Besides, it is no sin to love in Italy—not her laws, or religion, or customs teach it so. And when the next evening, as she sat weeping beneath the myrtle trees where he had last stood, milor pushed the branches aside, and limping beside her folded her with his one arm—the other was in a sling—in an embrace; ah, words fail me, signor, to go on. In a delirium of joy, she had no strength to resist; and milor, carrying her as well as he was able, and assisted by Giacomo, who was always stationed to keep watch, and if any one approached to make excuse to lead them away in another direction, placed her in his calèche, and brought her to the Lung Arno.

“Ah, the stars glimmered cold and the wind sighed as I opened the doors, and in obedience to my promise to milor, assisted to bring her in. Then all late as it was, I was sent to find a priest, and as ill-luck would have it, on the Ponte del Mezzo I met Father Guiseppe, the same who had absolved me from my vow; and returning with him to the palazzo I was witness to the ceremony. Before it was hardly over milor got much frightened, and told me to arrange to set off instantly to Leghorn. From there we took a boat to Genoa, and hasted on road for Milan, intending to go quick to Paris and afterwards to England.

“But at the Croce di Malta, where it was thought better to go than to the Albergo Reale, or Hotel de Ville, the knell was tolled that was to put to flight all our happiness. Milor was talking about the passports, and miladi, who was sipping un boccone of chocolate, laughed merrily: ahi, but it was the last time—and said—‘Go away, Agatha, back to your convent, wicked novice that you were to leave it.’ And making as if to blow a candle out, she said—‘There, go quick, and joy go with you. Now, carissimo mio, call me Egla. Is it not as pretty?’

“Truly the joy had not stayed to be sent twice. Milor could say no word at all, but only stand and regard her fixedly. And he was in a stupore, as her features made themselves remembered to him.

“But such a thing could not be, he said to himself, and sat down, and asked her how she came to have a name like that, and to tell him about her home and her people. And he raised a book that lay on the table, and opened it, to hide la miseria on his face.

“Ohime; the words she spoke made his heart grieve.

“Her father, she said, had been seized suddenly ill, and had died in three days, leaving her all alone in Italy, with only her maid that had come with her from England. The priests always stayed

with her father, and would not let her see him. And after he was dead, they told her he had turned true Catholic, and desired her to go into a convent, or if she did not like that, to go to the convent of the Sacré Cœur for a year to finish her education.

“The same evening La Madre Superiore came herself in a carriage to fetch her, and when she refused to go without her maid, she let the maid go too. La signora had just written a letter to her aunt in England to come and fetch her at once, and seeing it, la madre put it in her pocket to post.

“She had not been long at the convent when she was sent for one morning into the parlour, and la madre told her her maid Margarita had been taken ill of the fever in the night, and was gone to the hospital on Monte Lupo. And when la signora desired to go and see her, they said she would take the fever, and would not let her.

“Then she wrote again to England, and to her brother at Athens, and to the English Consul, but although il vicario himself said he would see the letters sent right, the poor child—she had only fifteen years—never got one word of answer nor any one to come for her. And only that they tormented her to turn true Cattolica and be a nun, she would not care so much. Her brother, she knew, would see after her when he came away from the wars.

“And then he would find Margarita, and they would all go home to England, and never want to leave it again.

“Milor looked like a spectre when he went from the room. I said to myself, What ails him to be ill?

“That night he went right out into the marshes beyond la Porta Romana, and returned not back till late next day.

“And all the time the poor signora wept much not to know what it was about. She had great fear his thought was that it was only to get out of the convent that she had married him. And an infant could see how she loved him.

“At last he came in so changed, more than in all the years he had been in Greece, and he only stayed a few instants with miladi, but went away and had a little dark room looking into the courtyard. He would, he said, tell miladi what made him to be out next day.

“But it was not next day, nor for many next days, not till the poor signorina had worn herself pale with grief at his strange way, that at last he was obliged to say something. Poor milor, he wanted to save her mind knowing it, and thought better than that it would be to go to a convent. Ah, if only she had been Cattolica.

and let me fetch a priest to confess her!—Ah, your pipe is not alight, signor!”

“Hang the pipe. Go on, will you?”

“Well, milor told her they had been married in a mistake and it was no marriage; because he was not Lord Byron as she had believed; and how to do he did not know unless she went again to a convent.

“If milor had had his right mind he would know that would kill her, and when she was so in anger with him his love for her made him quite ungovernable, and in agony he said—

“‘Egla, my adored Egla. Oh! spare me not. Heap curses on my head—on the head of your wretched brother Norman. Yet who could have foreseen this? Oh! accursed be their machinations who have brought about this misery.’

“Deh, that was a time of desolazione. Miladi lay like dead, and milor was no better than a lunatico.

“Dr. Cappelli nearly lived at the hotel, and fra poco said it would be better to go to the Lake Como. Così I made demand about it, and found a villa in a quiet part near to Blevio. Not ever seeing it, milor told me to arrange for it if it would make convenient for plenty of apartamenti.

“And as soon as it was ready, with domestics we went, and how the winter was passed matters not to the story. But when the chestnut trees built up their towers to heaven, miladi got more ill, and I went to Milan for Dr. Cappelli, and as soon as he came he asked for miladi’s husband; and when he was told, as the domestics all thought was true, that he was on his travels, he asked for milor. Ohime, it seemed we had not known unhappiness till that time.

“At night and at day milor wandered on the mountains and in the pine forests, or would throw himself in a boat on the lake and not mind what it did or where it would take him.

“Often I said to myself: ‘We shall never see milor again as living man,’ and only that miladi should not be alone he would, without doubt, have rid himself of life.

“And then the time arrived I got orders to warn the servants and prepare for England, and it is a marvel how miladi lived that night of arriving there. That steward had begun to make of it a day of rejoicing.

“Well, September had come when milor went for a doctor and nurse that he knew. And all things were kept retired in the west wing; and not a soul in the house but me knew that when my lady’s maid, as she was called, went back home two little boy-

babies went with her. And that, signor, was the very year you say you were born, and the good nurse's name was Jessy, or if you will, Jessica, Glenelg."

"A coincidence, my friend—nothing more. But a sad tale—the very saddest, as you say, I ever heard; and you seem to have come faithfully out of it too. Do they still live?"

"How? milor, and me here in India! Poor milor, he was killed that night returning to take Jessy home. A great storm frightened the horses, so little they went out, and never at night. And miladi, when she was told, fainted away, and never spoke another word in her right mind, and not long after died."

"There is a great commotion, like anchoring. Allahabad, I suppose," said Alyn. "Buona notte, Pagliardini—is not that it? Don't dream your tale over again. But none of this ill-fated parentage for me. I cannot argue with you now. But Granny is my own Granny, every inch of her, and in my veins runs honest peasant blood. Once more, good night."

And Alyn was in a manner right without knowing it, at least in his energetic protest; and Felice's fevered story, albeit he knew it not, was happily as baseless as the airy fabric of a dream.

CHAPTER IX.

In a hollow land,
From which old fires have broken, men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin.

TENNYSON.

AT Calcutta, as he passed through, Alyn made every inquiry as to the fate of Captain Bagot, the result being that in all human probability the gallant officer had fallen one of the earliest victims of the Mutiny.

Felice's story kept up a seething torment in the chambers of Alyn's brain, and when, soon after midnight, he stepped on board the *Heracitus*, bound for Southampton, it was with a feeling that all life was utter weariness.

On reaching Wales, Jessy's cottage, like the floating island on Derwentwater, was difficult to find, the good old lady having more than once of late been compelled to beat a retreat before the persevering enemy of her peace, her profligate son. But at length Felice, on knocking at a door to make further inquiry, at the first glance recognised the object of their search; thus materially confirming the valet's romantic story.

But with none the less warmth of affection did Alyn greet his good

old Granny, who felt herself scandalised at being embraced by this big bearded foreigner, and could with difficulty be brought to credit his assertion that he was her own boy Alyn, come back all the way from the Indies.

Presently Granny was observed to scan with curious eagerness the stranger's olive-tinted features. Fitful gleams of the far-past battle illumined the brain of the old war-horse, and it soon became clear to her when and where those soft low tones had been her law.

Still stronger confirmation was this to Alyn of Felice's weird like, but most fallacious history, and our hero, excited beyond endurance, demanded if the story were true.

The day had clearly gone by for Jessy to evade his impetuous questioning by setting the chimney on fire, giving the view-halloo to a passing sail, or appealing to his affection for herself, so there was nothing for it but to give a reluctant assent to certain facts known to her, and to refer him to Felice for the rest.

Alyn hugged the unhappy delusion to his breast, displacing therefrom all pleasanter occupants, and unable to endure the haunting presence within the cottage, he carried it out into the cool night air, and confronted it beneath the stars.

Presently it seemed as if in its bitterest anguish descended upon him the spirit of his father as on that weird night when roaming bare-headed among the Apennines he had called upon the rocks to cover him. Now, up and down the mountains, over chasm and cataract, he sought to escape from the terrible feeling which, persistently clinging to him, mingled with the deathless imagination born on the brink of the Cawnpore well, till he was driven to the verge of madness.

Near upon noon next day he found himself gazing vacantly at the entrance of his old-loved haunt, Yr Ogo. But giant throes had, since those early days, convulsed old Pen and filled up its interstices with shattered *débris*.

Towards evening the tyrant hunger began to assert its claims and cravings, so, groping for blackberries beneath the dim light of a crescent moon, he endeavoured to appease the impatient despot, winding up eventually with turnips *au naturel*, and quenching his thirst at a rill of sparkling water.

After more wanderings, through stony pass and mossy glen, he followed up an impulse which had taken possession of him to see his brother Owen.

Setting his face towards Llandudno, where for many years past his brother had lived, he soon found himself, to his great dismay, in

assorted contact with a number of well-dressed people, and it was only when he perceived that most of them had Prayer-books in their hands that the recollection flashed upon him that possibly it might be Sunday. As Wednesday had been the date of his Hegira from Jessy's cottage, it was not much to be wondered at that the eyes of these daintily-attired persons rested with no pleasing expression on the unkempt, squalid-looking wanderer.

He was about to make inquiry for his brother's house when a door not far from him was opened, and a person came out whom he immediately recognised as the identical Sally Hughes of olden times.

Still it occurred to him after a while that it was not a little remarkable that she should have grown younger, prettier, and almost lady-like, until at last a faint glimmer that it might be his niece instead of his sister-in-law crept slowly into his bewildered brain.

Stopping to speak to her, and by no means forgetting to lift his hat, he had the satisfaction of seeing the young lady sweep scornfully past him and run up the steps of the chapel.

A new sensation was this for "Al Lyn Sahib," and one for which he had not bargained.

If this were the daughter's welcome, what would the mother's be, who, it was well known, entertained no great predilections in his favour, on account of his early opposition to his brother's marriage?

He would take a turn on the beach and consider the matter, and perhaps he might fall in with Owen, apart from his household divinities.

But though he lingered till daylight fell, seating himself eventually on the edge of a boat bearing the old well-remembered name of "*Prydwen*. Owen Glenelg, boatman," no living soul came near him. It seemed to him, on the contrary, that one and all instinctively avoided him, and in a bitter mood he breathed a vow to Heaven that never again would he cross the threshold of a human habitation.

He would hold life sacred; but while it lasted his food should be that of the birds of the air, and his resting-place the refuge of the fox and the wild goat.

CHAPTER X.

I'd rather walk
With thee through shower, than with another man
Through all the summer sunshine.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

FELICE was no Alpine climber, and, notwithstanding his anxiety about his master-protégé, he found it no easy matter traversing these Welsh ranges day after day in search of him.

In vain he questioned every passing village hamlet, farm, or shepherd's hut.

So sedulously had Alyn avoided the poor fellow-creatures, that in one instance only did he obtain any intelligence, and as this tendered him, Alyn had returned homeward, the Italian steps.

But Granny's bent figure leaning forward with her eyes undeceived him; and though he sought to cheer the creature with hopes, a tide of misgivings checked the current of his speech. Footsore, he again started forth on the morrow, and bid her he told her he would return no more until he saw him.

At the end of a week, finding himself as far from his goal as at the first, the indefatigable man made a journey into Derbyshire in the interest the present Lord Beauchief in Alyn's

The result of this expedition was as astounding; and with even more vigour than before he sought for the missing Alyn, repeating to himself many an Italian equivalent for "Oh, the pity of it, Iago!" His joy his news would impart to his master-protégé had disclosed to him the extraordinary fact that the present Lord Beauchief, was but the adopted son of the late Lord Beauchief, who had sought to remove the stigma—as he felt it—of a crime which three generations had attached itself to the name of Beauchief, that no son was ever born to them—had eventuated in the death not only of the late Lord, but of his heir, but of his only and much-loved daughter.

Failing in his search, Felice at length, at length, had recourse to Owen Glenelg, who had up to this time been the painful impression that his brother had been the victim of a massacre.

Owen, therefore, could offer no clue to his search, but in the course of conversation in the evening he happened to speak of Alyn's huge beard and bronzed face, and his meeting with his old Granny, upon which she looked up from her work and asked him about his general appearance, and then told him the name of the individual answering that description had one she had known to her as she was hurrying along late for

grace enough to blush when she was compelled to acknowledge that she had not stopped to listen to him.

As, on comparing notes, this meeting was proved to have taken place on the Sunday after Alyn's abrupt departure from Granny's cottage, Felice entertained little doubt that this was the fugitive, and that possibly it might have been in consequence of his niece's manner that his susceptible nature had shrunk from presenting himself at his brother's house.

Three weeks had now elapsed since that Sunday evening; but Felice was not yet daunted in his quest, and the result of much inquiry in the neighbourhood elicited the information that this same strange-looking figure had been observed wandering among the rocks at the foot of the Orme's Head.

Therefore the Italian set himself to watch for Alyn's appearance, with an assiduity that grudged the time for needful food and rest. At early morning, at dusk, and late at night he haunted the desert-places of "the Head," like a man intent upon suicide; often for hours together remaining wedged between a couple of boulders that screened him from view, while the streak of space between afforded him a wide field for observation.

Returning one day from his search in a weary and desponding mood, the fall of a piece of dry furze-bush caused him to look up and scrutinise the face of the acclivitous rock, where presently he perceived a noteworthy gap, which he was not satisfied to pass by without further investigation, seeing that the piece of furze-bush had no right to have come from there in the natural course of things. So, scrambling on to the narrow ledge of rock that led up to the mystery, he gazed in upon a neat little cave, swept, if not garnished, and containing traces of a recent fire, as well as in an accommodating cavity a jar of water and other vestiges of primitive feasting.

Could this indeed be the haunt of the wild man, as the Llan-dudnonians ungraciously styled him? And had Felice's old doting fancies and foolish magpie tongue brought the son of his beloved mistress to such a pass as this? Surely not, he said to himself; it must be some murderer or refugee from the laws of his country.

And yet when he thought upon Granny's tear-stained reminiscences of Yr Ogo the improbability of this den being inhabited by Alyn considerably diminished. At all events there could be no harm in ascertaining, if possible, who the modern Diogenes might be. And if it should turn out to be his *protégé*, why then grave enough matter would remain for consideration.

He was not long kept in suspense. Before an hour had elapsed

the tall, bent form of Alyn was seen ascending, and presently disappearing in the cave beyond.

It was no easy task that presented itself to that the recluse, resenting intrusion, would set worse; or, judging from appearances, it was by that his mind had become altogether unhinged than be oppressed by the presence of his fellow, a refuge in the waves below.

So, wet, cold and hungry, the Italian found solving the problem at once, and therefore, returning he applied himself to his own restoration, and set off for the following day.

A more glorious sunshine than had for weeks eyes awoke him next morning, and having hearty appetite, the Italian, with distended pockets set off for the haunt of "the wild man."

His plan was so to place himself that he might be seen and recognised by Alyn, and in order that a man might be cured of his madness, Felice, with a badly-focussed telescope (it had not the cap on), was intently scouring the sea, when at length he suddenly heard the footsteps, and in less than a minute a hand was laid on his shoulder, and his own name was eagerly and joyfully uttered.

Great was Felice's delight at the pleasant greeting of Alyn, and overjoyed was he to find the recluse undoubtedly in his right mind, as he asked —

"What brings you *here*, of all the places in the world?" Felice proceeded to rhapsodise on the subject of the man's commanding views; to descant on the manifold advantages of the spot, and at the tail of a grand peroration displayed his bottle of schino and cheese.

It did not perhaps occur to the Italian that perhaps it was midwinter on a bleak coast, and perhaps on a stormy day, on his part. But Alyn, with or without suspicion of the man's plan, sat down beside the old man on a stone, or rambled on beyond the next point; shared his luncheon, and returned with a flask.

This cave, thought Felice, was doubtless a haunt of the wild man; Ogo had been of old; and then he unfolded the story of the man's capture by Lord Beauchief, removing from poor Alyn's nightmare of his ill-fated parentage.

Still Alyn clung to the notion of a hermit life

bitter and sorrowful mood adopted ; and it was only under pressure of much solicitation that he consented to an occasional visit of Felice to his cave. And with this concession the staunch-hearted Italian was fain to be content.

And thus Felice became a frequent visitor at the hermit's retreat, and in some mysterious way the hermit's larder got better furnished than heretofore. Somehow Felice could rarely remember to take back home with him the rug, plaid, air-pillow, or campstool that he had brought for his own especial benefit.

In course of time, however, Alyn showed such obvious symptoms of withstanding this new order of things, that Felice, apprehensive of forfeiting his high prerogative, forbore for days together to intrude upon him.

During the interval Felice discovered that the only subsistence of the recluse was the fish he succeeded in ensnaring, or an occasional loaf obtained in exchange for fish from a hut on the beach down about Gogarth.

Here was an opportunity not to be overlooked ; and the Welsh peasants ought to have raised themselves enormously in Alyn's estimation by the liberal manner with which they now pressed upon him their flesh, fowl, or *cwrw*, in return for an infinitesimal quantity of fish.

After this fashion had the "wild man" and his associate continued to vegetate through the winter and summer months which had preceded that glorious day in early autumn when CEnone Bagot had electrified Llandudno and her uncle's house by her sudden and unaccountable disappearance.

BOOK IV.

But deeper their voice grows, and nobler their bearing
Whose youth in the fires of anguish hath died

CHAPTER I.

But a sad rent
Hath sorrow made in her . nor can she now
Knit up her ravelled hopes, nor summon heart
To enter on Life's journey all alone,
A new and weary way.

DEAN ALFORD.

ONCE securely rid of her cousin on that beautiful autumn morning the events whereof were related in the opening chapter of this story, *Ænone* had skirted the crowd and made for the Conway Road. Disappearing shortly after behind the low ridge of hills to the left, the young lady's movements had become more and more suspicious.

Fashions often change rapidly, but scarcely with such abruptness as to necessitate the metamorphosis which was now effected. Her striped gingham petticoat *Miss Bagot* promoted to the position of outside robe, humiliating the latter article of attire by concealing its goffered flounces beneath the stunted proportions of its coarser rival. Her hat-feather and gloves, and other tokens of the fashion of the morning, were next sacrificed, until she plodded along with the freedom of shortened skirts. She looked rather like a poor rustic maiden than the sprightly, impulsive young lady of an hour or two before.

Suddenly she seemed to be moved by a new resolve. She had recently promised to visit her old servant, *Sarah Morgan*, at her little cottage at *Bettws-y-Coed*: and why not now?

Having with little difficulty found *Mrs. Morgan*, *Ænone* was entering upon a lame account of her own odd appearance, and her hope that *Sarah* could give her a bed for the night, when she fell back in her chair and fainted.

Sore distressed was *Ænone*, when presently she was restored to consciousness, to learn that a doctor had been sent for; and she instantly resolved on two proceedings: one, to send an immediate countermand; the other, to escape from this too accessible apartment. In vain did *Mrs. Morgan* entreat her to stay "just the ghost of a minute" while she made the bed. Her weary visitor was not too weary to be inexorable, nor too exhausted to observe with almost a painful sense of thankfulness the little haven of rest into which, with a venial pride, her kind hostess led the way.

Next morning, so perfectly refreshed did Miss Bagot feel on awaking that she was naturally surprised at the earliness of the hour, until she discovered that her watch had stopped for lack of winding up. As Mrs. Morgan at breakfast busied herself in cutting and toasting to perfection some bacon of her own curing, boiling fresh eggs, and insinuating a suspicion of butter into the hottest roll ever turned out of an oven, CEnone looked on and wondered at the extreme neatness, and even gracefulness, with which these homely details could be carried out, and ended by asking herself if some similar occupation might not be infinitely less tedious in her present state of mind than the dull routine of teaching, on which already she had been speculating as an occupation.

"Sarah," she suddenly asked, "do you know any nice people about here who are in want of a servant?"

"None that I just remember, Miss Noney; but you don't mean to say Kate Green is going to leave?"

"No; it is for myself I want a place."

"How solemn you do say a joke, miss. If I didn't think you meant it!"

"I never meant anything more seriously in my life, Sally. It is not my intention to return home for some time, and as I came away without any money I must earn my living."

"Well, miss, and if you did you'd do it as a governess, and not as a servant. But there ain't no call for anything of the sort. If you'd only put up with our ways for awhile, Miss Noney, I am sure Abel would be quite proud like."

"Your offer is very kind, Sarah. But there are several reasons why I could not avail myself of it. And as to being a governess, I should have to trouble somebody for a reference, while your recommendation would surely get me a housemaid's place."

"Then I won't give it, Miss Noney. No; that I won't. So that's flat. Our little place, where you'll be waited on, as you've always been used to, *must* be better than a big place, with never a minute to call your own, and bells ringing in your ears from morning till night. Now, Miss Noney, just as if *you* could sweep out a bedroom and blacklead a grate! I never heard tell of such a wild notion in all my life."

"You can give me a lesson in blackleading. Any way I am resolved on trying it."

"But, Miss Noney, I thought you were to have been married this month."

"Stay a moment," replied CEnone; "here's pussy's saucer; it will

be broken; how nicely you have kept the china, Sarah. Who lives in the white house over the way?"

"The doctor, miss. Dr. Freer. And a very nice gentleman he is too." And thereupon Miss Ænone found herself taken into the secret confidence of the young wife of Abel Morgan, a confidence which soon became of more immediate consequence than appeared at the moment; for on the afternoon of that very day was a young beginner in life somewhat abruptly and mysteriously introduced into the Morgan household, and by the force of sudden and unforeseen events Miss Bagot found abundant occupation for the time in the care of the little stranger.

CHAPTER II.

The bold resolve is stronger than the pain.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

ALTHOUGH in 1858 the distance between Llandudno and Bettws-y-Coed was, in the absence of branch lines, considerably greater than at present, it is surprising that more than a week elapsed before tidings of the fatal catastrophe on the Great Orme's Head, referred to in our opening chapters, reached Mrs. Morgan's cottage.

"Thursday, yesterday week!" remarked Abel Morgan, when the story had been told. "Why, Miss Bagot, that was the very day you arrived. If you had not started so early, you must have heard of it."

Ænone expressed her satisfaction that she had not "heard" of it, and her sorrow at the circumstance; more especially as the Glenelg family happened to be one in which she had taken considerable interest. And as baby just then set up a cry the improvised nurse summarily carried her upstairs.

Again and again was the subject discussed, and Miss Bagot, not liking to talk about "dreadful things," generally left the room, or ceased to join in the conversation.

After the doctor's visit, Ænone had requested Mrs. Morgan not to address her by her name in his presence, and had expressed a wish that her husband would take the same precaution. So that, although the news of the disappearance from Llandudno of so important a person as Miss Bagot had by this time become public property, it did not for awhile occur to Dr. Freer that in this nurse, cook, and nondescript maid-of-all-work he beheld the missing damsel.

One day, however, the doctor, after working for the space of half an hour on an abstruse study of the coals in his grate, hastened out,

borrowed Farmer Lloyd's black cob, and trotted off in the direction of Llandudno.

After discussing his luncheon and cigar at the Cambria Arms, he repaired to Plas Madoc and had the felicity of meeting the resplendent meteor, the valiant conqueror of Scinde, and above all, the resolute, lion-hearted hero of the Mutiny, whom Alyn had given up for lost at Cawnpore.

As a father, however, this redoubtable Hector showed himself no more than human when informed by Dr. Freer that he believed he had discovered his daughter, that she was quite well, and at no greater distance than Bettws-y-Coed.

All that the doctor knew was soon told. The valiant Captain was most grateful and gracious; he ordered the carriage; requested that Emily would accompany him; and in little over half an hour was on his way to Bettws-y-Coed.

(Enone, having scarcely left Mrs. Morgan's cottage for three weeks, one afternoon took advantage of neighbour Janet Brown's offer to come and sit awhile with Mrs. Morgan, to start off on a grand walk to Pandy Mills. Well up in scrambling and goat-jumping, Enone, bent on a good view, overcame one obstacle after another, scaled the precipitous rocks, or dived into some craggy hollow, proceedings to some extent emblematic of the kind of life she had for years looked forward to sharing with Eustace.

Returning by Pont-y-Pair, as its myriad beauties were fast blending into the shadow-land of night's kingdom, poor Enone nearly sank to the earth with affright as she recognised in the well-known carriage before her her cousin Emily, and—yes, she supposed it must be—her father.

In a moment Emily was out of the carriage, and doing her very best to strangle her poor helpless cousin, to the somewhat monotonous tune of "Nonsie, Nonsie, my own Nonsie."

As to the Captain, for so brilliant a luminary, he met his daughter very nicely, and having given permission to the girls to wander at their own sweet will in the direction of Mrs. Morgan's cottage, he put up at the Royal Oak; and eventually, with a hazy, indefinable feeling of having come plump down on to some unknown planet, lowered his warlike head as he crossed the lowly cottage threshold, and submitted meekly to being led to the tea-table, where, for the first time in his life, he partook of rural dainties prepared by his daughter's fair hands.

Fortified at length by the strong tea, or by the glass of water he

had imbibed at the Royal Oak, the Captain, not altogether unnaturally, asked his daughter the meaning of it all. But to all interrogation *Enone* gave none other than the simple reply

"I had made up my mind not to marry Eustace, papa, and wished to avoid being bothered about it."

"Now is there such another thoughtless, foolish girl on the face of the earth? To put me to all this trouble and expense because, at the last minute, 'she does not want to marry Eustace' Who wanted you to marry him? Not I. I'd warrant I found fifty better men in as many hours. No, Emily. Don't go away. I mean no disrespect to any of you; but simply this, that *Enone* had only got to say she had no intention of marrying just yet, and there was an end of it. Instead of that, what with being mixed up in that affair about the boatman's girl, and made the talk of the whole town, it is enough to make one's blood broil to listen to her."

"It would not undo things, papa, if I had a better reason."

"Undo them? I don't suppose it would. But there is no sense in the whole matter from beginning to end. Just the whim of a silly, frivolous girl. I have no patience with such absurdity."

"Papa, will you move your chair a little? Mr. Morgan cannot get in. Mr. Morgan papa. You see we have quite filled your house, Abel."

"Very happy, I am sure, sir, to have the pleasure of seeing you beneath my humble roof." And with a thrust of his paw he compelled the brilliant Captain to shake hands. "And you too, miss," turning to Emily. "I hope all the family is well."

"A long way from it, sir—a long way from it" put in the Captain testily. "And before I go let me thank you for your kindness and attention to my daughter during the time she has resided with you. *Enone*, be quick and put your bonnet on."

"Papa," said *Enone*, "I don't intend to leave Sarah in this hurried way to-night. Let Emily stay a day or two to get some ferns, and somebody can come over and fetch us by-and-by."

"You don't intend — *Enone*, I am quite at a loss to comprehend your meaning."

"Mrs. Morgan is ill, papa; and having been very kind to me, you would not, I am sure, wish me to leave her until she gets better."

"The greater reason, I should say, for your getting out of the way. Stay, by all means, if you prefer it; but perhaps, as my daughter, you will learn to *pay* for what you have."

And placing before her, on the table, an apparently well filled

purse, he took himself from the room, with merely a "Good-night, sir," to Abel, as in awe and astonishment he hastened to open the door.

CHAPTER III.

Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that are tender, thy lips that are loving,
Comfort and cool me as dew, in the dawn of a moon like a dream.

SWINBURNE.

AT the first meeting of the cousins—by the grey old ivy-clad bridge, in the consoling embrace which ensued upon the Captain's abrupt departure—the last thing at night and the first in the morning, Emily's reiterated appeal had been—

"Oh, Nonsie! how could you? I never thought you had such a hard heart before. As if anybody wanted you to marry against your will. I remember when we talked about Eustace that morning"——

"Oh don't, Nemie, dear! I would rather never think of him again. There is Mr. Freer. No, he has gone on. Then I suppose he won't come to-day? What an excessively queer thing for him to do, to go over to papa. I should not have thanked him if it had not brought me Nemie. Dear Nemie! did it trouble you very much what had become of me?"

A wet hug being the only reply to this, Miss Bagot eschewed sentiment, and turned to the practical affairs of the day.

"Now, Nemie, you have an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. This room has to be swept."

"Nonsie! you don't mean to say *you* do such things?"

"Indeed I do. Isn't it awful? Only fancy, Nemie, I sweep rooms, make beds, and cook the dinner! And shall I tell you a secret?"

"Oh, I know. You are horribly sick of it, and will be heartily glad to get home?"

"Not a bit of it. I am quite proud of the use I have been to Sarah. But oh! I did feel so helpless at first, you cannot think."

"But you cannot really dress a baby, Nonsie?"

"Indeed I can—to perfection. At least in my own estimation. And as baby very rarely cries, I believe she agrees with me."

Not unpleasantly passed the days, at least for Emily; for Mr. Freer, who had made his peace with Ænone, was a very agreeable neighbour—so agreeable, indeed, that Miss Ænone soon began to take quaint observation of her cousin's mysterious interest in his coming

and going. One day came a hamper of game and novels and other goodly things from Plas Madoc, and a letter, and when those things had been duly considered,

"Nonsie," observed Emily, "it is clear that they are in no particular hurry to have us back; I vote we stay a month."

"But you would be so horribly tired of it, and glad to get home, Nonsie. And after all, it will be dull when Mr. Freer is gone to London."

"Mr. Freer going to London?—Oh, it's all stuff. I hate and detest you teasing a girl so."

An hour or so later the girls are wending their way upwards through the woods of dark pine trees, whose tall tops sometimes hold the cloud-wreath, but where the brilliant autumnal sunshine now lets in the light of the sky to the pleasant pathways among them: which, fringed though they are by no undergrowth of wild flowers, reveal a wealth more rare, of rich scarlet fungi dotted with ivory, and surrounded, as by a mimic court, with their white, yellow, and golden brown congeners.

Mountain streams winding down to reach the dashing river below compel even Emily to be silent and listen to their soft, musical cadences.

They had begun to retrace their steps when they were overtaken in the narrow pathway by a man even more shaggy and weather-beaten than the ubiquitous artist peculiar to Bettws. As this man had preceded them down the hill at a good round pace, they were not a little surprised on re-entering the village to find he was again behind them; and scarcely had they reached Mrs. Morgan's, when a knock, summoning Gnone to the door, revealed to her, standing there, the same identical individual, who, after premising that he had the pleasure of addressing Miss Gnone Bagot, proceeded to inform her, not without outward and visible perturbation, that he had something of consequence to communicate to her if she would be kind enough to grant him a few minutes' interview.

There was something in the stranger's face and manner that at once inspired her with trust and aroused a strange interest; and to Emily's overpowering amazement she walked out with him a few steps in the direction of the churchyard, vainly ransacking her memory in the hope of disinterring some half-remembered familiarity with the stranger's features.

Interrupting the stranger in his apologies, Gnone, to show her self-possession and want of curiosity, directed his attention to the grand old trees, and especially to the contrast offered by the light

green boughs of the ash and sycamore with the deep green foliage and coral berries of the picturesque old yews.

“Yes, they are grand old trees,” responded the stranger, “I have seen nothing so beautiful since I was in the Himalayas.”

“You have been in India, then? Have I ever seen you there, or anywhere, do you know?”

“What do you remember of India, Miss Bagot? Have you any recollection of any one else besides your papa and—mamma?”

“Oh yes, there was Alyn, who was always so kind to me. I remember him quite well. I should know him anywhere—Al Lyn Sahib he was called. You have brought me news of him? Oh, did he stay by poor mamma? did he do what he could to alleviate”——

Here a sudden stoppage occurring, the stranger, no less agitated than herself, said—

“I think if your mother could send you a message from Heaven, CEnone, she would bear testimony that Alyn never willingly deserted her, that he would gladly have laid down his life for her; although the little he was enabled to do was poor indeed.”

“Poor Alyn! I never doubted he would do his utmost. Then he, too, perished in the Mutiny?”

“No, CEnone. Better lives than his were taken, while he was spared, perhaps—who knows?—to be of service to you: for I am Alyn, and I have not yet touched upon the subject that has brought me here.”

This was too much for CEnone.

“Oh, Alyn!” was all she could gasp, as, having wrung his weather-stained hands, she tottered back against the low wall by which they were standing. But some people coming in at the lych-gate and clamouring to know where they could obtain the key of the church, she schooled herself into calmness, and said—

“You *must* come with me to Mrs. Morgan’s, Alyn, where I am staying. There is only my cousin Emily there, and she is as interested, you know, as I can be, in everything you have to tell us.”

“As interested—yes. But does she know why you left Llandudno? Do not be afraid, CEnone. Your secret is safe with me, and my object in coming to you is to give you this assurance. I would rather steep my soul in perjury a thousand times, than bring pain or suffering home to you. But I don’t think there will be any need for this. Only I want you to feel quite certain, that whatever shape or form an accusation may take, you have nothing to fear from me. You said just now you never doubted my remaining faithful to

your mother, so you must not doubt my faithfulness in this matter to yourself. And now, Ænone, little Ænone, whom I knew when there was happiness in the world, farewell. Our lives lie far asunder as the poles. But if you wish sometimes to think of Alyn, think of him in your prayers. May God bless you !”

And so in a moment he was over the fern-clad wall and proceeding at a rapid pace along the road ; and Ænone thought how gladly she could sink down here and be at rest, her struggles with life's troubles ended.

CHAPTER IV.

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless ;
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains ;
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining.

LONGFELLOW.

ALYN'S warning and earnest assurance had been by no means premature, as Ænone found to her dismay, when her father, having driven over to Bettws on the following day, informed her that in consequence of some new thing having cropped up about the death of that wretched boatman's girl, he had considered it incumbent upon his own honour and dignity to proffer her evidence as to how the unfortunate girl could have become possessed of her likeness and pocket-handkerchief.

This was a new revelation to Ænone. And painful enough it was, without the additional pang of being called on to account for it.

The fact had thus, in spite of Perry's precautions, at length oozed out, and although the circumstance of these articles having been found on the deceased had been accounted for, there were not wanting those in authority who persisted in holding them forth as decoys before the Captain with the view of compelling Miss Bagot to appear and explain why she had elected to faint on the top of the Great Orme's Head at the precise moment of the fatal accident.

Fortunately for Ænone, the latest sensational report respecting herself had not reached the Captain. So that, as yet, she remained

in ignorance of a fact, patent to all Llandudno, that a witness was about to be brought forward who could incontestably prove that Miss Bagot had herself pushed the girl over the brink of the cliff while incensed with her for declaring that Mr. Eustace Bagot had solemnly promised to marry her.

Into the midst of this imbroglio were the Captain's notions of honour and dignity fast dragging his ill-fated daughter.

And though she was happily unconscious of the malicious reports, her frame of mind was scarcely, if at all, more calm and composed than when some weeks back she had plodded wearily and in disguise along this road, through the beautiful Vale of Clwydd, by which they were now returning.

Mrs. Bagot met them at the door, looking a very April day of sunshine and tears. A few words to them all, and Ænone flew upstairs to her room with the zest of a wild bird seeking her nest after a long captivity.

It seemed to her that years had passed over her head since that bright September morning when she awoke to murmur softly to herself "Eustace, dear Eustace, is coming to-day," and when she had gone forth into the cloudless day—cloudless as her own heart—to bathe with Nemie, happy, unsuspecting Nemie, in the sparkling waters and guileless breakers of the bay.

The news having spread like wild-fire that the lost Miss Bagot had returned home, no time was suffered to pass by the magistrate for the county, Edward Ramsden, Esq., before hastening to call on the Captain, and requesting an interview with the young lady. It had not failed to be mooted that a more official investigation than this ought to take place. But Mr. Ramsden, who no more doubted the young lady's innocence than he did his own, failed to see things in that way.

Miss Bagot acknowledged at once, without any hesitation, that she had seen Mary Glenelg roll down the cliff into the sea. She had recognised her at the moment of her throwing herself off, when her face was upturned towards her. And the reason she had gone away from her home was because she felt unequal to the task of telling her cousin she did not intend marrying him, feeling convinced now that what she had previously heard was true, and that it was in consequence of his bad conduct that the poor girl had come to this sad end.

Scarcely had Mr. Ramsden left, when the rector called. Not unnaturally, Miss Bagot was a great favourite of his; and he lost not an hour in paying her a visit, incited to additional promptitude no

doubt by the absurd rumours that were gaining ground through the town.

To the rector Captain Bagot suggested a walk with him and Enone to the Head. "Enone," said he, "can show us whereabouts she was standing. And, as you are acquainted with the spot where the body was found, I should like to see if the pathway immediately above it is visible from Enone's point of view."

To this proposal no objection was offered, and, as the party of three toiled up the steep the gallant Captain observed—

"If, as I suspect, the path just there is hidden by a bulge of the rock, some fellow may, after all, have given her a helping hand over. She was not slow to give offence, I am told, when the mood suited her, to her rustic admirers."

"I don't fancy so," replied the rector. "The matter has been pretty well sifted. And to-day I hear they have got hold of the hermit who saw the whole thing from the foot of the cliff. It may be, but I do not quite believe in it, that there is a portion of the path about there hidden both from above and below."

Poor Enone was wretched, and to add to her torture her father, while urging her to be precise as to the exact spot where, upon the eventful morning, she had stood, suggested her looking over, and by the direction of the rector's delicately tapering forefinger, which gleamed spectrally in the white moonlight, see for herself whether his account corresponded with hers.

Without flinching, or suffering her step to falter, Enone advanced to the edge of the cliff, and looking over, her eye, instead of following the imaginary line drawn by the rector, fell at once upon the figure—a well known figure it seemed to her—of a man, standing at the very spot where a murderer might have stood, if murder had been committed.

It may be that for the moment Miss Bagot had forgotten the possibility of suicide, and her excited imagination laying hold of the contingency of the slayer haunting the scene of his crime, she uttered a faint, despairing shriek, and sank back in her father's arms.

Considerably bewildered, the rector wondered what there could be in his curate to produce so electrical an effect. So, with the view of settling the matter by a closer inspection, he shouted—

"Halloa, Baird! How long have you been given to moon-gazing? Come up into good society, man. You don't mind Baird, Miss Bagot?"

"Easier said than done," sounded a wonderfully nice voice from below. "Try stepping down, instead, Mr. Williams."

“Ah, that is a different thing. We have a lady on our side. Come, you are no disciple of McLaren’s if you cannot swing up a little farther on.”

Mr. Baird could “swing up,” and did—a quarter of a mile ahead though, by which time Cœnone’s crazy idiosyncrasies had also swung themselves away.

And now the Captain had time to recur to his sense of honour and dignity, which seemed, in his estimation, to be infringed upon by all this unclerical scrambling and owl-like hooting. “Why he and Cœnone had not come alone, or why he had been insane enough to come at all, he did not know.” And towing Cœnone along he cared little what became of the clerical gentlemen; while Cœnone, hanging on his arm, mute as a kingfisher, wondered if this weary day would ever end. And what would Alyn say to-morrow? No. She did not doubt him. But what did he know? And how could he avoid telling it?

How strange it was that Al Lyn Sahib should be here in Wales! Where did he live? Had he dressed like that in India? Ought she not to tell the Captain?

But in the relief that to-night’s miserable pilgrimage was ended everything was forgotten; and after locking Emily fondly in her arms, during a brief but bitter burst of tears, she shut herself in her room and slept as criminals sleep the night before execution.

Welsh courts and Welsh inquests not having at all times approved themselves to the exacting English mind, Alyn’s evidence will be here laid before the English reader in an epitomised form.

“He resided in a hole in the rock because he preferred it, and *not* on account of any terrors of the law.

“He had never, to his knowledge, transgressed the law of the land.

“He had not always lived in Wales or England.

“He had passed most of his life abroad.

“He had *not* broken and fled from the law abroad.

“Yes, he could call some of the best evidence in Llandudno as to character if he chose, but he did not choose.

“No, he did *not* think they were going to convict him of murder; but if they thought they should succeed, they were quite welcome to try.

“Yes, a prison-cell *would* probably be quite as luxurious, and even more so, than his present abode.

“No, he should not even *then* call evidence as to character.”

To sum up, the whole of the information gained from this

contumacious witness, after several hours' examination, amounted simply to this: that, as he was about to enter his cave on the day in question, his attention had been drawn to some object falling down the cliff at a distance perhaps of two hundred yards from where he stood; that he saw no person about except a young lady on the top of the Head, whose figure stood out clear against the sky. If that young lady had had any hand in pushing the poor girl over the cliff, then some law of gravitation existed unknown to him, inasmuch as the falling body must have described a diagonal instead of a perpendicular line. He had gone at once to the spot, but being high tide, had perceived no trace of what it might have been. He visited the spot several times in the course of the day, but with no result. He had not volunteered any statement at the inquest, as it did not appear to him he had anything to say. His responsibilities to the interests of society were ended.

And this was all that could be got out of the mad hermit. Henceforth Alyn's popularity as the "wild man" waned perceptibly. He had missed a signal opportunity of distinguishing himself.

CHAPTER V.

That was the first sound in the song of love '
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

LORD LAYTON.

SIRENUOUSLY as Miss Bagot sought to fall back into the old routine of habit and duty, she was often overcome by a despondent feeling of faintness and life weariness, as battle after battle had to be fought against the myriad phantom hopes and memories of by-gone years. Not the least extraordinary event of the past two months was the discovery that the "mad hermit," "the wild man," was no other than the gentle, well-mannered Al Lyn of her childhood. Often in the night did waking visions haunt her of going to his cave and bringing him away to live with them, or of telling the Captain, who would surely never permit him to lead so miserable a life. But returning daylight, by lowering the temperature of her over-wrought imagination, nipped these shadowy notions in the bud, and though always now

The Near afar off seemed, the Distant nigh :
The Now a dream—the Past reality.

no such desperate measures were resorted to.

Strange to say, Mr. Eustace Bagot, since announcing his safe return to the Curragh, had given no further sign of his existence.

Dissatisfied as much with the tone of the letter he had received as with the prolonged silence, Mr. Bagot wrote to the colonel of his son's regiment, and to his surprise and mortification received for reply that Mr. Eustace Bagot had sold out some six weeks back, with the intention of returning to his wife and settling down near his father in Wales.

Well might Enone feel that there was nothing now that could surprise her, and when, some weeks after the arrival of this mysterious news, Mr. Baird called upon her and sought a private interview, she took the incident as a matter of course, and forgot to be astonished.

The curate dashed at once into the heart of his subject by saying: "You will hardly thank me, I fear, Miss Bagot, for undertaking the commission I have. But the fact is, one of my parishioners is very anxious to see you. He has, it appears, something important to communicate, and I have promised him to beg of you to favour him with a visit."

"Is he ill, then, Mr. Baird, that he cannot come to me? Who is it?"

"He is ill, and he is not ill. He could come to you well enough, if need be. But, Miss Bagot, I have spent much time lately with this parishioner; the more I see of him the more he interests me. I was returning from one of my visits to him the evening I had the pleasure of meeting with you on the Head. For, indeed, the person who urgently entreats this favour, and whose cause I have promised to support to the utmost of my small ability, is—the hermit."

"But what prevents him from coming here? The hermit can scarcely have anything to say to me that my father or uncle may not hear."

(Enone's brave little heart quivered and quaked like Enid's in the wood as she put on the style magniloquent. But convinced, as she was, that Fate ordained an unconditional surrender, she determined to hold out as long as she possibly could.

The curate pointed out that if the hermit were to visit her at her uncle's house people would gossip about the circumstance that the only two persons who witnessed poor Mary Glenelg's disaster were rather strangely in communication. Of course, he said, it was not really of any consequence, but it was better, upon occasion, not to care too little for these things. "The poor hermit," he said, "seemed positively alarmed when I suggested his coming to you; and I think it would be better if you and Miss Emily would walk

round in that direction. You *will* go, Miss Bagot, won't you? Shall it be to-day or to-morrow?"

"You are a zealous advocate, Mr. Baird. If you plead thus for a stranger, what would you do for your friend?"

"It is for a friend I am pleading now. If I did not know him to be worthy my friendship, believe me, Miss Bagot, I would not have urged this strange visit upon you. Fine days are getting scarce now. Do you think you could make it to-day?"

"Well, if I am to commit this absurdity, I suppose the sooner it is done the better. But as my cousin went to Ilychlyn this morning, I shall have to make the pilgrimage alone or take one of the servants."

"You will think me a most inexorable being. Fate is very cruel to me; but it will never do to take a servant. These Welsh people hang so together that it might as well be in the hands of the town-crier at once. But you must not feel alarmed. I consider myself answerable for your safety. I forget—did you name any time?"

"It is now one; I will start immediately after luncheon."

"A thousand thanks. I look upon it as a personal obligation. I wish you could see how the poor fellow's face will brighten up when I tell him."

Like a schoolboy bent on reaching the winning-post did the curate, on leaving Miss Bagot, flit round the Head, and he was not much disappointed at the expression on Alyn's face when he was told to expect Miss Bagot in an hour.

Quick as thought, the irrepressible Scotchman retraced his steps, reappearing with Enone at the door of the cave in about the time named. During the interview he acted as sentinel to the stronghold, and amused himself watching the far-away sails.

Resolutely as Enone sought to overcome the weakness, it was not without much emotion that she beheld Alyn in such plight; and totally forgetful of what she had come to hear, she persisted in declaring that this state of things should not last, that she and her father were under the deepest obligations to him, and that whether he gave permission or not, she would at once acquaint the Captain with his whereabouts and identity, with the view to seeing him comfortably and respectably lodged.

Alyn had gone over this old story too often, both with Felice and Mr. Baird, to be at any loss for arguments; but, strange to say, this young woman showed herself quite an adept in the art of reasoning; and, worsted in repeated sophisms, Alyn was compelled at last to take refuge in time, and like a bankrupt trader seeking immunity from duns and processes, to entreat her to let the subject rest for a

least a month. And then he proceeded as quickly as possible to change the topic to a letter Mr. Baird had just received from a friend at Rio Janeiro.

Mr. Baird's friend, it appeared, had some time ago, while on a visit to our friend the curate, his college companion, been casually introduced to Mr. Eustace Bagot, and in this letter he mentioned as a singular instance of mistaken identity how he had met with a gentleman on board the *Nirvana* who greatly resembled Mr. Eustace, but who proved to be a Mr. Edgar Broad.

This was the sum and substance of Alyn's communication ; but CEnone, persuaded that this was Eustace himself, breathed more freely than she had done for months ; and taking leave of Alyn with quite a light heart, she so charmed the susceptible curate on the way back, that the parishioners were for that day left to their fate while he indited a grave and significant epistle to his uncle the Archdeacon, casually stating that unless he could see his way clear to a decent living some time within the next six months, he thought he should accept an offer that had been made to him and go out as bishop's chaplain to Natal.

CHAPTER VI.

Descend, black night ! Blot out thy stars—
Nor let them through those prison bars
Behold me writhing here !
For there's a hand upon my heart
That makes my being thrill and start—
A voice is in my ear.
I hear its whisper sad and low,
As if a spirit wailed in woe :
" Bothwell, thy end is near."

W. E. AYTOUN.

LEFT to herself, Miss Bagot's lightness of heart was remarkably short-lived. Thoughts of the outcast Eustace haunted her so perpetually that solitude became an absolute torture. And had it not been for the distraction forced upon her by Emily's engagement to a certain young doctor, one Mr. Freer, of Bettws-y-Coed, it must have gone harder with her than it did.

Before Alyn's stipulated month had expired, CEnone had settled in her own mind upon a cottage, then vacant, for Alyn and Felice. Her private purse, unknown to them, was to supply rent and furniture ; and the Captain, as soon as the circumstance was made known to him, would, of course, provide Alyn with a decent maintenance.

But the plot was too good to be carried out. A second interview at the hermit's cell terminated with no better result than Alva's resolute refusal to accept of any assistance either from Captain Bagot or herself, and in his bargaining for another month to consider of a plan he had in view.

While affairs remained in this unsatisfactory state, Miss Bagot one morning received a letter, the address of which was in a strange handwriting, but seeing the postmark, Montevideo, she immediately divined that it came from Eustace. Strangely agitated, she hurried from the room and sought her own. But it was long, nevertheless, before she had acquired calmness enough to open it.

The letter ran thus : —

MY LOVED ÆNONK.—I owe you confession, though reparation is out of my power. But I implore you for this, the last time, to listen to me. You have no longer anything to fear. Never, for your own dear peace of mind, shall this confession reach you while I live.

But I cannot die without having you believe that that fatal act which separated us (madman that I was) was yet altogether and entirely unpremeditated.

Hovering as I am on the brink of another world, I dare not say that it was unintentional. I might seek to delude you into its being an accident. It was no accident, but the impulse of a maddened brain. *She* had written me news which I did not believe, but it was needful that I should know the truth, and I determined on getting the interview over and done with, before seeing you. For that purpose I arranged to meet her at Conway, and as we walked along the sands, and she still persisted in the assertion, I got perplexed beyond measure. I thought to silence her by my liberality, but she would listen to nothing. "Would I marry her?" That, and that always. By this time we had reached Llandudno, and she swore she would come and tell you. It was enough to madden a cooler head than mine. I prolonged the walk, with the hope of pacifying her, but all to no purpose; her mind was made up to come to you, and no power on earth, it seemed, could stop her; and then—God forgive me—is she stood on the edge of the cliff, I hardly seemed to touch her, but I knew well it was enough. The impulse of a moment, and, alas! a life's despair.

But not yet did the iron enter my soul. Not until I felt that you were for ever lost to me, and that my sin, through you, had found me out, and you forebore to betray me—a murderer even—because I had once been dear to you!

And to this hour I believe that if I could have rested in peace at home you would have earned your daily bread all your life long rather than betray me. But I got to be haunted by the fear of being found out, and the reason was that *another* saw me—he they call the mad hermit, less mad, indeed, than I. Why *he* kept silence I can never understand, unless, as I suppose, probably being himself a criminal, he was afraid to come forward.

Ah, those hateful sands, as I retrod them beneath the broiling sky, which seemed to me a hrmament of eyes. And then so swift my punishment, never again to look upon your face or listen to your voice. I did not realise it all at once, but in the night you came to me in my dreams, and, refusing to touch my hand, pointed to the door, saying "Go, go."

I went back to Ireland, and still it was the same; night after night the same

dream ; and always the inexorable "Go." I came here, and still obey the mandate, though one bourne alone remains. And even Heaven, it almost seems to me, were less than earth without your nightly visit.

Yes, Heaven. My faith in you, CEnone, has led me to have a higher faith, and I have made for myself a hope of a better world. Farewell, my noble CEnone, to meet, I confidently hope, in Heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ? A world without a sun.

CAMPBELL.

FOR awhile CEnone continued to suffer under the burden of this painful secret, but there came a time when of her own free will she refused any longer to bear the curse of it. For a new sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul, had come down into her heart. Carrying one day this later secret to Alyn, she bade him divulge the old one, and added "Make no reservations, Alyn ; tell Mr. Baird the whole truth, and that *I lied*. You will then see that he desires no closer intimacy with the Bagot family."

"Was it not a lie for a life, CEnone ? And the life of one so near to you ! Mr. Baird is not the man I take him for if he act in the way you suggest."

"Oh, yes, he will. But it does not signify ; I shall feel all the better for his knowing it, I am sure. I am such a poor weak girl, Alyn. That fearful falsehood has seemed to blot out God from all my life. I often feel as if it were no use praying with that on my conscience. It is as if my words fell flat and would not rise."

"My poor child, you have suffered and struggled alone long enough. It is time that you shared the burden with another. And what do you think, CEnone, Mr. Baird has made me promise him this morning ? I must have been beside myself !"

"How can I guess, Alyn ? Tell me."

"Never, my little CEnone, because if you cannot guess it, you don't wish it."

"Then it is about living with, with"——

"With *us*. What a wonderfully difficult little word that must be to pronounce. Ah, I see how it will be ! There is no reprieve for me,

and I shall have to turn respectable in my old age, and take to shaving and new hats. Oh! it is too dreadful to think about, and you have left it all in my hands; so now, mark the result. Freedom and Miss Bagot, or Mrs. Baird and a staid respectability. Well, I am glad you came to-day, my child. Felice has brought me word that Granny is not very well, and I am going over to see her as soon as Mr. Baird has looked in."

And soon after, when Mr. Baird, the good shepherd as he was, came thirsting for the love of one human being, Alyn fed him with living manna; told him Enone's history, and, feeling that the best gift in God's good providence awaited him, he lost not a moment in seeking to gather the gift to his heart, after again exacting from Alyn a promise to come and live with them.

Felice was the next visitor at the cave, and no time was lost in setting off towards Dame Jessy's neat little abode.

As he plodded along the well-known road Alyn pictured to himself with a remorseful conscience Jessy's delight at seeing him, and he thought he would somewhat forestall events and gratify her with the news of his going to live with "the same little girl he had known in India."

When Felice had left Dame Jessica yesterday she had been apparently but slightly ailing, and indeed the Italian had not been altogether free from a feeling of duplicity while making her indisposition excuse for getting Alyn out of his cave. But the good old lady was in bed, and without doubt fast sinking when the visitors reached the cottage.

The brave old ship had stuck to her colours to the last. And now, with her hand fast locked in those of her foster son, and her eyes resting on him to the end, she died in peace and happiness.

Alyn's first impulse was to beat a prompt retreat to his cave, but Felice had not grown younger, and to leave him now would have been too arrant an act of cowardice.

"You will find enough to bury me," Granny had said, "behind the corner cupboard. Lift it up out of the staples, and you will come to a canister and a box. Don't spend a penny more on my funeral than there is in the canister, Alyn. I suppose it will be at the old church. And, Alyn, the rest of the money is all yours. I got it out of the bank last week, for fear of there being any mistake. I have always divided it equal between you and Owen, ever since you went to the Indies. He has always had his share and more, for that Sally Hughes would come and never let me rest till she got it. But I didn't give her yours, my boy. It is all there. Now kiss me. I am

going my long journey. Will *she* and my lord know me, d'ye think, Alyn? I've tried to do my duty, but it all seems nothing now."

Alyn was deeply moved. Throughout a long life this unselfish soul had stoutly, steadily striven her utmost among its fierce breakers, while *he* had gone down before the first wave that broke over him.

And as, a few weeks later, he stood beside her quiet resting-place in the old grave-yard of Dwygyfylchi, he, amid a tumult of conflicting sensations, determined on playing the coward no longer. He would come to the front in life's battle, bearing always in mind the words of the good De Tocqueville, that life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business that has to be borne with fortitude and terminated with honour.

Settled down in their leafy and picturesque vicarage at Llanrwst Mr. and Mrs. Baird entertained no more honoured guest than this old friend of the family—AL LYN SAHIB.

THE END.

WOLSEY'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



YOU know that thick hot air before a storm,
Heavy and lurid ; when the very kine,
Languid and restless, switch their tails, and moan
And paw the ground, impatient for the rain ?

Such was the air that day around the Court.
The King was strangely silent ; rang no bell,
Nor called his hounds, nor chid a lazy page,
Nor sent for hawks, nor touched his favourite lute ;
But sat close at his books, walled in with rolls
And Abbey deeds and old Cathedral charts.
Nor wine nor pasty tasted all that morn.
'Twas ominous of ill, of war with France,
Of news from Florence ; message from the Doge,
Of Lanzknechts gathering in the German towns !
“Grind sword and spear,” I said ; “roll cannon out !”
If Harry bide like this—it is the lull
Before the Lion's leap—woe to his prey !
Ye Abbots, tremble in your padded cells !
Warders of Calais, look to bar and bolt !
Before the shouting English wake you up,
Or the shrill archer's horn that bids you turn
Foretell a bitter rain of stinging steel,
And “Ho for Merry England !” stir French air.—
What ! Wolsey not at Court for three long days ?
It bodeth ill for some ; that heavy axe
Had best be ground, and crimson block be fit,
For death and doom—but hark ! a distant shout,
And trumpets scarce so confident as once.—
He comes, the trusty one—the Cardinal.

“Room for my Lord !” the boastful heralds cry.
Cross-bearers see, and lusty halberdmen,
To every scarlet man a gilded axe.—
Yes, there his great red hat and the broad seal,
The red-trapped mules, the stately men-at-arms,
Close steel from top to toe, the laughing boys,
The solemn priests with cope and chasuble,
And, all but last, that very humble soul,
The true apostle of these later days,
With eyes malign, and close-clenched, fleshless lips,
And body swollen out with greed and pride.
Disdaining earth and air, no glance for Heaven ;
Not e’en one gracious look for those who wait,
Though knight and noble every single one.
“Angels are proud ?”—Yes, firstly Lucifer,
Who by that fell. Upon his wicked thumb
See that great ruby ; ’twas a Percy’s once.
That sapphire at his neck adorned a pix
At Durham ere they stripped the sacred shrine.
The nuns of Ely made that gold cloth pouch
That shines with diamonds. Bartimœus sure
Might beg some hours ere he could buy those gems.
And mark ! all down the staircase as he comes
The plumes sink low as corn before the wind ;
Old, young, and rich, and poor, and fool, and wise
Bend like a forest when the sou’-west blows,
All to’ards the Red Hat—every face one way.
For where this Wolsey smiles is fortune, wealth,
And where he frowns despair and penury.—
But mark as rise the pliant servile heads,
And match each face behind with that before ;
Here joy and worship, there but fear and hate ;
The coming murder in the eye of some,
And hands on dagger hilts and fists that clench ;
All the poor base, obsequious worship gone.
These are the slaves that bend their brainless heads

Hands press to secret knife and pistol,
Half drawn in mute despair of a revenge.—
And lo! the placid priest with upraised hand
Blessed all the kneeling crowd of spurious friars
Lifted the great black curtain, and passed in.



TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

A GENTLEMAN who speaks from personal intimacy with M. Leon Gambetta sends me an interesting note in corroboration of the favourable estimate of the man formed by the contributor who, under the signature of "Spectavi," favoured me with the sketch of Gambetta's life and character which appeared in last month's number of this magazine. My correspondent, after deprecating what he regards as the slanders which have been propagated respecting the brilliant Republican orator, and after alluding humorously to *Figaro's* description of the man as "driving about the Champs Elysées in a dainty carriage drawn by Ukraine ponies and flanked with a 'tiger' of the blackest ebony," or as "quaffing *Ay mousseux* out of Bohemian glass, in company with his corrupt devotees," says :—"Some time ago I had occasion to see him, after a long interval of absence, in the full development of his abominable instincts. We were smoking cigars after lunch, and surely that was the time for the monster to break the thin crust of civilisation under which he conceals his imperfections and vices. He is not a Croesus, or he keeps his money in unknown safes ; and he does not indulge in bacchanalian orgies, or the hypocrite conceals such revels from his friends. He carries the art of deceit to the point of leaving his ponies in his extensive stables, and hiring a simple cab to make the people believe that he is as poor as Job ; and his hypocrisy had gone to the extent of giving an ordinary although very drinkable wine for lunch, instead of the finest *crûs* of champagne wherewith he communes in seclusion. His apartments are those of a bachelor who lives on £300 a year ; and as his evil instincts were dormant, Gambetta (what hypocrisy !) was most amiable and unassuming. He enjoyed his cigars very much, and we enjoyed his occasional remarks on men and events, brief but pointed and telling. What struck me much is that he used to be all exuberance and flow of southern *verve* five years ago ; now he is sedate and observant, and his self-control is the more remarkable as an occasional flash of the eye and a rapid exclamation betray the generous warmth of his southern blood. He listens more than he talks ; and he is particularly interested by all that relates to

England. I was quite surprised to find how well acquainted he is with English affairs, and how attentively he follows all that goes on on this side of the Channel. He reads the English papers and he is quite equal to a discussion of the current topics of public engrossment in England. He is a strong man, otherwise he could hardly resist the terrible strain of work which, as a party leader, falls on his hands, for he has to attend to his newspaper, the *République Française*, as well as to his duties at Versailles, and he allows himself but a few moments of rest in the day. In fact, if you wish to have my impression of him while at rest, Gambetta is a man who seems to reserve all that is in his power for a given time, who girds his loins for a big struggle, and who, without affection or dangerous personal ambition, is strengthening high qualities of statesmanship for the benefit of his cause, rather than of himself—such a man as may turn out a scourge for his opponents and a saviour for his party.”

WHAT is the legitimate meaning of *Cui bono?* On this question I have received a note from a London University B.A., who begins by referring to a recent notice in the *Spectator* of Lord Pembroke's paper in the *Contemporary Review* and quotes the following words:—“Secondly, the increasing readiness to ask ‘*Cui bono?*’ human power being so slight.” Cicero, says my correspondent, quoted the phrase as one commonly used by Cassius, but controversialists have not been able to decide which Cassius it was of whom it was so curiously remembered that he was wont to ask the question “*Cui bono?*” There seems to be no doubt that his name in full was Lucius Cassius Longinus, but still there were several so distinguished. Arriving at the conclusion that the author of the phrase was either Lucius Cassius the tribune of the people in 616, A.U.C., consul in 626, and censor in 628, or Lucius Cassius who was praetor in 642, my London B.A. leaves that part of the inquiry and turns to the more important question of the right meaning of the phrase with regard to which he is at variance with general usage. He puts this, of course, not as a question of etymology, but of origin. Our only excuse for using the words is that we ask the actual question submitted by Cassius and quoted by Cicero, and only as an echo of Cicero have scholars and thinkers been asking the question in the Latin form for a great many generations, until at last it has a place and a meaning given to it in dictionaries. Butler's *Etymological Spelling Book* translates the words thus, “For what good?” Webster's *Dictionary* gives, “For whose benefit is it?”

colloquially, 'What good will it do?'" It is in this colloquial meaning, apparently, that the *Spectator* used the phrase, and this seems to be the common acceptation; but my correspondent objects, and also protests against the meaning presented in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, which is "With what object?" and here is the drift of his argument: "In one of his earliest speeches, delivered in the twenty-seventh year of his age (*pro Roscio Amerino*, c. 30), Cicero argues that as Roscius derived no advantage from his father's death Cassius's favourite question (*illud Cassianum cui bono*) applies. As by the law of our nature no man is impelled to crime without the hope of gain, so the gainer by a death is presumably guilty rather than the loser. Again, in his speech on behalf of Milo (*pro Milone*, c. 12) Cicero argues that as Clodius would be benefited by the death of Milo (*illud Cassianum cui bono fuerit*) Cassius's *cui bono* is pertinent." My correspondent quotes also Cicero's second philippic against Mark Antony to the same effect, and Professor Key's translation of the phrase thus, "To whom was it beneficial?" and so insists that the words are not those of a philosopher but of an advocate, used to test the probability of the guilt or innocence of a person accused of an offence. "In all three passages," he says, "Cicero clearly uses *cui* to mean To what person? and the two words *cui* and *bono* are not in agreement, but are two separate and independent datives." "*Cui bono?*" would thus be more pertinent in the mouth of a detective of Scotland Yard than from the lips of a metaphysician or a moralist speculating on *vanitas vanitatum*.

SOME years ago a controversy arose touching the originality of the late Alexander Smith's poetry, and critiques were published which, as it appeared to me at the time, strained analogy and similarity to the point of grotesqueness in order to show that the promising young Scotch poet had produced hardly a thought or form of expression which was not traceable to the work of older and contemporary poets, till I began to wonder whether the author of "A Life Drama" would be permitted presently to put two words together in the same order of succession in which they could be found in the works of any other writer. After that somebody fell foul of Tennyson in the same way, and I remember that the Laureate was charged with plagiarism for the exquisite fancy beginning with the lines—

It is the miller's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,

That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear,

because Romeo had said

O, that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek.

It would be hard upon the poets and the lovers of later generations if the inspired admirer of a modern maiden might not envy the inanimate things privileged to caress her because Romeo had wished to be the glove on Juliet's dear little hand. Nevertheless, as a mere matter of literary curiosity, it is interesting to detect these relationships of fancy, thought, and expression, and I am pleased to receive this month two or three notable additions to the little batch of parallel passages and suggestions which have appeared in these pages of gossip during the last few months. My latest discoverer in this field of search observes that Rufinus in one of the most beautiful of his poems says: "I send thee, O Rodoclea, this wreath, having with my own hands woven it of fair flowers. There is a lily and a rose-bud and a wet anemone and the moist narcissus, and the blue-eyed violet. But do thou garlanded with them unlearn pride, for both you and this wreath are in bloom and must wither." The same note, he points out, is played upon by Waller in "Go, lovely Rose," and by Moore in his "Flow on, thou shining river." He turns next to prose writers, and noting that Sydney Smith, referring to an over-elaborate book, declares that the deluge has too much abridged our lives for studies of such great length, he compares the whimsical notion to a passage in Madame de Staël's "Corinne":—"Vous étiez tous faits pour vivre dans cet heureux temps des patriarches où l'homme avoit cinq siècles de vie, on nous en a retranché au moins quatre, je vous en avertis." Another coincidence is that of a story of Sam Slick's which turns upon the taming of a shrew by a beating which she receives from another man whom she thinks to be her husband, which keeps her very quiet until one evil day when her husband reveals the fraud practised upon her, and never has peace of his life again. This from beginning to end corresponds with an English comedy entitled "Tom Filer and his Wife" published in 1578.

It is reported that a picture has very recently been found at Pompeii, exactly illustrating Virgil's description of the death of Laocoon. In that case, another note or two will have to be added to the "Laocoon" of Lessing. Everybody knows the statue, every-

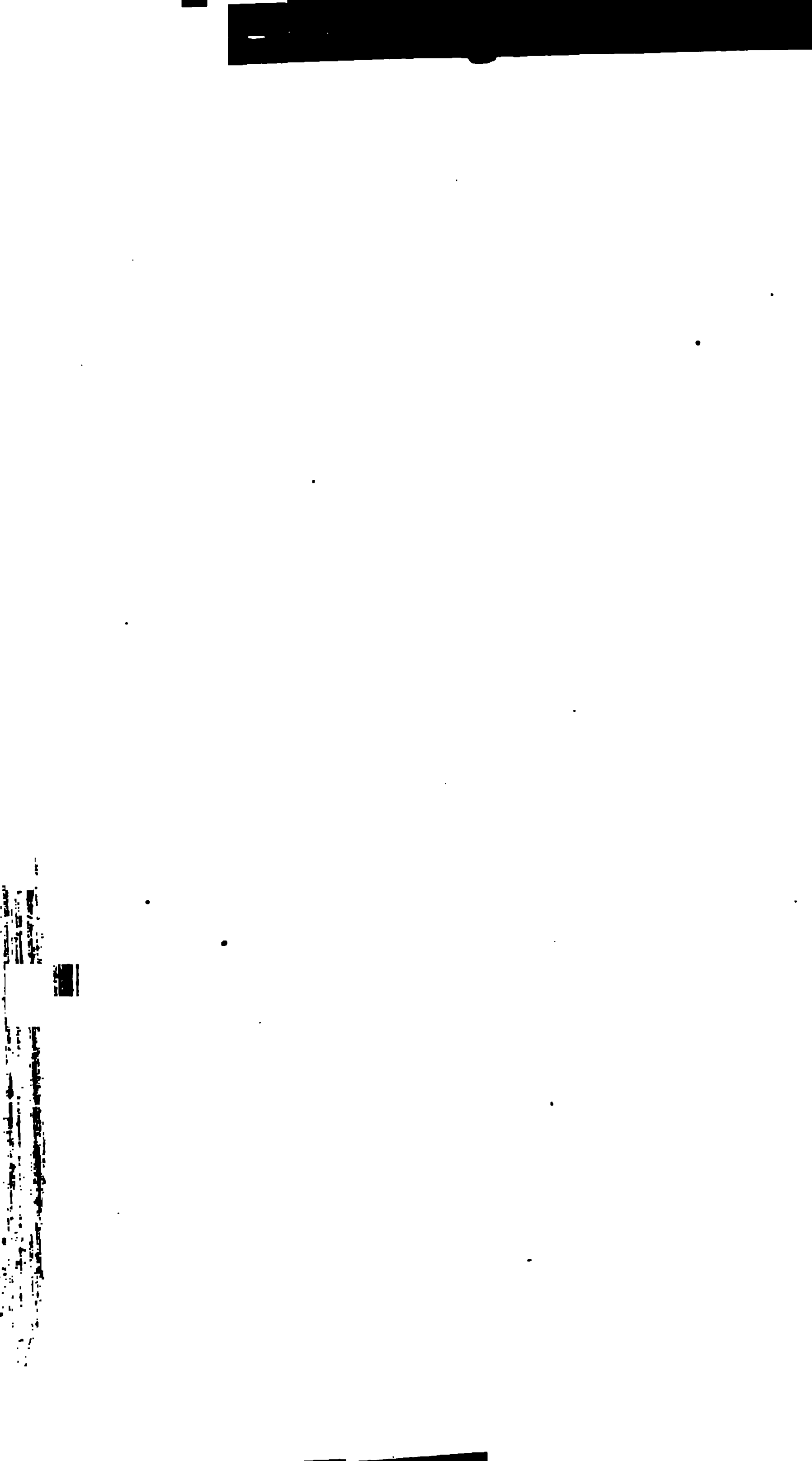
body used to know the description, and everybody ought to know the profound and brilliant piece of criticism in which the father of German literature discussed both the description and the statue. Lessing, it will be remembered, pointed out that the sculptor—or painter—was bound by the immutable laws of classic art to treat the subject differently from the poet. He might depict suffering, but it must be silent, because form and colour, unlike the music of verse, appeal wholly to the eye: and it must be suggested only, because its display is inconsistent with the beauty that the eye demands. As Lessing leans to the opinion that the marble Laocoon belongs to a later date than the destruction of Pompeii, it would follow that the same canons, drawn by him from its study, apply to the date of the new-found picture. So that in this painted Laocoon, after Virgil, we should have a remarkable instance of a painter's deliberate intention to work in opposition to all the accepted views of his period by carrying out, upon canvas, the poetical and dramatic treatment of a subject—by expressing Life, in short, instead of Beauty. We should therefore have a striking anticipation, not so much of an advance, as of a radical change in artistic views. It is easy to speculate upon what was said of that "Picture of the Year" when first seen at a private view in some such Roman studio as M. Alma-Tadema has reproduced for us. Good, bad, or indifferent, it made a sensation. By some critics the famous example of the old master was freely quoted who concealed the face of Agamemnon at his daughter's sacrifice, not—so they said—because he was incapable of depicting paternal anguish, but because the agonised expression that we should regard as a triumph of art would distort the father's features and spoil the majestic beauty of the king of men. On the other hand, the admirers of the new Laocoon talked of the art of the future, and founded an anti-Zeuxian brotherhood among the young painters of Pompeii. From that Laocoon sprang, perhaps, all the attempts to tell dramatic stories without the help of words—save the mottoes in the catalogue—that hang in Burlington House to-day. "Enough for us," says Lessing, "if we, by truth and expression, transmute what is hideous in nature into artistic beauty." Unless I have been dealing too much in guesswork and off-handed rumour, the painted Laocoon may have been a first step in this alchemy of art, and students of criticism ought not to lose sight of its discovery.

AN apparently eccentric correspondent has favoured me during the last four months with several amusing letters, setting forth his very

strong dissent from Mr. Hozier's rather favourable estimate of the character of the Emperor of Germany as indicated in his article in the January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* on "The Fighting Capacity of Europe." My correspondent is evidently sceptical concerning the piety and tender-heartedness of the Emperor William, and is especially curious to be made acquainted with the nature of the prayers offered up by this potent monarch previous to his war against Denmark. He also wishes to know whether it was in answer to his prayers that his Majesty was inspired with the resolution to keep Holstein and Schleswig for himself, and further, whether permission was received direct from Heaven to disregard the treaty made by himself in regard to N. Sleswig. I am afraid Mr. Hozier will not be able to afford this gentleman much satisfaction on these points, but there is one suggestion in these odd epistles which might be worthy of Prince Bismarck's consideration. Alluding to Mr. Hozier's statement "It is well known that the population of France steadily decreases daily, while that of Germany as steadily increases," the writer says: "If there is no mistake in this, Could not Mr. Hozier persuade his mild and peace-loving Germans to wait—instead of threatening early hostilities—till the French race shall disappear, when they could quietly walk in and occupy the vacant country?"

I OBSERVE something of a falling off from the old vigour with which the London daily press has been wont to uphold the English practice of anonymous journalism. In some recent observations on the election of M. Lemoigne to a chair in the French Academy the *Daily News*, while somewhat mildly discounting the "system of signed articles," adds "Possibly, however, it stimulates a writer to greater care and polish, for he fights for his own hand as well as for his paper and his principles. At all events it puts higher prizes within the reach of the publicist than are open to him in England." At about the same time Mr. Alexander Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*, was congratulated in quite unqualified language on the honour recently paid to him as a journalist by the Reform Club in conferring upon him the honorary freedom of the club.







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